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IN THIS ISSUE: ALL ABOUT THE PLAYBOY KEY CLUB

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ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M.

220. Best-selling modern-jazz album from NBC-TV series. Composed, conducted by Henry (*Peter Gunn*) Mancini.

211. Driving, irresistible cha-cha rhythms, modern big-band sounds, colorful hi-fi effects. Ideal for beginners or experts.

203. MORE MUSIC FROM PETER GUNN. All-star (Shelly Manne, etc.) sequel to most honored disc of recent years. More modern-jazz gems by Henry Mancini.

218. THE MUSIC FROM MIKE HAMMER. Another hit modern-jazz album from TV! Scored, conducted by Skip Martin, starring such names as Candoli, Nash, Fagerquist, Cooper, Shank, Rowles. "A really good big-band set," says *High Fidelity*.

38. BING CROSBY, ROSEMARY CLOONEY: FANCY MEETING YOU HERE. Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, easy Billy May scorings. *Isle of Capri, Brazil, On a Slow Boat to China, I Can't Get Started, Hindustan*, etc.

98. MORTON GOULD: COFFEE TIME. Romantic instrumental mood-setters, lushly recorded. *The Man I Love, Laura, Because Mucho, Solitude, Manhattan Serenade*, etc.

13. FRANKIE CARLE: 37 FAVORITES FOR DANCING. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

200. Perry's best "lazy-daddy" stylings of *Linda, St. Louis Blues, I've Got You Under My Skin, Begin the Beguine*, etc.

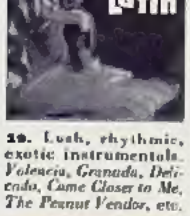
210. 12 Yankeeland standards go cha cha! *Paper Doll, Manhattan, If You Knew Susie, Ciribiribin, Isle of Capri*, etc.

217. Organ—with a difference! Dazzling and sensitive readings of 12 "Paris" hits: *I Love Paris, April in Paris*, others.

226. Sonic blockbuster of the hi-fi age! Military cannons and gong roars plus magnificent massed strings and brass.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita*.

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor*, etc.



14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

231. THE AMES BROTHERS SING THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY. Winterhalter conducts. *Tennessee Waltz, Love Me Tender, That Lucky Old Sun*, 9 others.

227. JAMES MICHENER'S FAVORITE MUSIC OF HAWAII. 13 Hawaiian and Polynesian hits recorded in Hawaii. Includes color photos of Hawaii, text by Mr. Michener.

219. JIM REEVES: SONGS TO WARM THE HEART. Varied and vocal program by country-pop star. *Till the End of the World, Someday, A Fool Such As I*, 9 others.

85. DENNIS FARNON'S ORCHESTRA: THE ENCHANTED WOODS. Dreamy dance-mood lure with woodwinds, rhythm (no brass). *You Are Too Beautiful, I Hear a Rhapsody*, etc.

73. RALPH FLANAGAN IN HI FI. Fresh remakes of band's biggest hits: *Hot Toddy, My Hero*, 10 others.

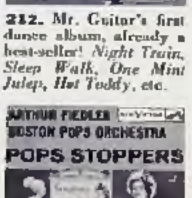
15. MELACHRINO: STRAUSS WALTZES. Mood master meets waltz master. Lush, danceable versions of *The Blue Danube, Artist's Life*, 10 more.

16. TCHAIKOVSKY: THE NUTCRACKER (Excerpts)—BOSTON POPS Arthur Fiedler conducting. *Waltz of the Flowers*, other highlights from this sparkling masterpiece.

17. LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA. On-the-spot recording. Yes—includes *Day In—Day Out!* Also saucy special show material and swinging standards.

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Guynor, R. Brazzi.

212. Mr. Guitar's first dance album, already a best-seller! *Night Train, Sleep Walk, One Mint Julep, Hot Toddy*, etc.



12. *Jalousie* and other Pops Stoppers, recut. *Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, Skaters Waltz, Espana Rhapsody*, others.

48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course*; more.

230. BROTHER DAVE GARDNER: REJOICE, DEAR HEARTS. A best-seller! Hilarious beatnik-biblical phraseology in corn pone accents. Jack Paar TV guest. *Monaural only.*

229. BOB AND RAY ON A PLATTER. TV-radio comedy stars kid TV-radio advertising, giveaway and interview programs, guests, etc. A howl!

40. HOMER & JETHRO: LIFE CAN BE MISERABLE. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh-getters.

41. GUCKENHEIMER SOUR KRAUT BAND: MUSIC FOR NON-THINKERS. Laugh a second! Kraut-oom Germon band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc.

209. BOB SCOBEY'S FRISCO BAND: ROMPIN' AND STOMPIN'. Good-time Dixieland struts through *Colonel Bogey, Shake It and Break It, The Pearls, The Chant, Fidgety Feet*, etc.

21. PEREZ PRADO: "PREZ." Crack-leading-band cha chas, hot and cool. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee*, 9 others.

79. NEIL SEDAKA. Teen-age singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, Stupid Cupid, The Diary*, others.

213. ON TOUR WITH THE NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA. For first time in hi fi, new Miller band plays *8 original* Miller arrangements—*Kalamazoo, Perfidia*, etc.—also 4 new ones.

215. Long-awaited new Pops recordings of the *Rhapsody*, plus *American in Paris*, Earl Wild, piano. Spectacular new sound!

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You*.

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey, and others.

2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz — combos and big band—from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more

26. GISELE. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango*.

32. REMINISCE AT THE HAMMOND ORGAN WITH LARRY FERRARI. Liquid sounds from Hammond Organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide, Sweet Leilani, Jalousie, Moonlight Cocktail*, 7 others.

68. DON GIBSON: NO ONE STANDS ALONE. 12 soul-satisfiers by pop-country star. *My God Is Real, Faith Unlocks the Door*, others.

206. PAT SUZUKI. Ballads and "belters" by new vocal sensation. *Star Dust, As Time Goes By, Daddy, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, Black Coffee, How High the Moon*, etc.

214. Best-selling album by the new vocal sensation! *The Lady Is a Tramp, Someday I'll Get By, Thou Swell*, etc.

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.

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91. VICTORY AT SEA, VOL 2. 8 more sections from Richard Rodgers' TV score. Bound-in booklet, photos. Robert Russell Bennett conducts.

3. BELAFONTE SINGS THE BLUES. Blues types, rhythm backing. *One for My Baby, I Love Her So, Losing Hand, God Bless the Child.*

23. TITO PUENTE: DANCING UNDER LATIN SKIES. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes. *Frenesi, Perfidia, Brazil* (rumba), *Yours, Tampico, Chattanooga Choo Choo,* more.

35. GOGI GRANT: TORCH TIME. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime,* more.

224. VAN CLIBURN: RACHMANINOFF CONCERTO NO. 3. Recorded at the historic 1958 post-Moscow Carnegie Hall concert. Richly melodic masterpiece!

216. HANK SNOW SINGS JIMMIE RODGERS SONGS. Present-day star salutes the late "Father of Country Music." Includes such Rodgers hits as *Any Old Time, Moonlight and Skies, The One Rose, Blue Yodel #10,* 8 others.

90. CREW-CUTS' SURPRISE PACKAGE. Crack quartet, 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, J'attendrai, Shine, That's My Desire, When the Saints Go Marching In,* etc.

25. GAITE PARISIENNE: BOSTON POPS. Fiedler conducting. The last word in sound, performance! Also included: *Gayne Ballet Suite* excerpts. Delectable popular ballet classics.

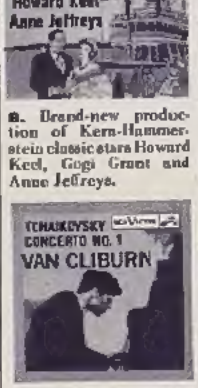
50. CHET ATKINS IN HOLLYWOOD. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves,* 12 in all.

24. MELACHRINO STRINGS: MUSIC FOR DINING. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine,* more.

58. ROBERT SHAW CHORALE: DEEP RIVER AND OTHER SPIRITUALS. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones; Every Time I Feel the Spirit;* more.

225. Harry with the Belafonte Folk Singers. 11 spirituals—moving, tender, sometimes exuberantly rhythmic.

8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.



5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

88. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

222 16 splendidly sung Foster classics. 40-page song book with words and music. *Beautiful Dreamer, Old Black Joe.* Sing along!

223. RALPH HUNTER CHOIR: A GILBERT & SULLIVAN SONG BOOK. Delightful choral versions of 18 favorites. Includes 6 song books with lyrics. "Extraordinary"—*High Fidelity.*

230. THE JOHNSON FAMILY SINGERS SING HYMNS. Famous gospel group, 16 beloved songs of faith, handsome 24-page songbook. *What a Friend We Have in Jesus, I Love to Tell the Story, Rock of Ages,* etc.

36. RALPH HUNTER CHOIR: THE WILD WILD WEST. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley, Rye Whiskey, Old Chisholm Trail,* etc.

68. JOHNNY VADNAL'S ORCHESTRA: CARE-FREE POLKAS A dozen happy hops and waltzes. *Vass Is Dass? Polka, Laughing Sailor, Ginger Polka, Mandolina Waltz* and many others.

61. EDDY ARNOLD: HAVE GUITAR, WILL TRAVEL. Singalogue by country-pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana,* etc.

18. MORTON GOULD'S SYMPHONIC BAND: BRASS & PERCUSSION. 17 blazing, superbly sonic marches including 8 by Sousa (*Stars and Stripes Forever, Thunderer, El Capitan,* etc.), 4 by Goldman (*On the Mall*), Bagley's *National Emblem,* other gems.

95. BALLET ESPAÑOL: XIMENEZ VARGAS. Exotic variety with guitars, singers, castanets, heel-clicking Spanish dancers—in highest fi! "For sheer blazing excitement, this could be the most thrilling flamenco record of them all. . . . The sonics are hair-raising"—*The Billboard.*

38. PERRY COMO: WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF THE DAY. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons,*

53. MUSIC FOR BANG, BaaROOM & HARP. Stereo version is a top seller. Dick Schory's percussion group beats out provocative music on at least 45 different instruments!

27. THE THREE SUNS: LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON. 12 dance-mood specials by (same) trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love,* 10 more.

221. Their 12 all-time hits, freshly recut in hi fi and stereo! *Twilight Time, Don't Take Your Love from Me,* etc.

204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song,* etc.

100. Two super-stars render 12 Gersh win treasures in fresh, modern manner. A current best-seller.

202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio,* Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

10. MARIO LANZA: MARIO! Lanza at his greatest—12 Italian favorites: *Funiculi' Funicula', Santa Lucia, Maria Mari', Voce 'e notte, Dicitencello vuie.*

30. HIGHLAND PAGEANTRY. Regimental band of the Black Watch. Colorful bagpipes and drums in highest fi! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.

54. MARCHES IN HI FI: BOSTON POPS. Fiedler conducting 18 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*

71. NORMAN LEYDEN'S ORCHESTRA: MUSIC FOR A BACK-YARD BARBECUE. 13 party-perkers. Jacket lists recipes. *Heart of My Heart, Beer Barrel Polka, Sweet Adeline.*

201. HUGO WINTERHALTER: WISH YOU WERE HERE. Dreamy romantic, ultra hi fi! Lush, colorful orchestral versions of *Around the World, Paris in the Spring, On a Slow Boat to China* (with chorus), *Moonlight in Vermont, Sentimental Journey, Autumn in New York,* 6 more.

85. HENRI RENE: COMPULSION TO SWING. The dancing-listening surprise package of the year. Swing bent, modern sound. *Baubles, Bangles and Beads,* etc.

52. THE MIGHTY WURLITZER ORGAN. Leonard Leigh plays 24 favorites of Roaring Twenties on giant hi-fi-genic pipe organ. *Four Leaf Clover, Bye Bye Blackbird,* etc.

IMPORTANT-PLEASE NOTE

Regular (monaural) long-playing albums can be played on stereophonic phonographs; in fact, they will sound better than ever. However, stereophonic albums are designed to be played **ONLY ON STEREOPHONIC EQUIPMENT.**

89. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina;* etc.

64. JAN PEERCE IN LAS VEGAS. Great tenor's favorite pop specials: *Bluebird of Happiness, Around the World, I Believe, September Song, Granada, Without a Song,* etc.

37. THE TOUCH OF EDDIE HEYWOOD. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

MODERN AND VINTAGE JAZZ · SWING · VOCAL

(Regular L. P. Only)

These are the incomparable originals. However, RCA VICTOR engineers have improved the sound and surfaces to enhance your enjoyment.

103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland, Learning the Blues.*

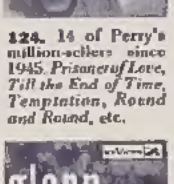
102. Pete Fountain, clarinet, 12 Dixieland classics in hi fi. *When the Saints Come Marching In, Tiger Rag, That's A-Plenty,* etc.

124. 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Round and Round,* etc.

137. Presley! *Hound Dog, All Shook Up, Heartbreak Hotel, Don't Be Cruel, Jailhouse Rock, Teddy Bear*—14 in all.

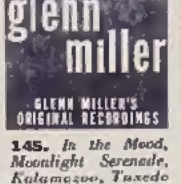
145. *In the Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000,* six others.

135. Swing Era trumpet king. Classic extended versions of *I Can't Get Started* and *The Prisoner's Song, Caravan,* 9 others.



148. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus No. 1,* etc.

163. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare* (theme), *Temptation, Dancing in the Dark.*



232. His 1939-40 hits. *Cherokee, Redskin Rumba, Pompton Turnpike, Night and Day,* 8 others.

182. Original hits with Krupa, James, Berigan, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, Don't Be That Way.*

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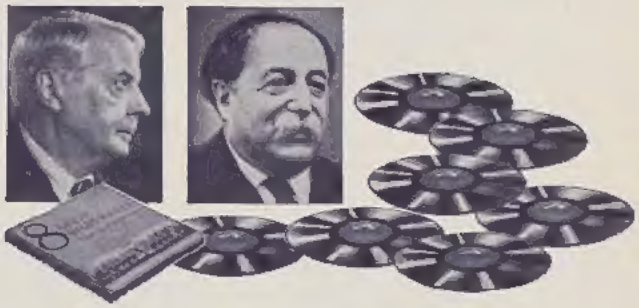
The Nine Beethoven Symphonies

Conducted by

ARTURO TOSCANINI



A SEVEN-RECORD SET

Eight Great Symphonies

Performed by the

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CHARLES MUNCH and PIERRE MONTEUX, *Conductors*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 (*Eroica*)
MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 4 (*Italian*)
MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 5 (*Reformation*)
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 4
FRANCK: Symphony in D minor
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6 (*Pathétique*)

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THE BASIC IDEA: SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION UNDER GUIDANCE

MOST MUSIC-LOVERS certainly intend to build up a truly representative record library, but, unfortunately, almost always they are haphazard in carrying out this aspiration. Systematic collection not only means that they ultimately assure themselves of a record library of which they can be proud, but that they can do so at an **IMMENSE SAVING.**

The one-year membership offer made here is a dramatic demonstration. In the first year it can represent a saving of **AS MUCH AS 40%** over the manufacturer's nationally advertised prices.

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HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EVERY month three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record members pay only $4.98 — for stereo $5.98 — the manufacturer's nationally advertised price. (A small charge for postage and handling is added.)

THE RCA VICTOR SOCIETY OF GREAT MUSIC • c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. • 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

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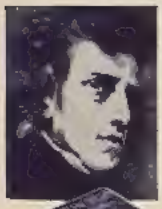

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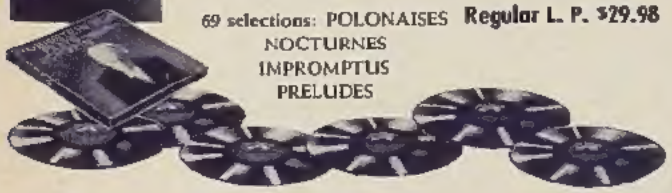
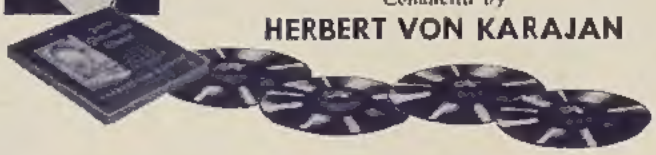


A FOUR-RECORD SET

Vienna Philharmonic
Festival

Conducted by

HERBERT VON KARAJAN



MOZART: Symphony No 40 • HAYDN: Symphony No. 104
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7 • BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1
JOHANN STRAUSS, JR: *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, Overtures to *Die Fledermaus* and *Gypsy Baron*, *Annen Polka*, *Auf der Jagd* • JOSEF STRAUSS: *Delerien Waltz*

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The Five Beethoven
Piano Concertos

Played by

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

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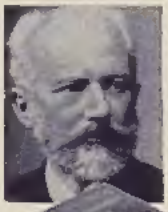
DEEMS TAYLOR, Chairman; Composer and Commentator
JACQUES BARZUN, Author and Music Critic
SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, General Music Director, NBC
JOHN M. CONLY, Music Editor, *The Atlantic*
AARON COPLAND, Composer
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, Music Editor, *San Francisco Chronicle*
DOUGLAS MOORE, Composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University
WILLIAM SCHUMAN, Composer and President, Juilliard School of Music
CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH, Former Chief of Music Division, New York Public Library
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Professor of Music, Harvard



A SIX-RECORD SET

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VAN CLIBURN

Fifth Symphony
PIERRE MONTEUX
conducting the Boston Symphony

Pathétique Symphony
FRITZ REINER
conducting the Chicago Symphony

Violin Concerto
JASCHA HEIFETZ

Nutcracker Suite
ARTHUR FIEDLER
conducting the Boston Pops

Capriccio Italien
KIRIL KONDRASHIN *conducting the RCA Victor Symphony*

Excerpts from the Sleeping Beauty
PIERRE MONTEUX *conducting the London Symphony*

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you want
to be!

Get that lean, lusty look
in tapered

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WE HAVE OCCASIONALLY been accused of tooting our own egophone, to which we plead guilty and promise to mend our ways. One way-mending tactic would be for us to modestly step aside and let others do the tooting. These others would include *The Architects' Journal*, published in London, which earlier this year ran a good-sized editorial headlined I'D CRAWL A MILE FOR PLAYBOY, indited by Mr. Reyner Banham. We think our readers may find interesting what one from across the sea has to say about their favorite journal, so here follows a digest (we don't have room for the whole piece) of Mr. Banham's comments:

"Of course I buy it for the giant fold-out full-colour pin-ups — PLAYBOY's Playmates are one of America's greatest gifts to Western culture, and you know how I go for culture. But if I was a working hypocrite I could find a dozen other reasons for keeping abreast of PLAYBOY. Its interpretation of the 'male interest field' is considerably wider than, say, *Esquire's*: while it keeps one foot firmly planted in the bedroom door — a stance that *Esky* has now abandoned — the other covers a lot of ground. For instance, PLAYBOY handles some really hard stuff — quite a lot of Pentagon ears must still be humming after a Hit-them-where-they-live piece about radioactive fall-out and another must have hurt Washington dead-heads even with its title: *Cult of the Aged Leader*. Item: PLAYBOY makes swipes at up-coming public idols and recently took to pieces the much-publicized reputation of Miss Shirley MacLaine for repartee, with both scholarship and refreshingly ungentlemanly mockery. In fact, its performance on the wit and scholarship kick is notable. Nice pieces they have on, *e.g.* writing on walls, including the Pompeian founders of the art, the original Kilroy and an interview with a slogan-writer of world championship class. Item, visual funnies: PLAYBOY is one of the basic platforms for Feiffer, but it has other strong cards, including Gahan Wilson, a real weirdie who deserves to be better known in sick circles over here, and Shel Silverstein who is, I figure, a plain nut with a fancy beard. Item, to read: there is a distinctive line of PLAYBOY fiction and near-fact, planted in the music-biz end of the beat generation (PLAYBOY has its own Jazz Festival) and the Sheckley edge of science-fiction. Item, to look at: PLAYBOY's typography and layout is among the most ruthless and imaginative that is commercially available; comparable British material just doesn't exist. Item, architecture and interior design (I will repeat that to show I am not kidding — architecture and interior design): PLAYBOY has over the years discussed and illustrated quite a lot of furniture, culminating in a Playboy Bed that makes most European dream beds look very thin and faint. It has also shown plans and perspectives of two projected buildings — the Playboy Penthouse and Playboy's Weekend Hideaway, neither of them by any designers you have ever heard of, but none the worse for that, and considerably better than any equivalent projects that one can remember in the *Home and Garden* magazines." Mr. Banham had other nice things to say, but it's high time we swung away from *The Architects' Journal* and back to this August issue of the magazine Mr. Banham was carrying on about. Since he dug our Bed, Penthouse, Hideaway and approach to decor in general, we think he'll approve of this month's picture spread on The Playboy Key Club. Having commended our fiction, he'll be pretty sure to admire Ray Bradbury's *The Best of All Possible Worlds* and the outstanding lead story, *A Thief in the Night*, by a new writer, Eugene Ziller, whose previous magazine appearances have been within the limited area of the *Kenyon/Yale/University of Kansas Review* circuit (but whose work has been honored in *Prize Stories 1960: O. Henry Awards* and whose first collection, *In This World*, will be published soon by George Braziller, Inc.).

SMITH

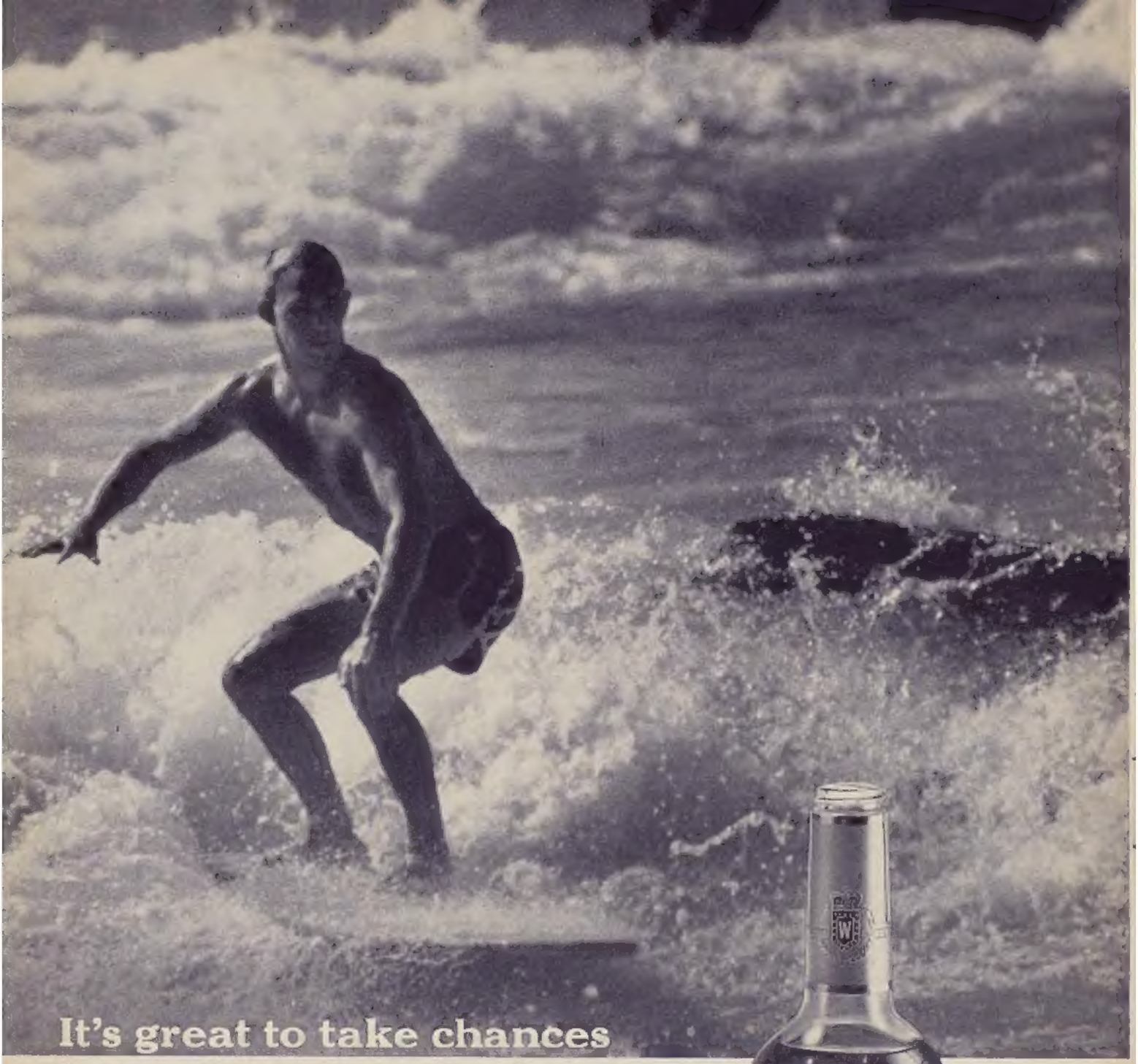
BRADBURY

ZILLER

NEIMAN

Mr. Banham will be glad to see the author of *Cult of the Aged Leader* back again — Ralph Ginzburg's contribution this time is an article on capital gainsmanship. An admirer of Feiffer, Silverstein and Gahan Wilson, Mr. Banham will no doubt welcome the new work by these gentlemen in the pages ahead and be charmed by a selection of cuties by the late Jack Cole. Having gone on record as an endorser of PLAYBOY wit, Mr. Banham will no doubt be cheered by Robert Paul Smith's *A Low Bid for Immortality* and Larry Siegel's *Moonlight Over Whattapoppalie*. Since he made special note of our Jazz Festival, he will most likely be engrossed by Stanley Goldstein's portrait of *Miles*.

It goes without saying that Mr. Banham has an eye for the ladies — hence, he will peruse with lingering corneas this month's photos of Sophia Loren, will enthusiastically unfold the three-page photographic study of Elaine Paul, the August installment of "one of America's greatest gifts to Western culture," and will derive delight from the discovery that one of LeRoy Neiman's adorable femlins, who have heretofore graced only our Party Jokes pages, is saucily ensconced on this month's cover (as well as on the artist's shoulder in the accompanying photograph). We venture that Mr. B. will also be pleased to cast his graphics-conscious glance at Neiman's art reportage of the smart world of tournament tennis, latest in his PLAYBOY series *Man at His Leisure*. Mr. Banham, welcome to the club.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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WORD PLAY

If your May issue draws tons of mail, I imagine the reason might be Robert Carola's *Word Play*. A sweet young thing and I spent the most enjoyable after-dinner hour in a long time by poring over this feature and then dreaming up a few descriptive words of our own.

Bob Tyson
Santa Monica, California

Carola has invented a *great* game!

Lila Bondy
Northbrook, Illinois

The thing about *Word Play* is that nobody can be satisfied with enjoying it and then turning the page. Everybody in my set has, after coming upon this feature, spent hours making up new words of this type. *Word Play* is the worst thing that has happened to parties since *My Fair Lady* was recorded.

Tom Chadwick
Detroit, Michigan

IAN FLEMING

The Hildebrand Rarity, in your March issue, is an exceptionally good suspense novelette. A laurel wreath, if you please, for Commander Ian Fleming!

Dennis Storer
Baldwin, Kansas

By now, you probably have several hats full of letters praising Ian Fleming's *The Hildebrand Rarity* for its suspense, beautiful descriptive passages and the general fine craftsmanship of the writing.

Allen B. Brown
Ely, Minnesota

Give us more of Commander Fleming!

Robert Bibeau
Toronto, Ontario

FAR OUT FILMS

I enjoyed very much Arthur Knight's April article, *The Far Out Films*. A quite complete and satisfying survey of experimental films and their makers.

Philip Agee
Webster Groves, Missouri

I am the social chairman of a society which is presently in the midst of an experimental film festival. We have exhibited for our members several of the films mentioned in Arthur Knight's fine April article, including *Fireworks*. Reaction to that particular film was, for the most part, unfavorable, because of some of its so-called "shocking" elements. Mr. Knight's article has helped to clear up some misinterpretations.

Richard D. Griffo
New York, New York

The Far Out Films is a fine article and I was delighted to see it in PLAYBOY. It's one of the best pieces on the subject ever done, in fact—and I say this as a person who chronically disagrees with Arthur Knight!

Ernest Callenbach, Editor
Film Quarterly
Berkeley, California

In Arthur Knight's article, *The Far Out Films*, he stated that the film *Fireworks* is used regularly at the Menninger Clinic for psychological testing of patients. This is not true. *Fireworks* was shown once as part of a film series sponsored by the students of the Menninger School of Psychiatry solely for the purpose of their own entertainment. As a matter of fact, our audience reaction was almost unanimous in considering this film crude, offensive, and of no artistic value. We would not recommend it for patients or anyone else.

Leon A. Levin, M.D.
Menninger Clinic
Topeka, Kansas

In publishing Arthur Knight's article, *The Far Out Films*, PLAYBOY has contributed an invaluable service to the public by being the first widely distributed magazine to carry an informative article on the creative film (the term "creative film" being more generally acceptable to individual film makers than "experimental" or "avant-garde"). You have been even more directly helpful to the film makers themselves whose very difficult struggles with creative expression through the most expensive of all media are either totally ignored by those institutions and foundations who should be responsible for supporting film at least to the extent the other arts are contemporarily supported, or vulgarly abused by outdated institution heads and irresponsible critics who usu-

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ally demonstrate in their statements that they have not even bothered to view most of the films under their attack. It is the silence which is most difficult to bear: for, while no contemporary artist of any great significance can harbor any illusions about mass receptivity of the work of living artists, he knows that if his efforts are being noised about he may at least pick up a little "kulchur conscious" cash with which to continue his work. I personally want to thank you for nationally breaking the silence for myself and a number of my contemporaries.

Stan Brakhage
Boulder, Colorado

I would like to inquire about the availability of the films mentioned in Arthur Knight's article. They would be very effective as instructional material for my class in cinematography.

Jim Lewis
Norman, Oklahoma

Information on the way from PLAYBOY's *Reader Service Department.*

While we are happy with the publicity afforded film societies and the experimental film field in general through your recent article by Arthur Knight, we would like to correct an impression created (perhaps inadvertently) by that article. Film societies are not fly-by-night, obscure groups banded together in secret to avoid the cops. You don't have to be "in" to find them, and you don't have to move quickly once you do.

Gideon Bachmann, Acting President
American Federation of Film Societies
New York, New York

PLAYBOY *and Mr. Knight apologize if we seemed to be implying that the world of experimental films is in any way shady.*

My compliments to PLAYBOY and Arthur Knight for a most unusual article, *The Far Out Films.*

Lee C. Greenough
Hartford, Connecticut

Having done a few experimental films ourselves, we read your article on *The Far Out Films* with the greatest interest. For those of us who want to create more than mere "entertainment" in the cinematic medium, you have performed a real service.

Thomas French Norton, President
Neptune Films, Limited
Easton, Maryland

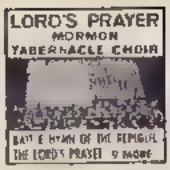
As usual, Arthur Knight has done an excellent job of exposition — made all the more lucid because he writes from an informed and well-developed point of view. I enjoyed his article very much and, in my own small function as a film critic, found it helpful.

Stanley Kauffmann
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
New York, New York

9. Also Let It Rain, Stairway to the Sea, Flame of Love, etc

6. A new recording of these 2 ever-popular Gershwin scores

5. Also Tony Bennett—Smile, Vic Damone—Gig, etc.



18. Also Blessed Are They That Mourn, Come Ye Saints, etc

20. Bess, You Is My Woman Now, It Ain't Necessarily So, etc

12. Over the Rainbow, Night and Day, Easy to Love, 9 more

41. Superbly played by one of Europe's finest orchestras

17. 12 great Gershwin hits. Man I Love, But Not For Me, etc

15. Estrellita, El Rancho Grande, La Paloma, 11 others

8. An exciting array of 16 classical and popular selections

23. "Led with fire and dash" St. Louis Globe Democrat

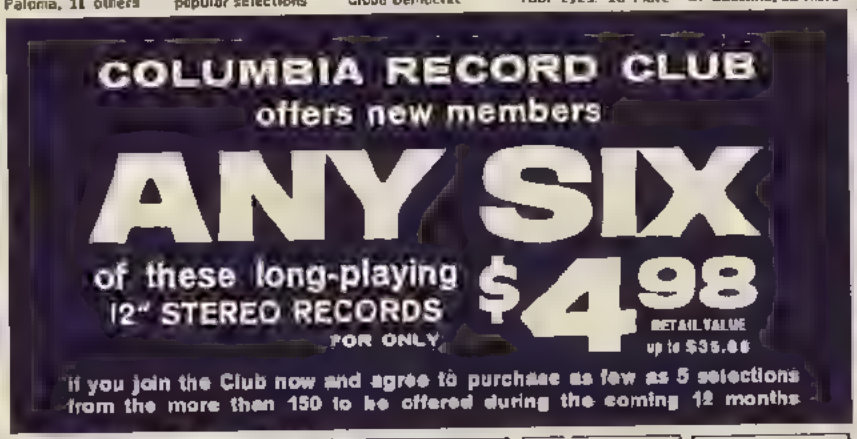
27. My Funny Valentine, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, 10 more

1. Skip to My Lou, On Top of Old Smoky, Oh Susanna, 12 more

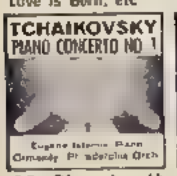
25. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others

22. Also Beyond the Blue Horizon, A Love is Born, etc

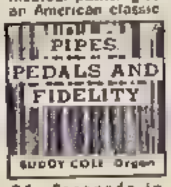
48. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic



36. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc

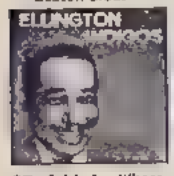


28. Played with "dazzling brilliance" — Boston Globe



25. Serenade in Blue, Willow Weep for Me, 9 others

7. Walter displays "depth of understanding"—N.Y. Trib.



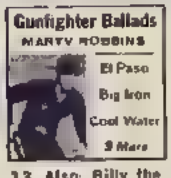
37. Solitude Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 5 more

10. The exciting score of this fabulous Broadway hit

3. "Music of singular breadth" — Philadelphia Inquirer

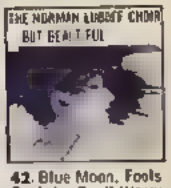
34. Come to Me, That Old Feeling, Long Ago, 9 more

14. "A persuasive, sensuous performance" Listen



13. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc

30. "A choice item. Sheer magnificence of tone"—Hi-Fi Rev.



42. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more

19. Also: Night on Bald Mountain, Polovtsian Dances, etc.

32. Perdido, Jump for Joy, C Jam Blues, Flamingo, 3 more

16. Too Marvelous for Words, Where There's Life, etc.

21. Expertly played by "a fabulous technician" N. Y. Times

26. Complete score "A hit, another R&H winner!"—Newsweek

31. "... the tone is like shimmering silk" — High Fidelity

46. Alexander's Ragtime Band, Cheek to Cheek, Always, etc

43. Tico-Tico, My Shawl, Besame Mucho, 9 others

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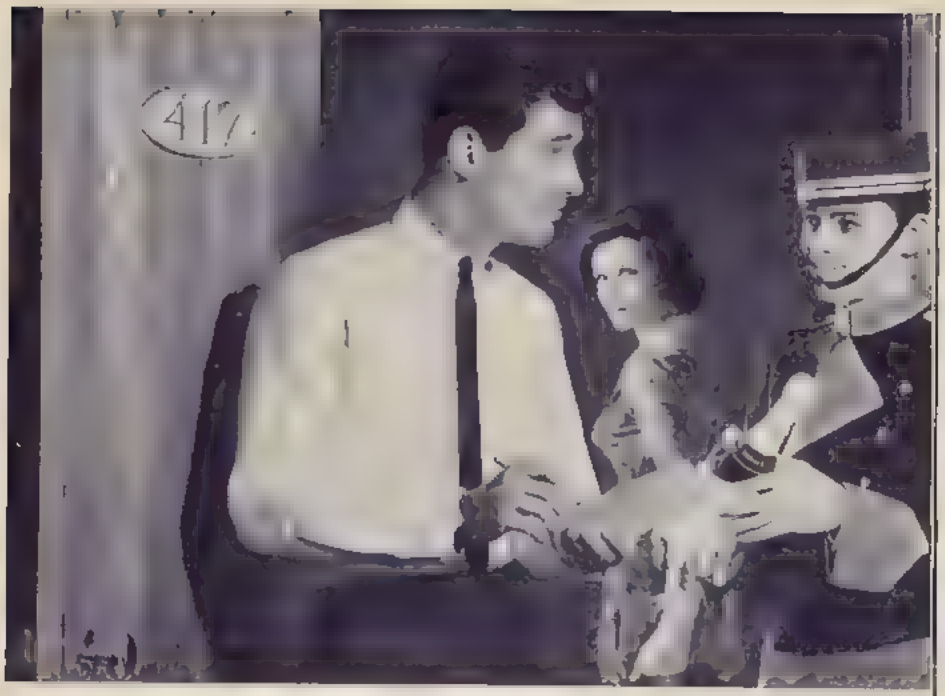

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FROM THE 417 COLLECTION

by VAN HEUSEN

O MISTRESS HIS

I. K. Brown's April article, *O Mistress His*, is as important to bachelors as the Boy Scout Handbook is to Boy Scouts.

Jeff Wolfert
Syracuse, New York

One of the funniest and most thought provoking articles I have ever read.

Robert J. Brave
Wayne, Pennsylvania

Never laughed so hard as when I read *O Mistress His*. Reminded me of the poor fellow who called the elevator but got the shaft.

John F. Reynolds
Durham, North Carolina

AUTHOR!

Perhaps it is simply because I am a theological student, but I enjoyed the cartoon by Tobey on page 68 of your April issue (the group of ecclesiasts applauding the beautiful sunset) very much.

Richard M. Mouw
Cincinnati, Ohio

Tobey's cartoon in your April issue is

"Author! Author!"

the best I've seen in years.

David Karp
New York, New York

JOEY MOSCOW

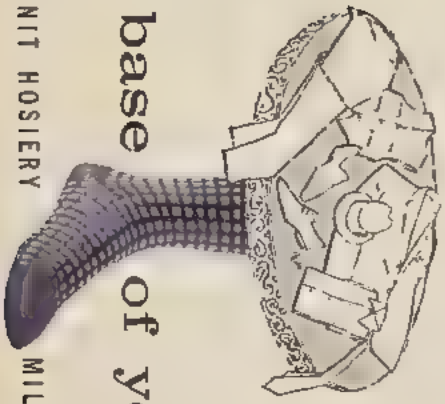
Have just read V. C. Spectorsky's *The Fastest Time It Ever Had* in your April issue. *Parbleu! Quelle histoire!* One of PLAYBOY's best! Not to have more Spectorsky would be "a awful shame."

Susan Gold
Paris, France

More prithee, about Joey Moscow. This is the most beguiling rascal since Sammy ran.

Joseph Harrison II
Newtonville, Massachusetts

The base of your new Intercontinental wardrobe



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WHO REMEMBERS

The *Who Remembers* listing in your April *Playboy After Hours* column brought a flood of warm nostalgia. The mention of old comic characters made me instantly recall the treasured comic book collection of my boyhood, and I was pleasantly reminded that one of my favorite comic book heroes, Plastic Man, was the creation of your own late lamented Jack Cole.

John Ferguson
San Francisco, California

Greatly enjoyed the reminiscent paragraph in *Playboy After Hours*. Who remembers: Twenty Grand cigarettes?

Don Richardson
Springfield, Missouri

RIBALD CLASSICS

The April issue was a fine one — almost. The stories were good. Miss April was beautiful. However there was an outstanding omission — namely, the Ribald Classic. I look forward to these enjoyable tales and was most disappointed not to find one in the April issue. Has this feature been discontinued?

Harry Perelman, M.D.
Los Angeles, California

You omitted one of my favorite features from your April issue — the Ribald Classic. Why?

Ray Palazzo
Toms River, New Jersey

No room, that's all. Too many other good things crying to be published. But fear not: the Ribald Classic has by no means been discontinued. See page 84.

VEGAS

I must congratulate you on your fine article on Las Vegas in the March PLAYBOY. It is one of my favorite towns. Thank you for the memories.

Dennis Fehler
McMinnville, Oregon

Never has our city been written up so knowledgeably and lovingly as in the PLAYBOY article.

Mrs. Harold Green
Las Vegas, Nevada

Playboy On the Town in Las Vegas presented the first true picture of that great town I have ever read.

Harry R. Ceasar
Clovis, New Mexico

ALL OF LAS VEGAS IS PLEASED WITH YOUR HONEST COVERAGE OF OUR FABULOUS TOWN. MAY I DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO A MISQUOTATION ATTRIBUTED TO ME? IT IS TRUE THAT OUR COCKTAIL GIRLS DO WEAR BABY DOLL NIGHTIES AS UNIFORMS, AND I PROBABLY SAID "THEY ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THEY ARE READY FOR BED," BUT IN YOUR CONTEXT THE REMARK TAKES ON A SEXUAL IMPLICATION I DID NOT INTEND. I REFERRED MERELY

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SHULTON

TO SLEEPING. THE NIGHTIES ARE STRICTLY A GIMMICK AND SHOULD NOT BE MISCONSTRUED AS A REFLECTION ON THE GIRLS' MORALS=

DICK TAYLOR
GENERAL MANAGER
HACIENDA HOTEL
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

THE BARGAIN

In his remarkable April story, *The Bargain*, Edward Loomis achieved a brilliance rarely observed in magazine fiction. Let us have more, by all means.

Norman P. Morgan
New York, New York

The goddamnedest story I have ever read! Wonderful!

Robert Nahigian
San Francisco, California

INTERMISSIONS

My, my! Such illustrious people writing in to *Dear Playboy*. Ilka Chase, Bennett Cerf, Tony Randall, Moss Hart, all extolling the literary virtues of your publication. They remind me of the fellow who frequents the burlesque theatre because he likes the ice cream sold during intermission.

Ilka Randhart
San Mateo, California

If it happens to be the best ice cream in town, why shouldn't he?

MAY-DECEMBER

Laughed out loud at *That May December Madness*, by Ivor Williams, in your May issue.

William Ham
Phoenix, Arizona

That May-December Madness was most interesting to me. Indeed, why push wrinkles? Or why drive an old second hand car, when it is possible to get a new one or a slightly used one? Of course, this takes a little nerve—but where would we all be if we had none? I could go into a lot more details but it would be a *real* long letter. Best wishes and all luck to him who tries and never says die.

Thomas F. (Tommy) Manville, Jr.
Chappaqua, New York

I thought the article by Ivor Williams amusing, but I do think his point deserves a more serious consideration than he has given it. When you stop and think about it, it does seem that middle age has become a very attractive age for men and, although sociological insight is not my angle, it strikes me that this removal of emphasis from the glories of youth that had once been so elemental a value in the American scheme of things indicates something important.

Paddy Chayefsky
New York, New York

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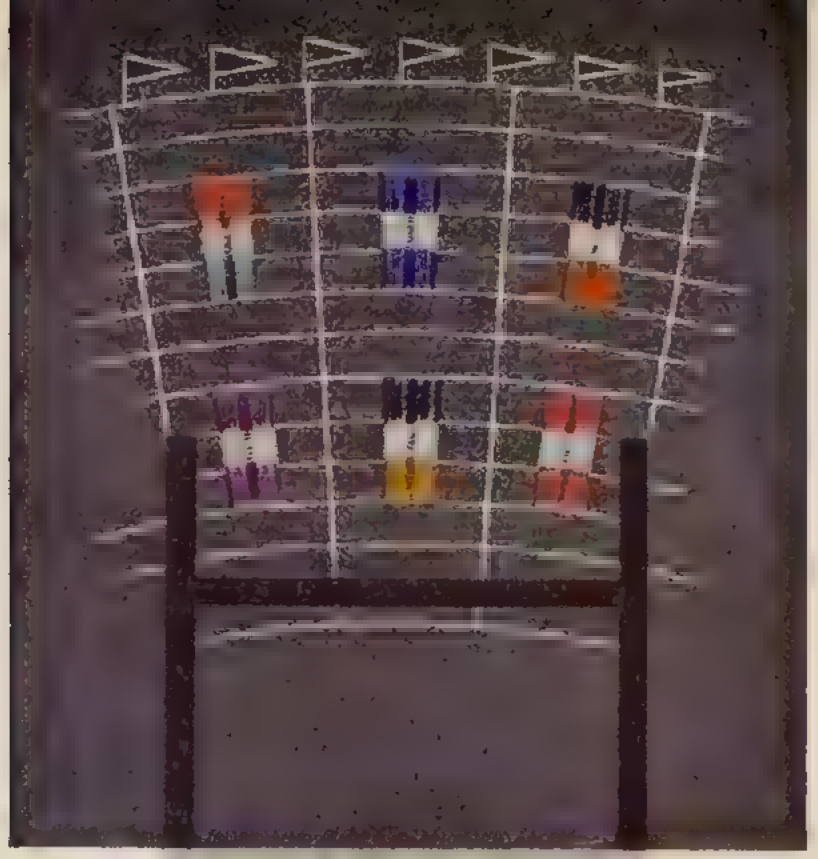

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

From time to time, as you know, we turn over a chunk of this page to our Research Department, which has in the past gathered and presented interesting, little-known data on such flora and fauna as mistletoe and buffaloes. Recently, during the course of researching something else, they unearthed a lot of stuff on sea horses, certainly a summery topic of vital interest to all. Sea horses are usually to be found on shower curtains, in inexpensive bars in Miami and under signs that say ANY ARTICLE OF JEWELRY ON THIS COUNTER $1. Great numbers of them may also be encountered in the English Channel (it's either the English Channel or the Bering Strait) where they have confused eminent scientists for years. The sea horse is very irresponsible and has a great sense of humor. Boy sea horses all act like girls and girl sea horses all act like boys. (A couple of sea horses are a lot of fun at a party.) Eminent scientists used to think that just because a sea horse *acted* like a male, it *was* a male and vice versa. The male (?) sea horse encourages this nonsense by going around and sticking his pouch out at friendly females. It may be the other way around but any sea horse with a grain of sense ought to know that if you go around sticking your pouch out, somebody is going to put something in it. The female (?) sea horse is a bachelor-type girl who likes to sleep late and go to parties. So when she sees a convenient male (?) acting like a passed hat or a Salvation Army tambourine, she uses her head, loads the old boy up with eggs and goes out for a long lunch. There is nothing of the Little Mother about a female (?) sea horse, but the male (?) sea horse is no bargain either. All we know for sure is that you never hear a sea horse going around saying that A Boy's (?) Best Friend Is His Mother (?). Sorry, we will not discuss sea horses any more at this time. They make our Research Department nervous.

•

Announcement on a page in *Yachting* magazine, under the appropriate heading *Swap Chest*: "Ardent yachtsman looking for dreamboat for year round use, fairly short rig, reasonable beam, graceful lines. Age unimportant provided she's well built and all equipment in good working order. Must have been used for pleasure only and not commercially. Easy to handle and not $$$ expensive to maintain. Send picture and bust measurement. Stockton Webb. Sitka, Alaska."

•

The Irvington Theatre, in Houston, Texas, recently boasted "4 Big Features 4": *Susan Slept Here, She Couldn't Say No, Passion* and *Unwed Mother*.

•

A member of our New York staff flew into town the other day and, over drinks, we got to talking about the unintentional humor in certain newspaper headlines and stories, many of which find their way into *Playboy After Hours*. He told us about New York's radio station KNEW which some months back, became an object of his attention when they announced, 300 GASSED AT STUDENT CONCERT. Naturally, our boy stayed tuned, figuring he might be clued in to some fresh talent for the next Playboy Jazz Festival. But it wasn't the music, he later learned, just a little carbon monoxide, that had knocked out a bunch of choristers at a high school singing festival in Oklahoma. A couple of mornings later, he stopped shaving and listened closely when this same swinging station informed him LIZ TAYLOR IN GOOD SHAPE. She was making a speedy recovery from that mild case of double pneumonia, remember? But the newscast that fascinated him most involved weighty international affairs. With this pithy paraphrase, the announcer summed up President Eisenhower's view on the issue of birth control: "The American policy, said the President, is *hands off*."

•

One of the newer and more subtle ways of propositioning a pretty has just come to our attention, to wit: "Why don't you and I do something intellectual together, like learning a language? We could take one of those sleep-teaching courses."

•

Geriatric Intelligence: Police in Milan, Italy, claim to have broken up a callgirl ring that was made up entirely of women over fifty-five. One of the "girls" was seventy-three years old.

•

Since the Street Offense Act drove the prosties off the streets of London they've had to figure out dodges to let the trade know where they are. One nineteen-year-old hustler named Bella actually got this ad into *News of the World*, a British newspaper with circulation in the millions: "Erection and Demolition. Expert. TRA 7260."

RECORDINGS

Jazz for Two Trumpets — Santos Brothers Virtuosos Unlimited (Metrojazz) presents — in an astounding record debut — two trumpeters from an unlikely locale, the village of Copainala in southern Mexico. Juan and Jose Santos, the liner notes state, "have never seen any jazzmen of stature in person. . . . Their jazz concep-

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tion stems from their listening [to records] and reading." The sounds the brothers produce on this LP (standards, "originals" based on the chord progressions of standards and a pair of blues)—backed by an all-Mexican rhythm section—are, to understate it, phenomenal. In fact, they're unbelievable. In fact, we don't believe a note of it, on disc or jacket. In fact, we think the "trumpet" flights were created by two composers we know playing valve trombones electronically boosted into trumpet range. Object: to taunt the critics. Don't let the hoax bug you; these guys blow up a storm.

•

Singer Frank D'Rone, whose first record session was covered by us pictorially (*16594, Take One*, April 1959) and editorially (*Playboy After Hours*, July 1959), now has two entries in LP catalog listings. His latest release, ***After the Ball*** (Mercury), links him with Billy May's studio band in a survey of a dozen tunes, including a bouncy *Oh! Look at Me Now*, a warm *Let Me Love You*, a mellow *We'll Be Together Again* and a crisply swinging version of the title song. Frank's singing throughout is first rate and though some of the arrangements are a bit on the anemic side and not up to May at his best, this LP is further proof that D'Rone is one of the finest of the new swinger singers.

•

"The Django Reinhardt of the piano" sounds like an odd epithet, but it's about the best way we can introduce Horace Parlan, who makes his solo bow in a set called ***Movin' and Groovin'*** (Blue Note). Gitman Reinhardt had two inoperable fingers on his left hand; Parlan, as a result of childhood polio, is similarly afflicted in his right, but you'd never know it from the way he plunges funkily into *Bags' Groove*, *C Jam Blues* and Tadd Dameron's *Lady Bird*. Through a weird technique originally designed as manual therapy, he makes his left hand do double duty, supplementing the right hand chords and playing a large role in the single-note-line solos. Parlan, a Charlie Mingus alumnus now working with Lou Donaldson's quartet in New York, is one of the best blues-rooted pianists to come up in many a month, and by the time you hear a couple of tracks you forget all about triumph over adversity and just enjoy.

•

For some time now, Angel Records has been dedicated to the proposition that fun may be had by stereophonically resuscitating dusty old operetta scores, and we are on the side of Angel. Their latest clusters of highlights ***Lilac Time***, based loosely on the music, and even more loosely on the life, of Franz Schubert. Cooked up by Berté and Clutsam, this confection is more familiar in our coun-

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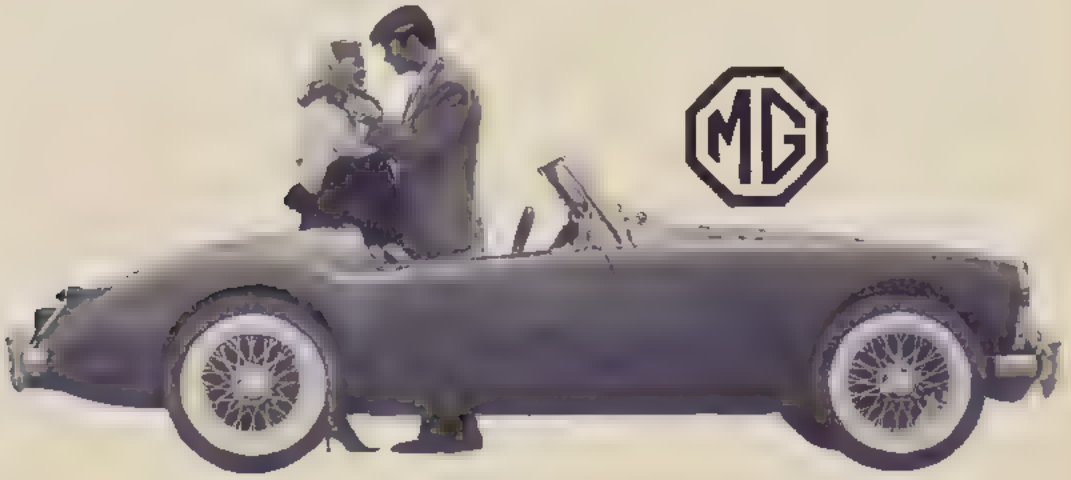

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try as *Blossom Time*, with additional fillips added by Romberg (the popular *Song of Love*, one of the fillips, is therefore missing in this pressing of the original score, but the disc is so melodious you won't mind). Lehár's ***The Merry Widow*** is demonstrably the most beloved operetta ever written. Relentlessly tuneful, unceasingly effervescent, those who can resist it are not to be trusted. It's done to a turn here by the Sadler's Wells company. ***White Horse Inn***, by Benatzky and Stolz, is new to us, but ran for 416 performances in Berlin, 651 in London, and 223 in a Broadway production co-starring Kitty Carlisle and William Gaxton, as well as being viewed in New York less than three years ago in a German color film version. It's a thumping Tyrolean frolic. In a somewhat different category is Noel Coward's period piece, ***Bitter Sweet***, a deliberate throwback lovingly concocted of refined sugar and pure corn oil. Coward says it "has given me more complete satisfaction than anything else I have ever written," and listening to the lilt of *Zigeuner*, *Tokay* and *I'll See You Again*, one does not wonder at his pleasure. The late William Bolitho wrote, some years ago, of the *Bitter Sweet* effect in words that might well describe the mood evoked by this whole series of recorded revivals: "You find it faintly," he said, "when you look over old letters the rats have nibbled at, one evening you don't go out; there is a little of it, impure and odorous, in the very sound of barrel organs, in quiet squares in the evenings. . . . It is all right for beasts to have no memories; but we poor humans have to be compensated."

•

It's a restrained, but groovy, Count Basie band that enlivens ten standards on ***Dance Along with Basie*** (Roulette), the kind of slick set you might hear if you escorted your woman to one of the Count's dance dates. There's a minimum of instrumental pyrotechnics — and not a blues in sight. It's a rare reward to hear the Basieites confront the likes of *It Had to Be You*, *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*, *Fools Rush In* and *Give Me the Simple Life*. Such tasty tunes merit the Count's touch.

•

The sanctified sphere of Negro church music rarely has been as glowingly showcased as it is in ***My Lord What a Mornin'*** (RCA Victor), a pulse-pounding performance by Harry Belafonte and his folk singers. These songs of yearning and protest have a dignity that Belafonte doesn't compromise. From the tenderness of *Steal Away* to the drama of *Swing Low* to the vitality of *Ezekiel*, there's not a dull or superficial moment to be heard. As poet Langston Hughes notes, "If the old folks who made up these

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spirituals were living today, I think they would like the way a young lamb named Harry sings their songs." Amen, brother.

•

Pianist Oscar Peterson has recorded so many tunes he's apparently decided it's time to start all over again. His latest series of "composer" LPs is a revisit to ground he covered several years ago, in the pre-stereo era, when he cut a string of sides honoring prominent songsmiths. Among the sets to be updated by the Peterson trio (Ray Brown blows bass, Ed Thigpen drums) are ***Oscar Peterson Plays the Cole Porter Songbook*** and comparably-titled samplings of ***Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Duke Ellington, Richard Rodgers, Harry Warren–Vincent Youmans, Harold Arlen, Jimmy McHugh*** and ***Jerome Kern*** (all on Verve). The demands of the pop market have led to the cramming of twelve tunes onto each LP, making some of the performances once-over-lightlies without any solos of length. But the material is uniformly heartening and the trio—most of the time—cooks in customarily spirited fashion.

•

A trio of perennial Playboy Jazz Poll winners—guitarist Barney Kessel, bassist Ray Brown and drummer Shelly Manne—have a giddy get-together on ***Poll Winners Three*** (Contemporary), the third in their series of classy conferences. As spryly inventive as ever, the threesome cavorts effortlessly through a ten-tune set, including one original by each, Billy Strayhorn's rarely recorded *Raincheck* and a fleetly stated *I Hear Music*.

BOOKS

The history of British craftsmanship is laid out in ***Nothing but the Best*** (McDowell Obolensky, $8.95), by Thomas Girtin. Here are stories of the men and women who have for a couple of centuries served the British gentry. The tale is told usually through a history of one firm in each field: gunsmiths, glovers, hatters, bootmakers, coachbuilders, saddlers, jewelers, umbrella makers and so on. This is an intriguing book, studded with odd and singular information (such as the fact that one way to assay the quality of a silk top hat is to lay a plank across the top and stand on it—a good British made lid won't so much as wrinkle). A proper saddle will last forty years, and one by a fine saddler like the firm of Sowter's may be worth more secondhand than it was new. In the lush days before the Kaiser War, bootmakers almost never had a pair of their hand-lasted, hand-sewn creations back for resoling, because their owners so rarely walked on anything but carpet (when they stepped out of the carriage or limousine to enter a

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shop, they expected to find carpet unrolled on the sidewalk). These shops flourished in the golden days of Empire, but it was a buyers' market: no British aristocrat would dream of paying a bill before it was a year old, and one peer, deferentially reminded by his bootmaker that his account had run three years, replied, "You're in a damned big hurry, aren't you?" But if the shopkeeper knew his station and minded his manners and had been fortunate in his customers he would probably be paid eventually. Meantime, when he called at the town house in Berkeley Square to measure the ducal cranium for a bowler, or to show the latest fabrics, he would be pleasantly received and even treated to a glass of dry sherry and a biscuit. Sometimes he didn't need many customers. Two good families, with their retainers, would support a modest tailoring establishment in 1900. Today many of the ancient crafts are dying out, decimated by the machine and the difficulty of finding apprentices. The pattern of survival is spotty; the fishing-rod makers are prosperous, but jewelry shops that once thought it routine for a customer to order three dozen gold scarfpins now do no business at all. In the surviving trades, quality is as good as ever. The bootmakers still polish a gentleman's shoes half an hour daily for a month before delivery, for example. One thing *has* changed: bills are promptly presented, and no forelock-tugging about it, either.

•

Those of you who got a bang out of *Sex, Its Origin & Application* in the June PLAYBOY will delight in the knowledge that an expanded version of the goofy graphic lecture called ***Professor Irwin Corey — The World's Foremost Authority*** (Citadel, $1.25) is out in super-size paperback. Likewise in paperback is a sort of enlarged rendition, mit pitchers, of *The Roger Price Theory of Nomenclature*, which you chuckled over last March in PLAYBOY. Roger calls it ***What Not to Name the Baby*** (Price-Stern, $1.50), and he has been aided in the expansion by Leonard Stern and cartoonist Peter Marks. We urge you to step right up to your favorite bookseller and demand both volumes.

FILMS

The key to ***The Apartment*** belongs to Jack Lemmon, who seems at last to have made it as a star. This picture, like *Some Like It Hot*, is the work of producer-director Billy Wilder and writer I. A. L. Diamond. Its premise: a guy could become pretty miserable once the word went around to his lecherous office superiors (suburbanites all) that his Manhat-

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tan apartment might be borrowed for quickie and not-so-quickie engagements. Jack helps a lot as the harried but too-ambitious Organization Man who is progressing at the office only as long as he gives up his bed. Fred MacMurray, the personnel manager, starts borrowing the place in order to resume an affair with elevator operator Shirley MacLaine, a gal Jack has had his eye on for a long time. Fred turns out to be a suburban rat, capable of shoving a hundred-dollar bill at Shirley as a Christmas present before racing for the commuter special. She realizes that this isn't exactly the highest sort of compliment; tries a bottle full of sleeping pills and collapses on Jack's bed. Finally, Jack and Shirley get together — after dozens of further complications — and he flees the firm and the cushy job he'd parlayed there. Off they go to start something real and right. Aside from the gruesome slackening of the last third (there's something awfully unfunny about suicide), the film has some very bright and biting moments.

•

The Chasers provides a night on the town (Paris) in the company of Brigitte Bardot's newish husband, Jacques Charrier. We're only with him a few hours but by count he manages to turn down about six sure-thing offers from some of the most appealing women in Paris: Dany Robin, Estella Blain, Belinda Lee and Anouk Aimée; also a Swedish lez played by Margit Saad. Counterpoint is provided by the problem of the shy guy who accompanies him on this jaunt around town, pop singer Charles Aznavour. By the end he's got himself a nice little nurse, and it looks like his problems will soon be solved—on a couch perhaps, but not a psychiatrist's.

•

The Rat Race is Garson Kanin's play about a tenor man, Tony Curtis, who blows in from Milwaukee to crash the big time in the Big City, and who is braced up for the battle by a bitter little taxi-dance-hall girl, Debbie Reynolds. They run into lots of troubles, but it all works out in the end with Tony and Debbie in a big clinch. There's some moderately lively repartee and lingo, but this is third rate Kanin, and Gerry Mulligan is completely wasted as leader of a *very* polite jazz band on a South American cruise (we thought Lombardo types played those gigs).

•

You must see *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, a film of infinite significance. The very title suggests its complexity, linking the name of the city that symbolizes the possible suicide of the human race with the tenderest form of address in any language. A young French actress, played by Emmanuelle Riva, in Hiroshima to work in a pro-peace film, has met a young Japanese architect, Eiji Okada, the night

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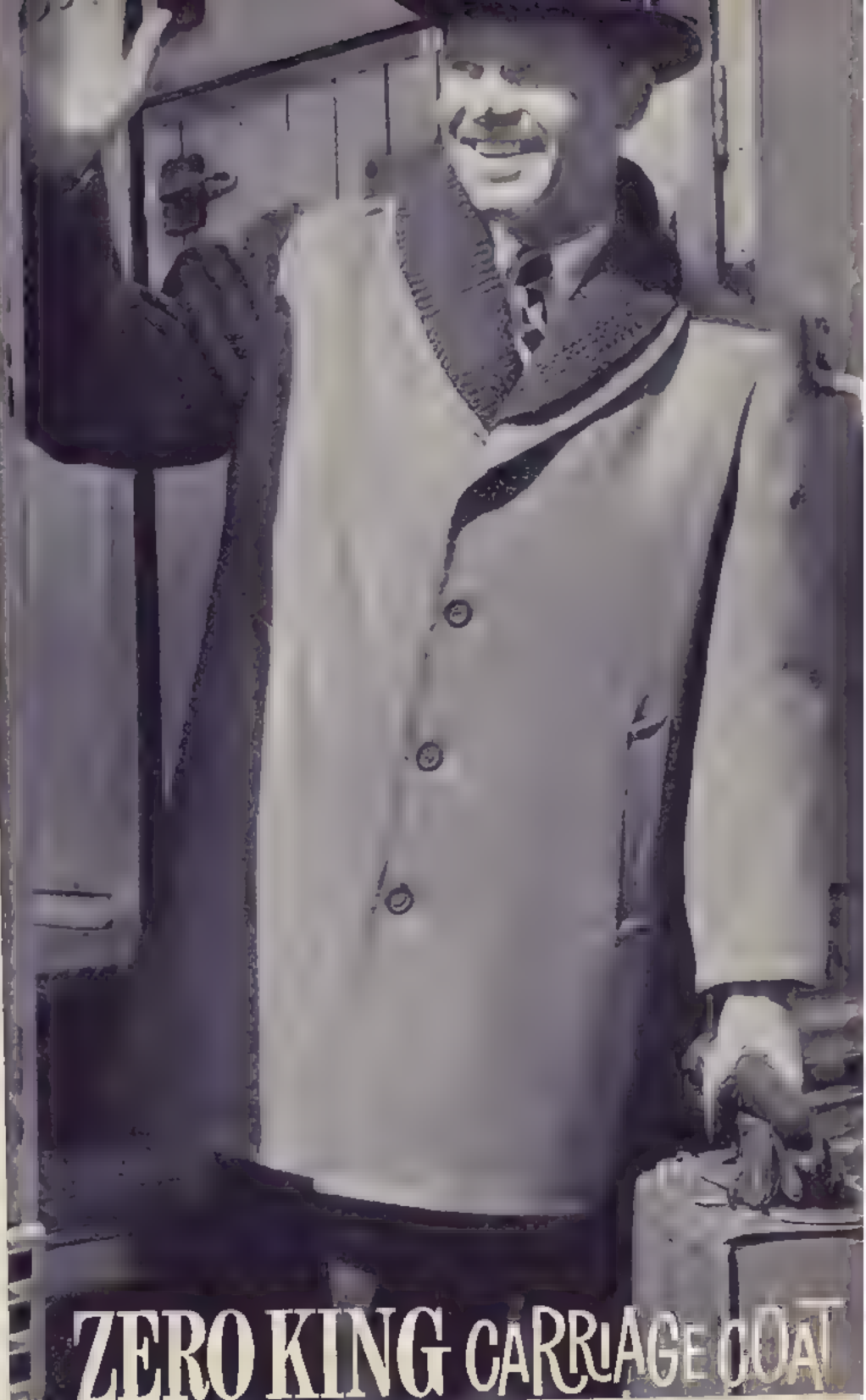
before the last day of shooting. Their love making evokes in the woman not only the memory of the Hiroshima A bombing, but also recollections of her own past: during the occupation she loved a German soldier in her home town; on the eve of the liberation he was killed. She was disgraced and humiliated and she went mad. Now, fourteen years later, for the first time, she tells her story, relives her nightmare with her Japanese lover during twenty-four hours of passionate meetings and partings in the streets of Hiroshima, in its cafes, in her hotel bedroom, in his home. Before their final separation a terrible imbalance has been established between the personal misfortune of the young woman, pathetic as it may be, and the unassimilable outrage of nuclear warfare which surrounds it and makes her trauma seem perhaps all too trivial and self-piteous. The beauty and the performance of Mlle Riva are superb. Director Alain Resnais, whose first feature this is, and his scenarist, novelist Marguerite Duras, have succeeded in fashioning one of the most disturbing and original films of our time.

Bells Are Ringing is the tuneful and delightful movie version of the Comden Green Broadway musical. Thank heaven for the presence of the most talented Judy Holliday. And thanks, too, to whoever was responsible for allowing her (rather than any of a dozen vapid starlets) to re-create her Broadway role. No one else could have come close to the comedy and pathos and charm of Judy as a shy switchboard operator who loves to get entangled in the lives of her answering-service subscribers. After being just a voice (or rather several voices—from Santa Claus for a kid, to Mom for writer-about-town Dean Martin), she begins calling on them in person in order to solve their problems, especially Dean's. This is complicated by the fact that a detective suspects that the service is a front for a callgirl operation when in fact it is functioning without Judy's knowledge as the main office for about a hundred bookies, led by Eddie Foy, Jr. Anyway, Judy goes out on the town spreading a dizzy kind of good cheer and good luck wherever she goes, singing *It's a Perfect Relationship*, *Just in Time*, *Drop That Name* and *The Party's Over*, alternatively wistful, raucous, soulful, and all the while a lovable Pollyanna. Practically everybody makes it because of her: the actor who quits imitating Brando, the nutty songwriter who's been shaving as a dentist, even Dean lays off the sauce long enough to finish a play. And Judy gives up her desperate idea of returning to work at the Bonjour Tristesse Brassiere Company; she has Dean to keep her warm now.



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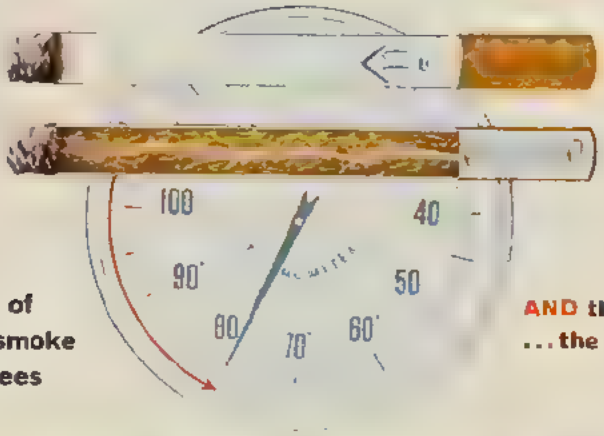

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if a man's life is a corridor without doors, he must make a door

fiction **By EUGENE ZILLER**

WALTER TRITKA COULD NOT HAVE SAID AT WHAT MOMENT he had made up his mind to go to America. But there at the edge of the field, beneath a clump of trees in whose shade they had paused a moment to tighten the harness and turn the plow, he turned to his sister's husband and told him.

The other looked quietly at him. He was a big man, with large, blunt hands. His face, burned by constant sun, weathered to the color and texture of old leather, was gentle, benign almost. "Ahh," he said. "To go to America."

"Yes," Walter said quickly, in a kind of assent almost, as though the other had said it first. He was a young man, almost fifteen years younger than his brother-in-law. He spoke with a young man's eagerness, a young man's utter absence of reflection, the slow fatalism that comes with years. "I have thought it over," he said. "This is no life." He gestured, taking in with his sweeping arm the brown broken earth extending to the horizon between intermittent trees, the intermittent houses, the more substantial clutter of the village beyond. "What is there here for a man?" he said.

"You are absolutely right," his brother-in-law said, though he did not look up from the harness at which he was bent, his hands did not cease upon the leather. Before him the horse stood immobile, as though carved of wood, the reek of its sweat rising in waves. It blew over them upon the noon's hot, gentle suspiration.

"You work and you work and you grow old with nothing to show for it," Walter said with bitterness.

"It is the way things are," his brother-in-law said quietly.

"My own father died in this field, dropped dead among the furrows," he said.

The other rose. "I know," he said. He clucked to the horse, the plow lines already settled about him, his back braced to their pull. He held the plow with both hands. "Come," he said. "The day is going, and it is a big field."

But Walter was not through. They moved out from under the trees, advancing across the field into the bright, fecund stillness of midday. They moved slowly, the one rigid against the pull of horse and plow, the other ten feet behind scattering seed, in a tableau as changeless and immemorial as the land itself. That's it, he thought. Am I supposed to die like my father too, falling here among the furrows, with nothing to show for my life? "Is that it?" he said aloud, loudly, so that ahead his brother-in-law half turned and spoke across his shoulder.

"What?" he said.

And without ceasing, his right arm moving in broad, measured arcs above the earth while from his hand seeds fell in flurries gentle as snow, he went on to list the entire harsh catalog of his grievances, while now and then his brother-in-law would reply, not ceasing either, both of them continuing to advance over the field that same, undeviable distance apart, in the same undeviable attitudes of plowing and sowing, so that from afar it was as if they were not even aware of each other's presence.

At the day's close they unharnessed the horse, leaving the plow in the field where it stood. In the distance they could see others doing likewise, the plows upright, standing in silhouette like sudden bizarre shoots. They led the horse from the field, down to the road where they would meet the others, returning also to the village, to home; vague shapes, shadows in movement along the dust, quietly murmurous above the rising click and whir of insects, though Walter knew them all by their voices, their walk. Though their faces were but faint blurs in the dying light he knew as well how each one looked as if it were full day; each turn of mouth, thrust of nose, each worn and irremediable flesh which he believed to be the heritage of his kind so long as they dwelt in this doomed and bitter land, handed from father to son as though it were palpable as family Bible or gold watch. Of course, he thought. It is fine here for the Count and for people like Zemcik. They don't have to sweat in the fields like animals day after day, burning up in the summer, freezing in winter. He thought, I wouldn't have any complaints either if all I did was give parties and ride around in fancy carriages brought from Cracow.

And then he found the word he sought and which best epitomized what he felt and why he knew he must leave. Dignity, he said fiercely, to himself, moving at his brother-in-law's side while about them the swift dust shifted and dissolved, the night came on. It is that a man cannot live here with dignity and hold up his head. What he had in mind were the small, daily gestures of obsequiousness. When they talked to the Count it was with downcast eyes, the shuffling of feet; hands rose to remove hats in a single instantaneous reflex. Once the Count had stopped them in the rain, seated within his carriage, bent forward a little, his hands folded upon the silver head

a thief in the night

WOODCUT BY PETER GOURFAIN

of his cane, discussing casually the weather and the prospects for the harvest while they stood bareheaded in the road, the mud, replying in slow, respectful tones while the rain streamed and streamed upon them. A man should not have to bear that too, he thought. He did not hate the Count. He didn't even hate his land, his heritage, which condemned him forever to a life abject and straight as a corridor along which there were no turnoffs, no doors through which to step. He abjured them. It was as though he had discovered a turnoff, a door. He thought: A man does not *have* to live here. This is not the only nation on earth.

At his side his brother-in-law moved without speaking, except to respond to those who greeted him. From across the dusk they called to him, his name. They all knew him; in the dying light they could not mistake the erect figure taller than most, the deliberate, even gait. Though he was only forty they spoke to him as they would to the elders; they came to him for advice. After they had gone on awhile his brother-in-law said, "Have you thought about money?"

"Money?" he said.

"They are still charging for boat tickets, aren't they?" his brother-in-law said.

"Yes. Yes," he said. "Of course."

"Well?" his brother-in-law said.

"I have *some* money saved," he said. This was not strictly true. He had some money due him for work he had done for Burgomaster Zemcik, but it was already owed. But he spoke at once so as not to appear foolish, to appear as though he had had the money for the tickets in mind all along.

"At least it is a start," his brother-in-law said. And he proceeded to explain how arrangements could be made whereby Walter would not need the entire sum of the three tickets at once, only a down payment, an advance, the balance to be paid once he was in America and he was working, which he, Walter, already knew of and had investigated and realized with a forlorn and sinking despair that even barring such commonplace disasters as illness or drought or simply a poor harvest, it would take him five years at least of constant and unremitting saving, of scraping and hoarding trivial, niggard sums, to accrue enough for the down payment alone.

He had been about to tell his brother-in-law that out in the field. That had been the result of a forlorn hope too. He did not know if his brother-in-law had any money. If he had, neither did he know if he would lend it. Yet so great was his despair, his desperation. He was totally devoid of hope. He was about to tell him now. He slowed, putting his hand upon the other's arm, looking across into the other's face. But even in this there seemed to operate some fatalism, some principle of doomed and inescapable frustration. No sooner did he touch the other's arm than there rose the faint, distant drumming of hoofbeats, so that it must have seemed to his brother in-law that Walter had touched him only to call attention to that. When his brother-in-law looked up it was to stare along the road; when he paused it was only to listen.

At his side, Walter listened too, though there was no interest in his face. He was thinking how he had been frustrated in this too. He looked at his brother-in-law intent upon the hoofbeats. Now would be a fine time to tell him, he thought. He decided to tell him after whatever it was along the road came and went. It was now almost full dark, the short stark twilights of spring, the sudden stars. In the distance the hoofbeats grew. The carriage appeared suddenly, around a turn, a bulky, darker shape behind the dark shapes of horses, appearing between the trees ranked on either side. They could not have been able to tell, from that distance, in that light, that the carriage was the Burgomaster's. Yet they began at once to step off the road, pausing one by one in the dank growth at the road's edge, stilling the insects there so that silence lay in small patches about them. When they recognized the carriage those who were wearing hats began to remove them. Walter could see in that faint light neither dusk nor dark, the slight stirrings about him, the almost imperceptible movements of hand to head. He stood a little behind and to the left of his brother in-law. They both wore the same kind of hat, one of light cotton, with a narrow crescent-shaped bill. He was already thinking: This once. Just this once.

When his brother-in-law began to remove his cap Walter stood without moving, his arms at his sides, his eyes fixed straight before him. He did not move when the carriage was upon them. It came by at an even pace, not fast, yet with all the clatter and haste of speed, not five feet away, so that any of them might have bent and reached out and touched it; the surging flanks of the horses, the wheels, the embossed door beyond which the carriage's interior appeared completely dark, so they could not see if Burgomaster Zemcik sat within, or his wife, or both. Or neither, he said. He spoke to himself, smiling to himself. That would be a good one, he said. Taking their hats off to an empty carriage.

The carriage swept past, raising the dust. He stood without moving, the cotton cap on his head, a young man's smile of defiance on his lips. Yet for an instant his breathing had almost ceased. Now that the carriage was past he breathed quickly, deeply. He looked at his brother-in-law. He had always felt something a little like awe for him. Seeing him there at the road's edge, standing ankle deep in growth, his cap in his hands, he felt almost contempt. He would have denied that his own defiance had been due to the poor light in which nothing could be clearly seen, to the fact that he stood to the side and a little behind his brother-in-law, partly hidden by him. My God, he thought, as though seeing his brother in-law for the first time. He's a clod. He will live like this to his dying day, slaving in the fields, taking off his hat to carriages.

By the time he left the others he had made up his mind to rob the Burgomaster's house. He said nothing to his brother-in-law. They came to his house first and he said good night and went up the path, as he always did. The others went on beyond. Halfway to the house he paused and stood listening for a moment, the murmurous voices floating on the air, the faint, occasional jangle of harness. Directly before him was the house. On the left was the small plot in which, in season, he grew the trivial crops of vegetables, the tomatoes, onions and carrots out of the grudging earth, enough for his own needs. He stood a moment thinking of the Burgomaster, the carriage. He did not actually believe the carriage had been empty. The Burgomaster often went on trips at odd hours, on business, up and down the province throughout which he owned lands, forest, interest in a railroad. He thought of the Burgomaster's house, dark within its dark grove of trees, the servants dispersed, empty except for the housekeeper, her son who doubled as gardener and watchman. His breathing suddenly came faster now, his blood faster, as though he and his blood knew at the same instant: *There is no other way.*

• • •

He was not surprised at himself. At supper, eating the thin potato soup, the coarse bread which were the unvarying staples of his diet, he thought: What am I supposed to do, rot here like the others? Behind the flimsy partition erected to make the single room two, the child cried intermittently. He did not think of himself as a thief, a criminal. So great was his hope, his despair, the robbery seemed to him to be the sole logical course and direction open to him.

Nor did he tell his wife. Later, at her side, listening to her slow, faintly nasal breathing while she slept, he thought: I will tell her a rich uncle died. Actually he did not know if she desired to go to America. He hadn't asked her, and she had never told him. He assumed it, just as he assumed each day the sun would rise. Just as he assumed certain things about America, though by now these had been transformed into something like actual belief, as unshakable as the

(continued on page 36)

"Er . . . perhaps you didn't know, but we deliver . . ."

thief in the night (continued from page 34)

religious man's belief in heaven. He had never been to America. Neither had he spoken to someone who had. In this he was like the religious man, too. The closest he had come was to receive a letter from a friend, a man with whom he had grown up and who had gone to America a year earlier.

That was another thing. He did not think of America so much as a place in which gold lay in the streets. More often than not he didn't even regard it as a place at all; geographic, within fixed latitudes, occupying space and distance upon the earth. Foremost in his mind was the notion of America as a condition, a state of moral purity alongside which the fact that you had to traverse three thousand miles of ocean and you needed a ticket for which you had to pay, to get there, was only incidental. He thought of America as a region of the spirit almost, so firm in his mind was the notion that at least here out of all the corrupt and bitter earth no man need feel greed or malice or deceit, at least here men lived in a state of serene and perpetual rectitude. He believed that. What misled him was the absence of titles, the hard ineradicable lines of privilege, the familiar appurtenances of spoliation generally. It led him to believe that in America no men took bribes, lusted, transgressed. As though all that were necessary to make men better than they were was a span of virgin continent and hope and repudiation of the bitter knowledge it had cost the old world so much to gain, which was them both. That was crucial to him: the belief that men could (and should) be made better than they were. In other circumstances he might have been a revolutionary. When he read the short, scrawled letters of his childhood friend he did not believe they were from the same man he had known. He believed *he* would not be the same man, once he entered America.

Now he lay contemplating the robbery of Burgomaster Zemcik's house. It seemed easy to him, so that for a moment he wondered why he had waited so long to think of it. I could have been out of here and gone already, he thought. The idea that he had spent the last few months, even years, at his old life needlessly, tormented him. He became impatient. It was as though waiting even mere hours now, was more than he could bear.

He went over the robbery in his mind. He knew exactly how he would manage it, as though he had already done it and returned. At his side his wife breathed heavily, with a harsh, nasal sound; behind the partition his child breathed, stirred. My son, he thought. My son. The words still sounded strange to him. Though the child was now more than a year old, he still had not yet become accustomed to the idea of being a father. He lay with his arms folded under his head, staring up into the darkness. Through the window starlight fell, a faint blue neither light nor dark, suffusing the entire room as beyond the trivial walls, the rough timber and clay thrown up in haste against the seasons, it suffused the entire countryside, hill and dale, brake and brook, so that for an instant it seemed as though the walls too had vanished and he lay open to the immense, calm, inscrutable contemplation of night.

He woke suddenly. One moment he had been thinking of his son and the next he had been asleep. He had no idea how long he had slept. His first thought was that he had slept through the night and it was now almost dawn. I have ruined everything, he told himself quietly, in despair. Yet he rose abruptly. He flung back the cover and sat up, fully awake at once, staring blindly into the darkness. He came immediately off the bed, not waiting for his eyes to adjust to the dark. He moved like a blind man across the room to the window, his hands extended tentatively before him. Suddenly he was at the window. Star and spring sky soared before him in glittering panorama, lighting up the countryside. By the position of the constellations he knew at once it was only a little past midnight. Thank God for that at least, he told himself, letting out his breath.

By then he could see in the dark. He dressed quickly, soundlessly. It was quite cold. The cold seemed to lie along the floor, the earth, as palpable as water and about waist high. He began to shiver. Shivering, he stood a moment over his son before he left, smoothing the covers the child threw off in his sleep. For you it will be different, he said, soundlessly, addressing the sleeping child. A new life. He felt at that moment between himself and the trivial form beneath his hand a bond of pride and hope and responsibility stronger than anything he had felt before. He bent and kissed the cotton cover, where he thought the child's head to be. Then he left.

He struck out directly for the Burgomaster's house. He did not take the road, though it was not likely he would meet anyone on it at this hour. There is no sense in taking chances, he thought. He went in a straight line from the back of his house across a sloping field of flinty earth and grass and random pines in which, in daytime, children played, and into the woods beyond. Looking once over his shoulder in the direction of the village, he saw no lights, only a crazy mosaic of shadow and starlight. It is as if there is no village at all, he thought.

Yet he heard the dogs halfway to the Burgomaster's house. He moved at a fast, steady pace. He carried a flour sack rolled into a tight bundle beneath his arm. He was warm at once, despite the thin jacket, the sudden spring chill which would be frost upon window and leaf by morning. The trees were still quite bare. Beyond a lattice of boughs soared a sky wild with stars, and a thin crescent moon. He did not once lose his way. He was not conscious of giving direction any thought, yet he moved unhesitatingly and in a direct line through woods he would have had trouble keeping his bearing in by day. If he thought of anything at all it was to remember that his wife would not be alarmed to find him gone, since he often rose at night to sit at the window or before the house, brooding mutely upon the village, the countryside, the forlorn and empty prospect of his fate. But no more, he thought. That is over. At that moment he felt something closely akin to actual joy.

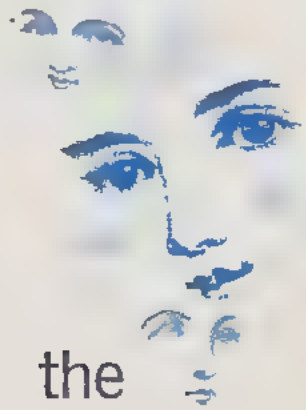
He emerged from the woods on the fringe of a plowed field. Again he did not hesitate. He came out from among the trees at full tilt, and at full tilt continued across the field, his face fixed in an expression of calm and unshakable resolve, his jacket flying. Keeping close to the trees he skirted the field, looking neither right nor left, and it was only after he had gone halfway across that he realized he was on the very field he worked by day. Of course, he thought. Then he thought: So this is what it looks like at night. Yet actually it looked no different. Only the furrows appeared deeper, clawed in savage and exactly parallel rows across the earth; suddenly there blew upon him the ancient, rank smell of opened earth. In all he stood there no more than a moment. Yet before he resumed he leaned forward and with unhurried and deliberate calm, he spat upon the ground.

He had to cross two more fields and a vale studded with stone outcroppings, in which only weeds grew and a brook ran, before he came to the Burgomaster's land. Then he was on the estate itself, before the house, within a grove of trees planted in a phalanx about the house for privacy. From among the trees he could see the house, bulked, blotting out a part of the sky, the stars. The house was in complete darkness. Ahh, he thought. That had been his one source of possible concern, that even at such a late hour someone would still be awake, the house still lighted. Specifically he had in mind the housekeeper's son. Sometimes when the Burgomaster left on a trip he invited friends to the house to sit in the kitchen until early morning drinking the Burgomaster's wine, smoking his cigars. He probably didn't get enough notice this time, he thought sar

(continued on page 90)

fiction By RAY BRADBURY

a parable of love, satiety, and related delights



the best of all possible worlds

THE TWO MEN SAT SWAYING side by side, unspeaking for the long while it took for the train to move through cold December twilight, pausing at one country station after another. As the twelfth depot was left behind, the older of the two men muttered, "Idiot, Idiot!" under his breath.

"What?" The younger man glanced up from his *Times*.

The old man nodded bleakly. "Did you see that damn fool rush off just now, stumbling after that woman who smelled of Chanel?"

"Oh, her?" The young man looked as if he could not decide whether to laugh or be depressed. "I followed her off the train once, myself."

The old man snorted and closed his eyes. "I, too, five years ago."

The young man stared at his companion as if he had found a friend in a most unlikely spot.

"Did — did the same thing happen once you reached the end of the platform?"

"Perhaps. Go on."

"Well, I was twenty feet behind her and closing up fast when her husband drove into the station with a carload of kids! Bang! The car door slammed. I saw her Cheshire-cat smile as she drove away. I waited half an hour, chilled to the bone, for another train. It taught me something, by God!"

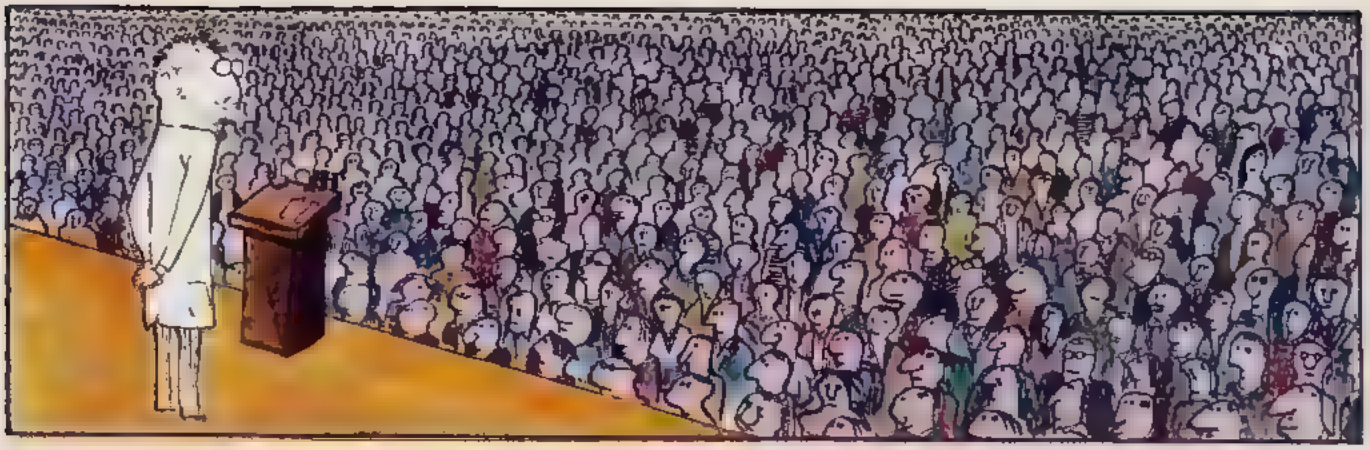
"It taught you nothing whatsoever," replied the older man, dryly. "Idiot bulls, that's all of us, you, me, them, silly boys jerking like laboratory frogs if someone scratches our itch."

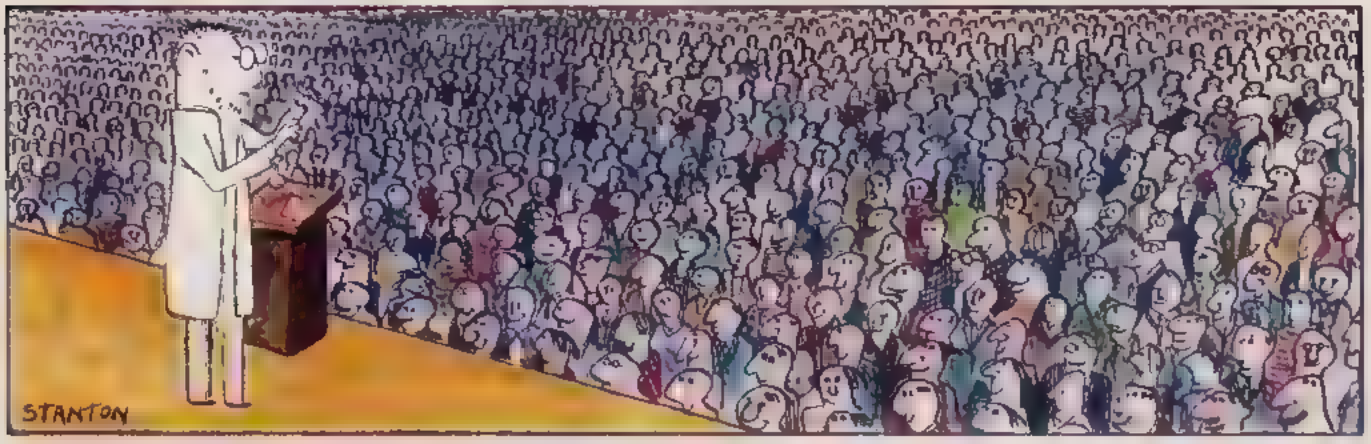
"My grandpa once said, Big in the hunkus, small in the brain, that is man's fate."

"A wise man. But, now, what do you make of *her*?"

"That woman? Oh, she likes to keep in trim. It must pep up her liver to know that with a little mild eye-rolling she can make the lemmings swarm any night on this train. She has the best of all possible worlds, don't you think? Husband, children, plus the knowledge she's neat packaging and can prove it five trips a week, hurting no one, least of all herself. And, everything considered, she's not much to look at. It's just she *smells* so good."

"Tripe," said the old man. "It won't wash. Purely and simply, she's a woman. All women are women, all men are dirty goats. Until you accept that, you will be rationalizing your glands all your life. As it is, you will know no rest until you are seventy or thereabouts. Meanwhile, self-knowledge may give you whatever solace can be had in a sticky situation. Given all these essential and inescapable truths, few men ever strike a balance. Ask a man if he is happy and he will immediately think you are asking if he is *satisfied*. Satiety is most men's Edenic dream. I have known *(continued on page 102)*




STANTON

MILES

jazz **By STANLEY GOLDSTEIN**

PAUL

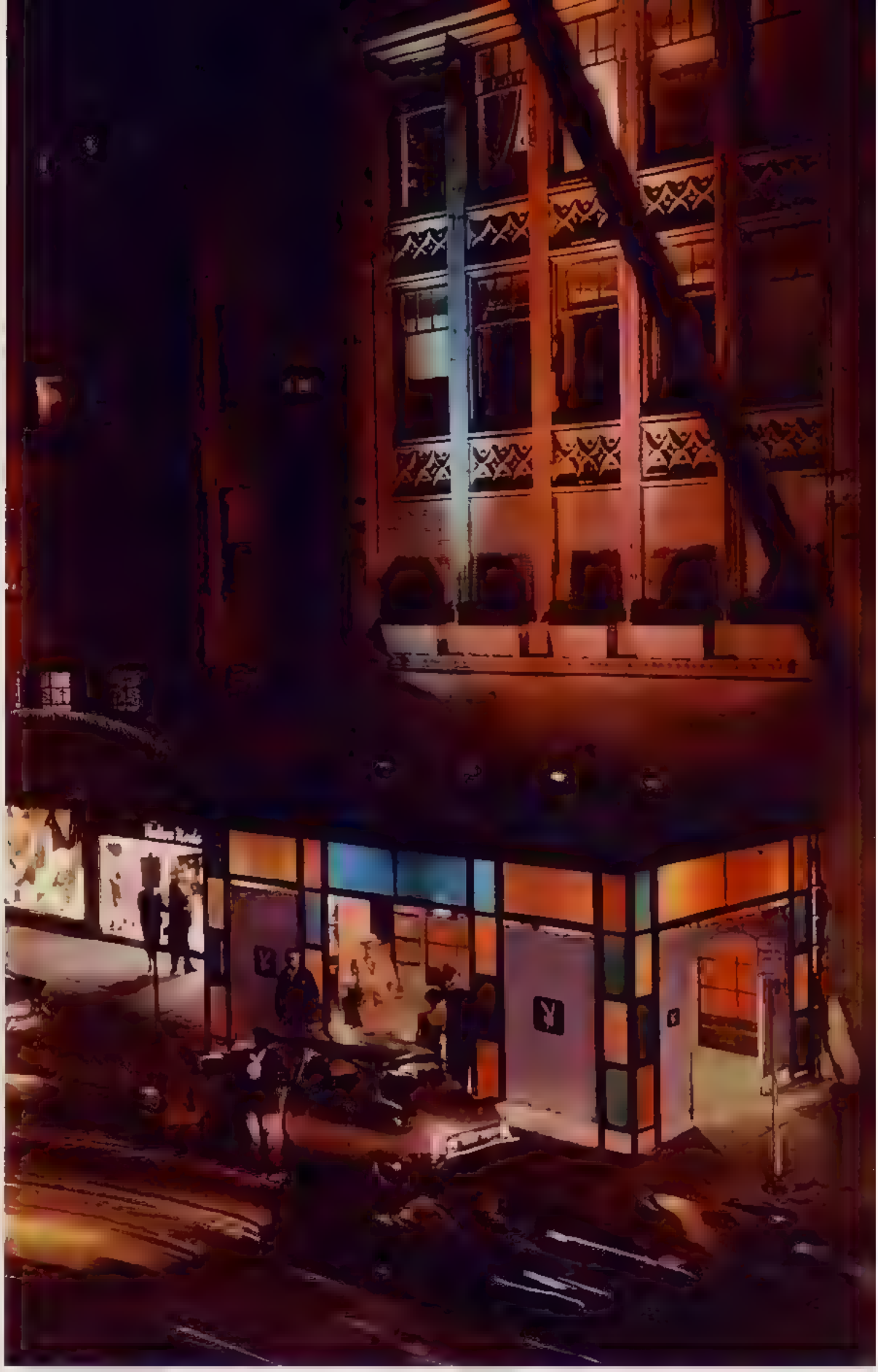
AS MILES DAVIS' international popularity grows, so does his reputation as a coldly arrogant loner, contemptuous of his audiences and stubbornly insistent on having his own way in every way. He wins polls with the ease with which Thomas Costain diagrams a best seller, despite the moat he keeps between himself and his listeners. After gathering a PLAYBOY award this year, Davis topped the largest of the European jazz popularity contests – that of the British *Melody Maker*. "Miles Davis has done the impossible," said the front-page story. "For the first time in the history of the *Melody Maker* Readers' Poll, Louis Armstrong has lost his title as the World's Top Trumpeter. That honor now belongs to the diminutive, thirty-three-year-old Miles."

Letters to the American trade press meanwhile complain of Miles' consistent refusal to acknowledge applause, his disconcerting habit of leaving the stand during his sidemen's solos, and his absolute refusal to announce the names of the tunes he plays. Reporters for newspapers and magazines – with few exceptions – find him impossible to interview and abruptly profane when pressed for a more cooperative attitude. Club owners despair of getting him to make radio or television appearances to help promote his engagements; and fans who ask for autographs are often likely to be refused with raspingly blunt impatience.

Even inside the profession, although nearly all jazz musicians of his generation respect him musically, many find him aloof and enigmatic. One jazz booker, who is on unusually cordial personal terms with even those musicians he does not handle, says categorically of Davis: "He's basically not a nice guy. His conversation, when he bothers to talk to you at all, is made up mainly of insults." When Davis was beaten bloody last August outside Birdland by a policeman who had asked him to move on, everyone in jazz was indignant at the police brutality, but a surprising number of musicians and hangers-on were also saying, "It figures Miles would be the guy that would happen to. Can you imagine what he said when that cop started telling him what to do?"

The irony of this harsh picture of Davis as an intensely sensitive musician who is in a constant state of prickly hyperacidity on and off the stand is that the latter half of the portrait is basically not true. Miles does present a cactus like, unapproachable front (or back, as is often the case) to the jazz public; but *(continued on page 78)*

the dauntless davis and his horn of plenty



its members hold the key to sophisticated pleasure

THE PLAYBOY CLUB

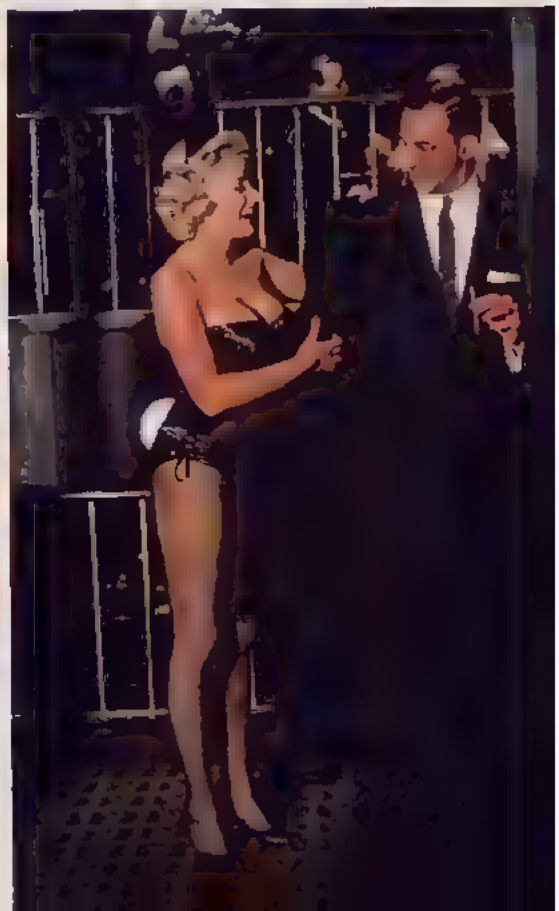
pictorial

THE PLAYBOY CLUB—introduced as a concept in January—is now an exciting, elegant reality. The initial club—in Chicago—has become, almost overnight, one of the most singularly successful, most talked about night spots in the U.S. The Playboy Key—with the familiar rabbit emblem stamped upon it—has become a new and meaningful status symbol amongst men of means. No one who is really IN wants to be without it, for if you are not a member of the club, and do not hold a key, you cannot enter; and The Playboy Club is a meeting place for the most important, most aware, most affluent men of the community

Suitable locations have already been chosen for clubs on both coasts, and their doors will be "closed for business" (we cannot say "open" for business, because the club doors will *always* be closed except to members) this fall. There will soon be Playboy Clubs in major cities throughout the country, and eventually throughout the world. But the lock on each door will be exactly the same and a member's key will admit him to his club whether he is in Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Dallas, London or Paris. Membership is limited to the men of substance and influence in each urban area; the initial fee is fifty dollars, which assures membership for life, provided members break none of the club rules; further information about membership may be had by writing to the magazine.

The establishment of The International Playboy Club is our way of recognizing the

Left: the colorful exterior of the first of the International Playboy Clubs, in Chicago. At top right: a Bunny welcomes key holder and his guests into the elite inner sanctum. At right: each member's name is posted on the board as he arrives.



Above: PLAYBOY Editor Publisher Hugh M. Hefner surrounded by a dozen of the Playboy Club's Bunny Girls—ample explanation for the club's popularity. Bunnies are chosen from all over the U.S. Right: Bunny June Wilkinson slips off a distracted member's coat; a bit unwillingly, perhaps, he can move on to the plush club room of his choice, from the Playmate Bar below, to the apartment-like Living Room or the upstairs Library.

need, on the part of urban men of taste and sophistication, for a private club that is as unique and entertaining as PLAYBOY itself. The Playboy Club is dedicated to projecting the richly romantic mood, the fun and *joie de vivre*, that are so much a part of the publication; as PLAYBOY has gained a reputation for being the smartest and most sophisticated of journals, so The Playboy Club will be similarly known as a gathering place for those who appreciate this side of life.

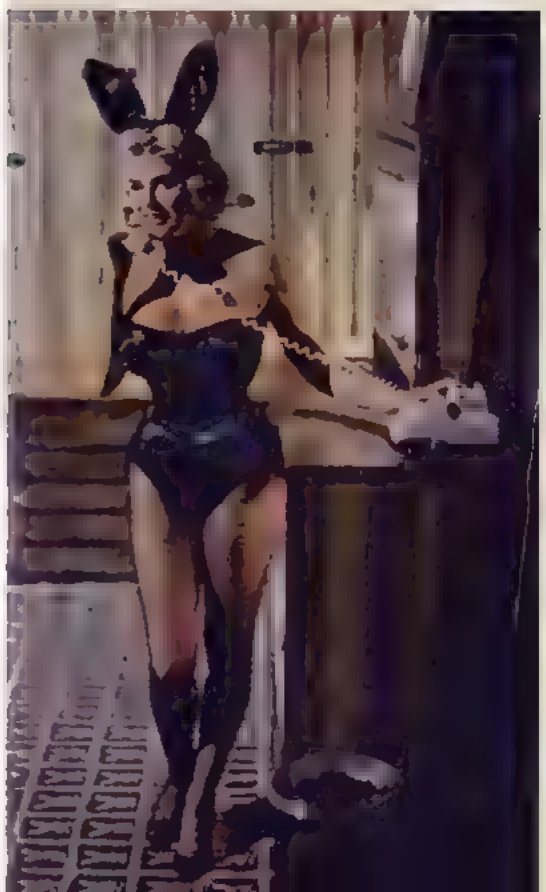
The first Playboy Club is a prototype of those to follow. There is no name of any kind outside announcing what lies within to the uninitiated — only the rabbit emblem in black and silver on either side of the door and stamped upon the taut white canvas of the canopy. Once inside, the member finds a warmth and intimacy, combined with cocktail party gaiety, that one would expect only in a private apartment. There is fine food and drink and entertainment and, of course, numberless beautiful women — many of them models and some of them Playmates from past issues of the magazine. The girls are called Bunnies and they're invitingly attired in brightly colored rabbit costumes, complete to the ears and white cotton tails. A Bunny greets you as you enter and asks for your key number; then your name is posted on the members' board for the time that you are in the club, so that friends will know that you are there. The Chicago club has three floors to choose from and there'll soon be a fourth (a replica of the *Playboy's Penthouse* TV set is now being constructed).

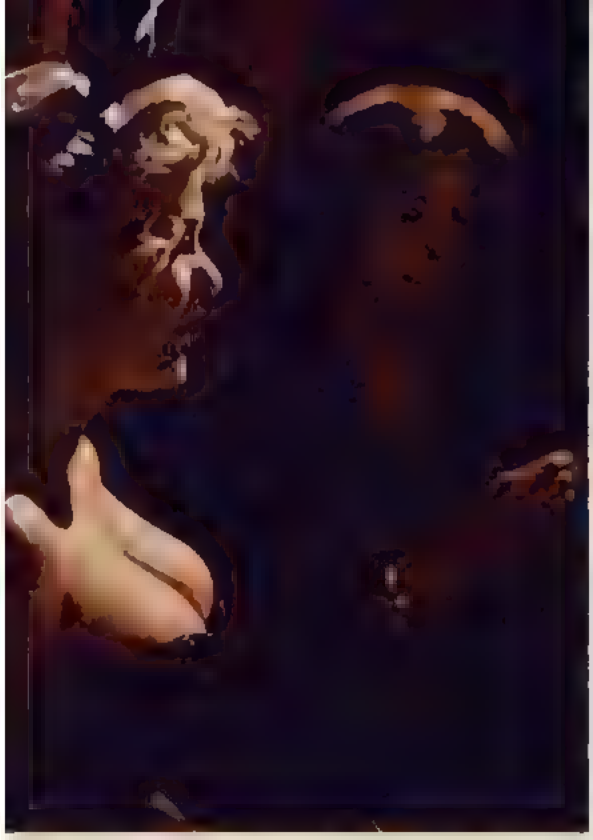
The Playmate Bar, on the first level, is warmly illuminated by back-lit reproductions of our most popular gatefold girls. A stereo high fidelity system to top all hi-fi systems — custom-crafted for the club by Allied Radio of Chicago — fills the entire premises with disc and tape sounds from a library of music especially selected by PLAYBOY's editors. The system's proportions are as remarkable as those of the Bunny Girls who man the controls, one of whom is July 1958 Playmate Linné Ahlstrand, whose provocative personage graces the pin-up wall nearby. The hi-fi installation is valued at something over $27,000 and is the most elaborate custom-built rig in the city; it includes, among other interesting innovations, a closed-circuit TV with controls that permit you to catch other members with the camera or come in for entertaining close-ups on the Bunnies.

The Living Room, on the second level, has the relaxed and comfortable decor of the plushest urban pad. You can join Bunnies and friends around the piano bar or take your ease in front of the fireplace; there's the cozy Cartoon Corner and, when you're hungry, the elaborate Playboy Club Buffet. On the third level,

Top: in the warmly paneled Playmate Bar, Publisher Hefner chats with Miami Playmate Joyce Nizzari. Above: a Bunny takes an order from a member and his guests at a table in the Playmate Bar. Below: Bunny Marle Renfro, a model from Hollywood, regulates the direction of closed-circuit TV for a key holder. Marle appeared in last month's feature, *The Nude Look*.

Above: buxom Bunny Cynthia Maddox pauses as the bartender pours a full ounce-and-a-half-plus drink for a member. Cynthia works days in PLAYBOY's Personnel Department and also models for the magazine. Bunnies are selected from amongst PLAYBOY's most popular Playmates, models, beauty contest winners (including last year's Miss Illinois), airline hostesses, secretaries, for their charm and good looks. Below left: Bunny June Wilkenson receives a member's phone call in the club lobby; and right: the buffet attendant offers a succulent array of tasty viands.





Above: voluptuous June Wilkinson, known to PLAYBOY readers as "The Bosom," leaves no doubt as to why in Bunny costume. Above right: Annette Prescott, from Washington, D.C., waits on members in the Cartoon Corner. Below: a jazz combo cooks and club members swing with it in cozy Living Room.

in the Playboy Library, you'll find a miniature show of the most sophisticated sort: the romantic ballads of Mabel Mercer, the belting blues of Mae Barnes and the pixie humor of Professor Irwin Corey entertained in the Playboy Library the first few weeks after the club's official "closing." Members begin filling the club's premises as soon as the business day ends, and The Playboy Club swings until 4 A.M. — 5 A.M. on Saturdays. Members have found it the perfect place for entertaining both personal and business guests, but most of all, it is a place where they themselves feel at home and are able to have a fine and thoroughly relaxing time — an escape from the cares of the workaday world into the easy-does-it scene that is PLAYBOY. Within the next few months, there will be Playboy Clubs and club franchises established in key cities throughout the U.S., and we'll bring you reports from time to time on further developments and doings. *Those interested in additional information should direct inquiries to The Playboy Club, % PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

A BID FOR IMMORTALITY

fie on shakespeare and khayyám: here is all of man's knowledge in two simple sentences

article **By ROBERT PAUL SMITH**

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A FURTIVE DESIRE to achieve immortality in two sentences, or even one. The kind of sentence I mean is, "To thine own self be true," or "Never complain, never explain," or "Take the cash and let the credit go."

I figured when I got old enough and smart enough, I would utter the sentence or sentences, some young lady in a Grecian tunic lying at my feet would copy it down, and then it would either be hand-illuminated on a large piece of vellum, chiseled into a block of granite, or, lately, copyrighted and embossed on millions of pieces of plastic to be hung on the walls of every cultured home.

Back in the Thirties (not mine, the century's) I thought I had it for a minute or two, and then Duke Ellington made a song out of it. "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing." On reflection, I am fairly certain I never thought of it until Duke made up the song. Then a little later on, in a gin mill in Chicago, a piano player said to me, "Don't get hostile with yourself." But he said it, not me. And Satchel Paige said, "Don't never look back. Something may be gaining on you," and a ball player whose name I don't know, commenting on life in general, said, "I figure everything is about seven to five against."

The other difficulty, besides Shakespeare and W. C. Fields and Omar Khayyám and Samuel Butler and the author of Ecclesiastes saying the good things first, is that I always figured as I grew older I would know more, but it doesn't seem to have worked out that way.

I knew so many things, absolutely, at one time or another. Early on, it was evident to me that no right-minded, more or less red-blooded, underweight American boy could ask for more in this vale of tears than a Barlow jackknife. This was all I knew or needed to know, until I discovered, in succession, that the secret of true and abiding happiness was a pair of hunting boots that laced up to the knee, shoe skates, the complete works of Sax Rohmer, Toby Wing, Bud Freeman's recording of *The Eel*, a model A with a rumble seat, the building of a rational society, the acquisition of large sums of money, true love, being interviewed by a newspaper reporter, getting money for talking instead of writing, having the adoration (in rehearsal) of a company of actors. Some of these I got, and some I didn't (ah there, Toby), but none of them proved to be the philosopher's stone, and these days I don't even know what would bring me nirvana if I could fetch it.

What has happened, and I am sure I could have read this somewhere had I known where to look, is that what I have acquired as I have grown older is the knowledge that I know less and less. This is, of course, real knowledge, but nobody ever told me that.

Well, now that I have almost reached the age where I almost accept, with considerable bad grace, the fact that young ladies who look delicious to me have taken to calling me sir, it seems to me I better deliver myself of that deathless sentence while I still believe I know *anything*.

The wisdom I have accumulated then, the only information I am absolutely certain of, amounts to two unrelated sentences. I do hereby irretrievably declare: 1. Never order shirred eggs. 2. Everything takes longer than you think it's going to.

These sentences would make two plaques. There is no causal connection between them. I am not saying, "Do not order shirred eggs because they take a long time to come."

The only thing the two aphorisms have in common is that I utter them and I know them both to be true.

I ordered shirred eggs the first time I saw them on a menu because I love eggs, and I envisioned shirred eggs as something like, I suppose, shirred curtains. I believe shirred curtains are like the ones in the houses of my boyhood, thin translucent white material, with little dots of opaque material, sort of corrugated from top to bottom, although corrugated is a hard word for what I really think of as ruffled, but then I do not really know what ruffled means, and though I think of the material as dotted Swiss, I equally do not know what dotted Swiss is. But you see, what I expected from a shirred egg was a kind of very light ruffled egg. The first shirred eggs were a terribly hot sort of shiny white leather.

The second time I ordered them, I suppose I thought that the first ones had not been correctly cooked. And then from time to time I ordered them because the word shirred, as always, unhinged my brain.

It has taken thirty-odd years. I know now that shirred eggs, correctly cooked, are terribly hot and like white leather. The chef hasn't goofed. That's what shirred eggs are. So do not order them.

Now, about everything taking longer than you think it's going to. It takes longer to write, "I will not put blotting paper in the inkwell," a hundred times on the blackboard than you think it's going to. It takes longer than you thought possible for anything in the world until you wait for an order of sneezing powder to come through the mail from the novelty supply house you trusted to ship it at once. To sell one hundred and fifty packets of bluing to get a magic lantern takes longer than a whole summer, which you had always previously thought was the longest time in the world. At one time it had seemed to me that nothing took longer than to graduate from short pants to knickerbockers, until I waited to get from knickerbockers to long pants. Is there anything longer than a high school graduation address? Yes, there is: a college commencement address.

Is there a time that exceeds the wait in the outer office for news about your first job? Not until you get fired and start looking for your second job. Short of eternity, you think no more time can pass than the time it takes for that girl to say "Yes, I will." And then you sweat out the eon that passes until she says "No, I'm not."

Well, there you have it. All of knowledge in two sentences

And please don't tell me about a place you know where the shirred eggs are delicious. I haven't got the time to go through it all again.

THE GOLFER

Silverstein

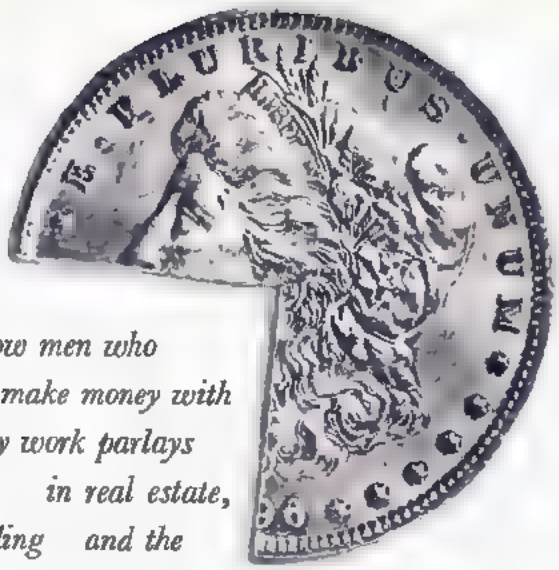
attire

just this side of black tie

The Elegant Ensemble

GENTLEMEN, BE SUITED — and be suited most elegantly. This fellow's best bib and tucker works winningly for those special occasions that don't quite call for a dinner jacket, yet demand more than a business suit. His careful selection of suit and accessories gives him a cosmopolitan look that is thoroughly distinguished and eminently correct. His black suit jacket boasts a small amount of shoulder construction and a slight indentation at the waist reflecting the influence of London's Savile Row tailors; peaked split-shawl collar, three-button front, half-cuffed buttonless sleeves; plain-front narrow trousers, by Petrocelli, $125. Pearl-gray wool weskit, lined in white, by Currick & Leiken, $18. White-on-white cotton dress shirt with tucked-panel front, moderate-spread short-point collar, French cuffs, by Van Heusen, $6. Olive Italian silk tie, by Peacock Ltd., $6.50.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR PLAYBOY AT THE FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK



how men who make money with money work parlays in real estate, raiding and the 25 percent tax

article By RALPH GINZBURG

CAPITAL GAINSMANSHIP

"WHEN I CLEAN THE BASTARDS OUT, THE STOCK GOES UP. What I want is the Capital Gains." With this simple credo, Alfons Landa, a Washington investor whom *Fortune* magazine regards as the craftiest proxy fighter in the nation, has crystalized for posterity the principal objective of many American financial tycoons in the year 1960.

Realtor William Zeckendorf might not care to have his name mentioned in the same breath with that of Louis Wolfson, a man who has been branded by his detractors as a company raider. Nor might auto man Henry Ford II necessarily relish having his name linked to that of Howard Hughes, whom a former associate has described as "the spook of high finance." Yet a common bond does exist among these men, as it does among them all and bastard-eradicator Landa, in their determined drive through the only major fencehole left in the Federal Income Tax structure: the Capital Gains tax.

For Capital Gains tax is virtually the only gimmick left by which a man who amasses a fortune may hold onto it despite today's altitudinous personal income taxes. Taxes on personal income, as toilers who earn over $100,000 a year are especially aware, can chew away as much as 91 percent of earnings. But *Capital Gains tax may never exceed 25 percent*, no matter how many millions of dollars are involved, and often the tax is lower. To qualify for this tax bonanza, all you need do is hold onto an investment for six months plus one day (or more). You have contributed to the growth of your country's economy, and your patriotism and vision are rewarded by this preferential tax rate. Sell out in exactly six months (or less), however, and the government regards you as a speculator, or even a dirty-money man, and you are subjected to the same tax rates that apply to most salaried Americans. Many experts, including Senate Banking Committee Member J. W. Fulbright, consider this tax disparity rank discrimination.

Naturally, the scramble by investors in all fields to get in on this good thing has led to much confusion over the precise definition of Capital Gains. Broadly stated, however, Capital Gain is the increased value of an investment over a period of time. For example, if Peter Minuit had had the longevity and good sense to hold onto bucolic Manhattan Island which he purportedly purchased from the Indians for $24 in 1626, all of its present $9.4 billion assessed valuation, less the $24 purchase price, would be Capital Gains.

Today, the principal beneficiaries of this levy are the real-life Cash McCalls, the Big Money men who collect huge fortunes with little or no sweat and do so not only with the consent of the law, but with the encouragement of the Capital Gains provision of the tax law. They are the J. P. Morgans, the Vanderbilts, the John D. Rockefellers of *our* generation and they operate spectacularly in two fields, neither of which is necessarily concerned with creating a better mousetrap. The first of these fields is real estate and the second goes under the not-so-nice designations of company raiding and proxy fighting.

To be sure, there is another, positive way of looking at proxy fights and company raiding. Often enough, it is entrenched and conservative — even stultified — big Management which freely and disengenuously cries "company raid" and imputes vicious practice and vile motives to proxy fighters when a perfectly legitimate effort is being made to wrest control from a no-longer-competent group, or to transfer control from an adequate Management to a superior one. In fact, it has been argued with some success that the vitality of the entire corporate system may depend on occasional proxy campaigns. As in most *(continued on page 85)*

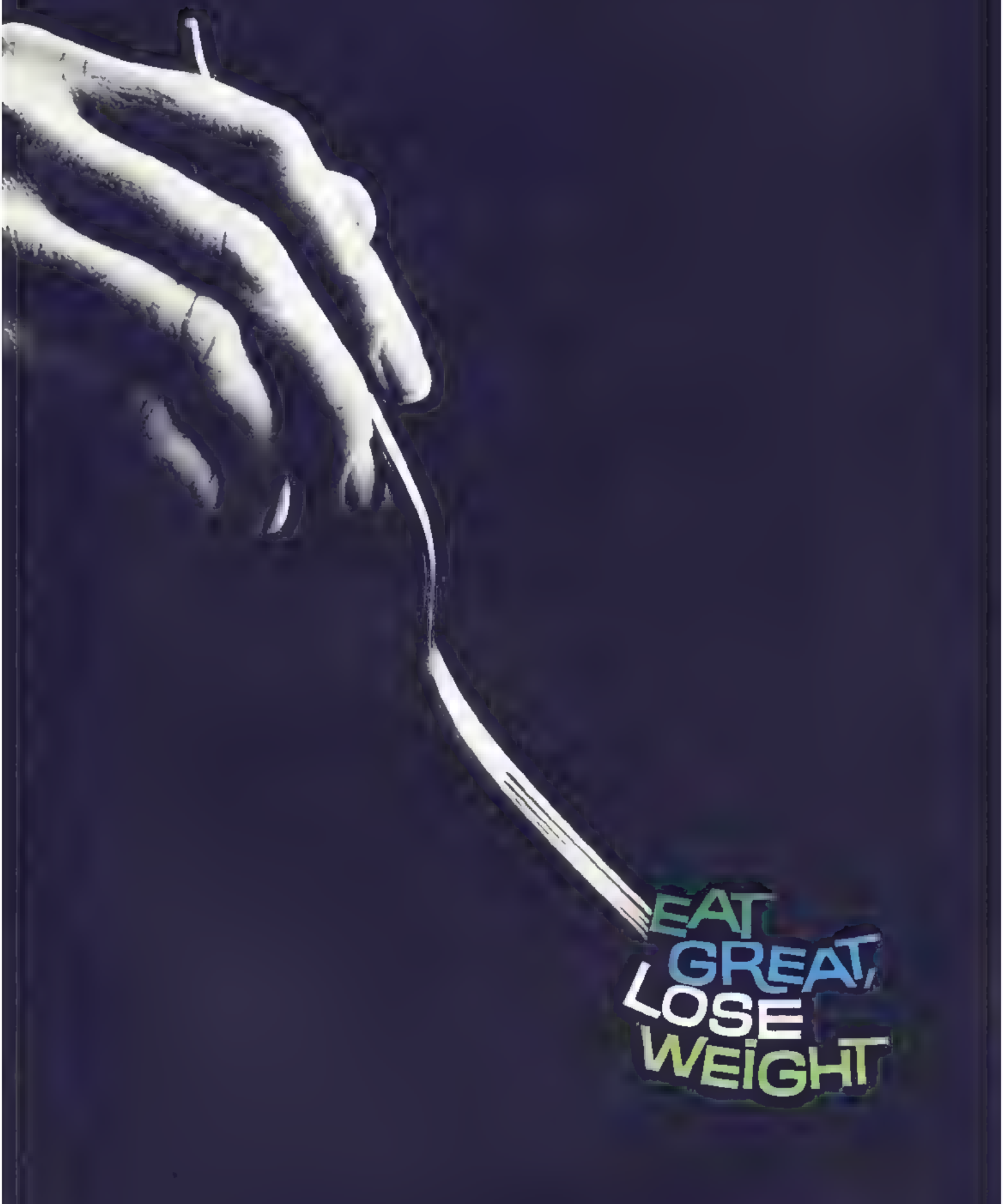
"But, bwana, we let you watch our fertility rites."

food **By THOMAS MARIO**

MORE AND MORE GOURMETS, hitherto shy about pleasing their palates for fear that *savoir-faire* would be more than matched in avoirdupois, are plunging into gastronomy with nary a thought to their waistlines. How come? For one thing, the shelves in gourmet shops are becoming filled with a growing variety of low-fuel foods. There are canned mackerel in white wine, clam juice cocktail, imported lean canned hams, jellied or clear soups from petite marmite to pheasant broth, Italian bread sticks and Finn Crisp Thins, low-calorie salad dressings and, above all, canned fruits with no sugar syrup. Black pitted cherries sweetened with Sucaryl are hard to distinguish from the same fruit packed in heavy syrup. And the flavor of canned pineapple with unsweetened juice can be superior to sugar-laden pineapple, because it's taken from more mature fruit at the plantation. Simply including such foods in your menus provides you with a weight control so automatic that "weight-watching" — a dull pastime — can be avoided.

There's never a need for the sensible trencherman to feel that he's depriving himself to stay slim. Take the *bon vivant*'s typical dinner of appetizer, soup, filet mignon, vegetables, salad, dessert and coffee. This *could* be caloric folly if it took the form of hot puff paste hors d'oeuvres, a French sorrel soup, Béarnaise sauce for the filet, Parisienne potatoes, cauliflower au gratin, tossed salad with Thousand Island dressing, cantaloupe à la mode with fresh peach ice cream and coffee. But take the same number of courses, only serve instead a dozen cherry-stone clams on the half shell, clear green turtle soup with sherry, filet mignon with fresh mushrooms, grilled tomato and asparagus, tossed salad with garlic dressing, cantaloupe à la mode with raspberry sherbet and coffee — hardly an example of austerity at the table — and you'll save a cool thousand calories. A great many chaps would consider the second of the two meals the

magnificent meals high in flavor and low in calories


EAT
GREAT,
LOSE
WEIGHT

tastier, since the basic flavors of the fine foods are not hidden behind high-calorie disguises.

When it comes to the pleasures of drinking alcoholic beverages, the man of sense and sensibility will discover that, here again, he may indulge his appreciation without either depriving himself or forfeiting his figure. He will learn, for instance, that vermouth cassis or vermouth on the rocks before a meal — both negligible in poundage-producing agents — are *apéritifs* in the truest sense of the word, not only because of their stimulating icy-bitter tang but also because they're less filling than many other predinner drinks.

Should your taste run to bourbon, vodka, et al., a simple and painless rule for helping yourself stay slim is to enjoy these potables in their lower proofs. Other hints: order tall drinks, with soda or tonic or low-calorie ginger ale. Beer, a summer favorite for many, is comfortably filling, and yet a 12-oz. bottle contains only 150 calories. And gin and tonic, if you make it with a lower-proof gin, remains one of the most pleasant of summer refreshments — between, before or after meals.

Perhaps the happiest part of enjoying the best without straining the vest is that low-calorie menus are often the most appetizing, as you will soon discover if you take a crack at any or all of the following half-dozen regal recipes:

COLD SALMON, TARTAR SAUCE
(Serves four)

4 fresh salmon steaks, 6 ozs. each
1 medium-size onion, sliced
1 piece celery, sliced
1 bay leaf
juice of half lemon
salt, pepper
½ cup low-calorie whipped salad dressing
½ teaspoon grated onion
½ teaspoon white wine vinegar
2 dashes Tabasco
1 tablespoon finely chopped sour pickle
1 teaspoon finely minced parsley

Pour 2 cups water into a wide saucepan. Add the onion, celery, bay leaf and lemon juice. Add ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame, and simmer very slowly ten minutes. Add salmon steaks to the liquid, carefully placing each on the bottom of the pan; they should not overlap. Cover the pan and simmer ten to twelve minutes. Let the salmon steaks cool in their own liquid. Chill in the refrigerator. Combine the whipped salad dressing with the remaining ingredients. Remove salmon steaks carefully from the liquid, using a wide spatula to keep them intact. With a small paring knife, remove skin and center bone. Serve sauce separately at the table.

Cold fresh salmon fairly cries for a glass of chilled Rhine wine or Rhine wine and seltzer. Don't let the cry go unheeded.

PLAYBOY'S GARLIC FRENCH DRESSING
(One cup)

1 egg
2 teaspoons imported Dijon mustard
⅓ cup red wine vinegar
1 tablespoon salad oil
⅓ cup water
⅓ cup bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon chopped fresh garlic
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Put all ingredients in an electric blender. Blend at high speed for about thirty seconds. Chill thoroughly before serving. Serve with any type of tossed salad. Store in the refrigerator.

ROUND STEAKS, RUSTIC STYLE
(Serves four)

4 pieces round steak, ½ in. thick, 6 to 8 ozs. each. (Be sure the beef is from the round and not chuck or any other fatty cut.)
salt, pepper
2 cups water
1 envelope instant beef broth
8-oz. can tomatoes, coarsely chopped
¼ cup minced fresh parsley
4 anchovies, minced
¼ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Heat a Dutch oven or heavy saucepan over a moderate flame with no fat added. Sprinkle bottom of utensil with salt. Brown steaks on both sides. Add remaining ingredients. Bring gravy to a boil. Reduce flame so that liquid barely simmers. Cook, stirring occasionally, until meat is tender, about 2 to 2¼ hours. Season to taste. These steaks are excellent when cooked one day, kept in their gravy and then reheated for lunch or dinner the next day.

CHILI CON CARNE
(Serves four)

(Chili is conventionally made from ground chuck of beef, is served in a soup bowl, and is eaten with a spoon. Mexicans sometimes call it *chili con gordo*, meaning chili with fat. The lean cube steaks cut into small squares, in this recipe, bring the calorie count way down, although the chili still remains a deliciously substantial one-dish meal.)

1½ lbs. cube steaks
1 teaspoon oil
2 teaspoons chili powder
½ teaspoon creole seasoning
8-oz. can tomato sauce
2 cups water
no. 2 can red kidney beans
2 teaspoons onion juice
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
salt

Cut cube steaks into 1-in. squares. Brush an electric skillet with oil. Set at 350°. Add the meat and sauté, stirring frequently, until browned. Add chili powder and creole seasoning. Add tomato sauce, water, beans, onion juice and garlic powder. Bring to a boil. Reduce skillet heat to 300°. Continue to cook, stirring frequently, until meat is tender and flavors are well blended, about twenty minutes. Add salt to please your own palate.

CHICKEN WITH BURGUNDY
(Serves four)

3-lb. frying chicken
1 cup Burgundy-type red wine
salt, pepper
½ cup water
1 envelope instant chicken broth
1 teaspoon onion juice
2 tablespoons tomato paste
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon tarragon

Have the chicken cut into pieces, as for frying. Soak the chicken in the wine one hour. Preheat oven at 425°. Remove chicken from wine and place it, skin side up, in a shallow baking pan or casserole. Do not use a deep pan, or chicken will not brown properly. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Combine wine with water, chicken broth, onion juice, tomato paste, garlic powder and tarragon, mixing well. Pour liquids over chicken. Bake the chicken for 1 to 1¼ hours, basting about every ten minutes with the sauce. If chicken seems to be browning too rapidly, cover it with aluminum foil. Pour sauce over chicken on serving plates or platter. Don't forget a glass of Burgundy on the side.

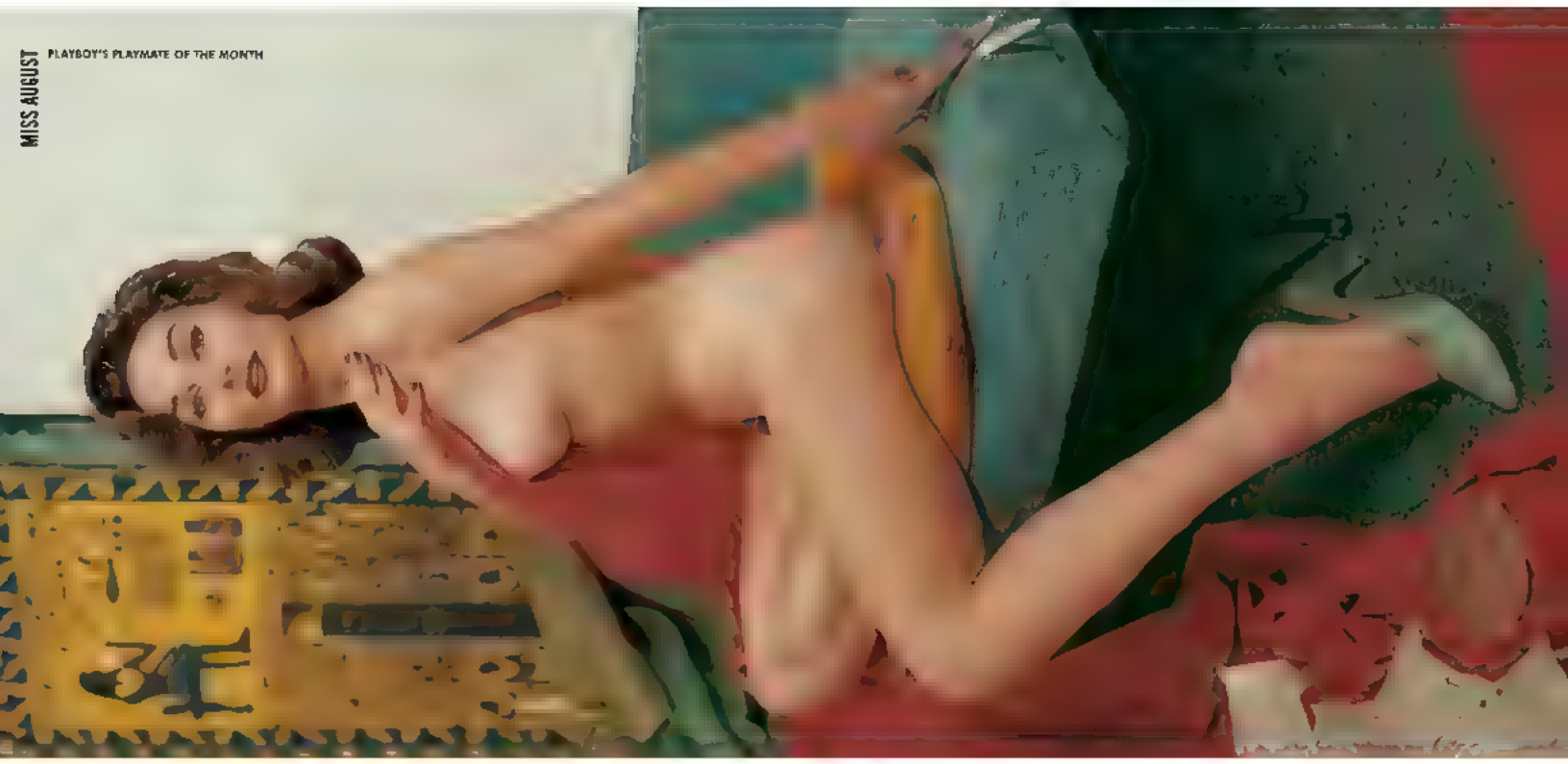
BROCHETTE OF SCALLOPS
(Serves four)

1 lb. scallops, cut into 1-in. cubes if scallops are large
salt, pepper
3 tablespoons catsup
½ teaspoon soy sauce
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
½ cup bread crumbs
2 teaspoons salad oil
paprika

Preheat broiler at 550°. Wash scallops well. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. In a mixing bowl combine the catsup, soy sauce, garlic powder and ginger. Add the scallops. Mix well so that each piece is thoroughly coated. Arrange scallops on skewers. Dip the skewered scallops in the bread crumbs. Sprinkle with salad oil. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Broil until brown, about five to eight minutes. After you've tried a few of these delectable low-calorie recipes, you should be convinced that staying slim needn't mean slim pickin's.

designing playmate

a fabric fancier has the material to become miss august


MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Designing woman Elaine Paul telephonically receives and notes a customer's request.

WHY DO STUDIO AUDIENCES erupt into applause when TV personalities announce the fact that they hail from Brooklyn? We've often wondered, but now we're beginning to understand. Treats, if not trees, grow in Brooklyn — Elaine Paul being one such. Elaine works in that bustling borough as a journeyman (well, journeywoman) fabric designer, journeying blithely from Greenpoint to Gowanus in whatever form of loco locomotion she happens to find handy. Those who know about such things say she has a way with perky patterns, and we - who know about certain other things — say that she herself is woven with a warp and woof wondrous enough to make her a memorable Miss August.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We've just learned a secret method for returning from Las Vegas with a small fortune: go with a large fortune.

The haze and warmth of the summer evening added to the atmosphere of passion on the small lake, deserted except for a canoe drifting lazily on its surface. In it, clasped in close embrace, lay George and Marilyn, gazing into each other's eyes and murmuring the special phrases of lovers.

With a delicious silken rustle that set the canoe to gently rocking, she pressed herself still closer to him.

"Georgie," she sighed, "will you love me always?"

"Of course, my darling," he whispered tenderly. "Which way would you like me to try first?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *intellectual girl* as one who can think up excuses that her boyfriend's wife will believe.

An executive friend of ours is so dedicated to his work that he keeps his secretary near his bed in case he gets an idea during the night.

A model we know says she's looking for a man who can fill a void in her life—her empty clothes closet.

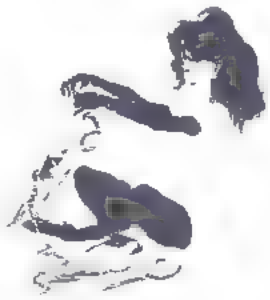
One thing that can be said in favor of going steady is that it gets the youngsters home and in bed at an early hour.

Doctor Jones was called to examine his friend Frank, who at sixty-four had married a woman less than half his age. The doctor noticed that she was an extremely attractive and voluptuously proportioned girl. After a thorough examination, he knew that the cause of his friend's illness was exhaustion. He wrote a prescription and was preparing to leave when the patient asked.

"Well, Doc, what's wrong with me? Am I overweight?"

"No, Frank," answered the doctor with a sidelong glance at the buxom young bride, "overmatched."

Girls' dresses have gotten so short we wonder what the designers will be up to next



He'd shown her his etchings, and just about everything else of interest in his apartment and, as Jack poured the last of the martinis into their glasses, he realized that the moment of truth with Louise had arrived. He decided on the direct verbal attack.

"Tell me," he said smoothly, fingering a lock of her hair, "do you object to making love?"

She turned her lovely eyes up to his. "That's something I've never done," she said.

"Never made love?" cried Jack, appalled at the waste of magnificent raw material.

"No, sidy," she said in soft rebuke. "Never objected."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *appetizers* as little things you eat until you lose your appetite.

It's hard to keep a good girl down—but lots of fun trying

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Never mind – I don't blame you for speeding!"

satire By LARRY SIEGEL

MOONLIGHT OVER WHATTAPOPPALIE

where are the movie musicals of yesteryear?

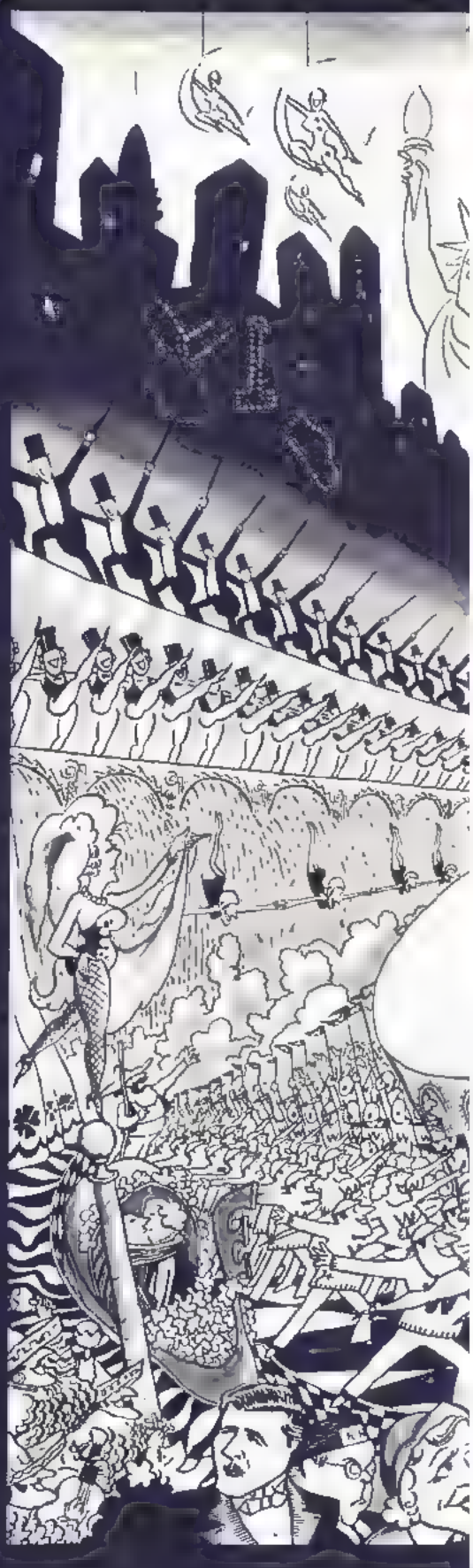
IN ANY DISCUSSION on the merits of the past decade's film musicals, I am always the first to acknowledge the general excellence of *An American in Paris, It's Always Fair Weather, Les Girls, Gigi, Singing in the Rain,* et al.

Yet I can't help feeling that during its evolutionary course, the American screen musical has lost, never again to regain, a certain endearing quality. For want of a better word (actually I have many better words, but why squander them on an introduction?) I call it "simple-mindedness." This quality was most admirably embodied in the Movie Musical of the Thirties: a phenomenon composed chiefly of one part college shenanigans, one part Dick Powell Ruby Keeler, and one part Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers. Aside from an occasional crumb tossed us by the Late Show, this treasure chest might lie buried forever.

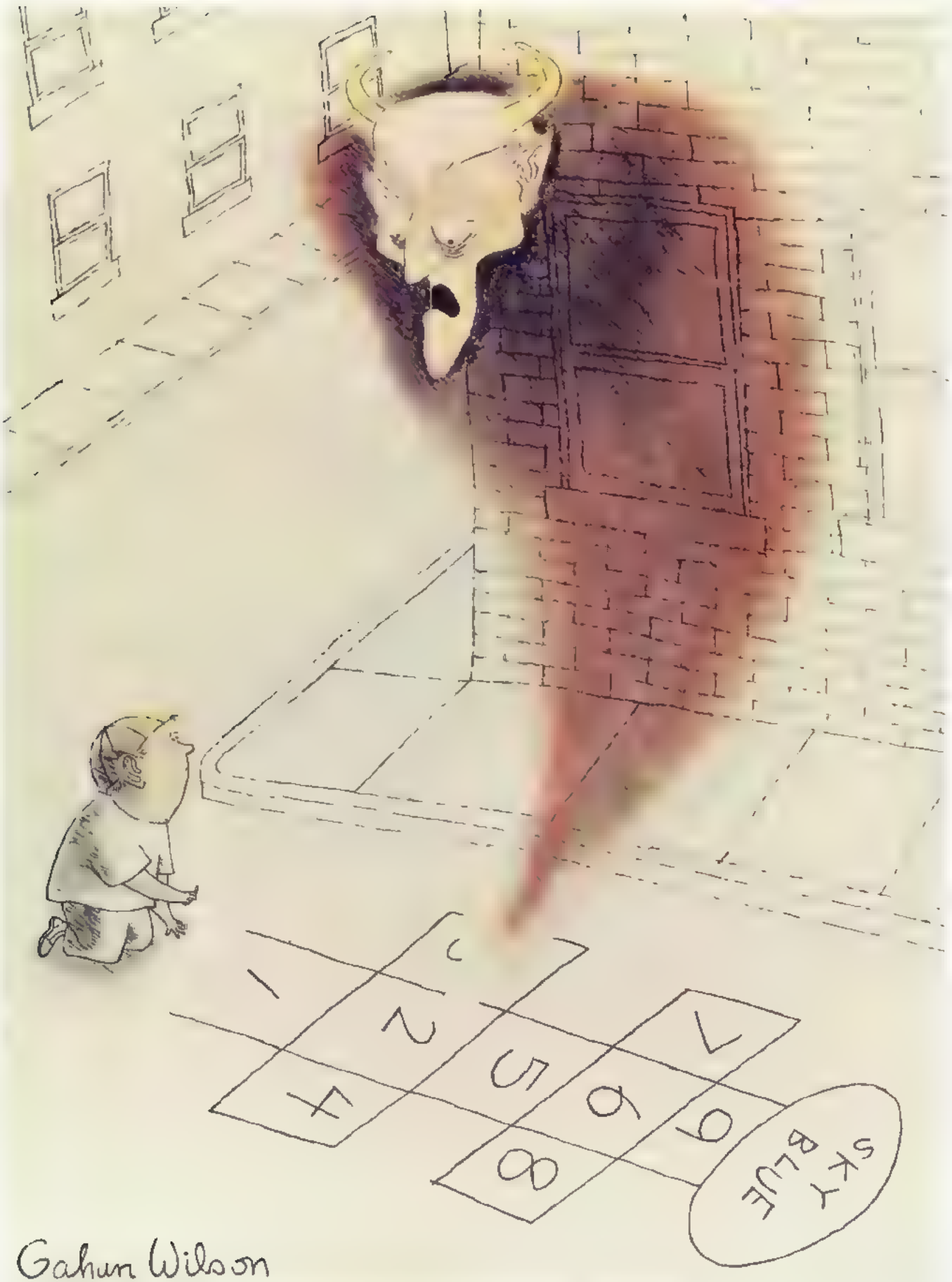
So on the outside chance that the recent upheaval in the TV ranks may engender a new wave of intellectualism that will destroy forever even *these* remaining morsels, I would like to reassemble the three aforementioned parts into one final grand whole — and then crawl back gracefully into the woodwork of my memories.

• • •

Fade in on the Campus Sweet Shoppe of Whattapoppalie College, in Whattapoppalie, North Dakota. Seated at a table sipping sodas, strumming ukes, and stealing smooches are DIXIE DUNBAR, TOM BROWN, DONNA DRAKE, PINKY TOMLIN, JUNE PREISER *and* JACK OAKIE. *The latter admittedly* *(continued on page 98)*



WE DO OUR PART



"You called?"

a man for the moon

fiction By LELAND WEBB

"TO THE MOON?" I SAID. I felt the Earth move out from under me and settle on my shoulders. It was heavy.

"To the Moon," Marco Garcia said. His voice was thick with disappointment. "Congratulations, Abner."

Johnny Ingraham exploded. "To the bloody Moon!" he shouted. "Abner, my boy, my beamish boy, you'll be in all the history books!"

But I sat and stared bleakly across the desk at Old Hard Nose Hanrahan. Navy Regs make it plain that an admiral can't possibly talk bilge to a lieutenant commander, but he was blowing through a paper bugle.

"To the Moon, Mr. Evans," he said. He slapped the foot-high stack of manila envelopes, all marked TOP SECRET, with a slender, bony hand. "The Screaming Mimi has been ready for two years. It took us almost a year to pick three men, you, Garcia and Ingraham. We've spent over a year, watching, weighing, measuring, studying the three of you. But it was not until this morning that we picked our man. You kept us waiting a long time, Mr. Evans."

"Sir, I feel very earthy," I said. "I think I always have. If I could choose I would choose not to go. But I suppose that makes no difference?"

He shook his head. "The Navy is filled with men who would jump at the chance to go, Mr. Evans," he said "But a daredevil would never make it. Flying the Mimi there is only half of it; the man who takes her there has got to bring her back. This is a new kind of beachhead and it takes another kind of man. Quiet, steady, no dash, no flash A man, Mr. Evans, who may not want to go, but who damned well will want to get back."

He stood up and we scrambled to our feet. He turned his back on us and walked to the window

"Final briefing will be in one hour," he said. "We feel that it is best for you not to have too much time to think. We also feel, Mr. Evans, that for security reasons, it is best to keep you under close guard. Garcia and Ingraham will be responsible to me for your safety and for the Navy's security."

He turned and faced us. The friendliness was gone from his face, and he was Old Hard Nose again. "It's in the Navy tradition to be first," he said. "Sail us to the Moon, mister. And then sail us back."

Before he dismissed us, I spoke one more time. "I presume I will be permitted to call my wife?"

"You may not," he said. "Mrs. Evans, I am sure, has accustomed herself to your absence from home, and this will simply be one more time."

"Very well, sir," I said. And thanks, I thought, for God knows I have no idea of how to call a wife and tell her that I am off for the Moon

We left Old Hard Nose, who had returned to staring out his window. At the entrance to the Administration Building, I stopped and looked at the telephone booths.

"Gentlemen and fellow officers," I said. "I have things to say to my wife that can be of no possible interest to officers and *gentlemen*."

They both shook their heads. We walked on out of the building and cut across the quadrangle. The sun was hellish bright and everything seemed more real, more actual, than usual. Along the way I saw a bird on the lower limb of a mimosa tree. He was a small, ordinary brown fellow and so still I had to look twice to be sure he wasn't plastic. He was not singing and I nodded to him in appreciation of his tact.

Marco and Johnny also held their tongues. The three of

the trick was to find a guy who wanted to get back to earth

ALTSCHULER

us had been together for two years, putting the Mimi through her paces, and in two years you learn when a man wants nothing from you but silence. And because it was me, and not them, I was in a sullen, senseless rage, as if somehow they had connived against me.

If you were to say to Marco García, "Take the Screaming Mimi to the Moon, and blow it up," he would have looked at you out of unblinking, sloe-black eyes, and said, "When do I leave?"

And if you were to say to Johnny Ingraham, "Kid, take this damned crate and head for the Moon," he would let out a squall of laughter you could have heard for a mile. Johnny never objected to a joke simply because he was the victim of it.

And neither of them was married to Della. Johnny had never gotten around to marrying, and Marco was tied to a dyed-in-the-wool, pluperfect bitch. Neither one of them knew what it was like to have Della walk up to him and say "I love you," in her special way of saying it, as though it was something she had invented just for you.

When we reached the Senior BOQ, I was in a cold sweat. There was a buzzing confusion in my ears. If I had been asked right then and there if Lincoln had been shot or run to death, I couldn't have answered. At the door to their room I turned and said, "I don't care what you men do, so long as I don't see you or hear you."

Marco nodded, and Johnny said, "OK, Ab, but please don't close the door."

I went and lay down on the bunk. I made myself stop thinking about Della. I thought about the Moon. In less than sixty minutes, I would have my final briefing, and then they would seal me into the Screaming Mimi. The time element was sound. If you are going to do it, it's a good idea not to have much time to think about it.

But the more I thought of it, the less I thought of it. Unless science is wrong, and instead of rock and rubble the Moon was a big green cheese, highly nutritious and an effective cure for coughs and colds and tightness around the chest, it was no good to anybody.

Not even for romance, especially not for romance. The first real date I had with Della, we parked the car out on Dame's Point. There was no moon and the inside of the car was a dark and cozy cave. Inside of fifteen minutes matters had progressed to where no further progress could be made — not without a marriage license. And on our honeymoon, not only was the Moon away on a seventy-two-hour pass, but the rain beat softly on the roof, the lovingest sound a newlywed couple ever heard.

The Moon and Della, then Della and the Moon, my mind swung from one to the other, and there was no way out. There are only two things I know to do about a problem — solve it or take a snooze and forget it. There was no solution to this one, so I closed my eyes and began the long, sweet dive into the great big nothing where there are no problems.

And I heard somebody somewhere say, clearly and distinctly, "Friend, remember Peralonzo Niño."

"I don't see how in hell I can," I said. "How can I remember somebody I never heard of?"

I opened my eyes. The room was much dimmer — a rain cloud obscuring the sun, I figured. Marco or Johnny was sitting in the easy chair by the window, and I started to say "I told you to stay the hell out of here," and then I saw the beard and knew it wasn't either of them.

He spoke before I did. "I am Peralonzo Niño," he said.

"By golly, you certainly are," I said. I saw no reason to doubt him. He was a small, spare fellow, with eyes as sad as a jilted spaniel.

He leaned forward. "Today we sail," he said. "We sail on an ocean of nothing, toward nothing, on the word of a fool whose arithmetic is poor beyond belief."

"What are you talking about, buddy?" I said. "And how in hell did you get past the guards?"

He shrugged and spread his hands. "We sail on the hour," he said. "On the hour, I kiss Mercedes farewell, and already she is big with child. If I could choose I would choose not to go, but I am not given the choice. My mind was troubled and I went to sleep and I heard a voice say, 'Think of Abner Evans,' and I woke up."

I raised up on one elbow. "What do you do, Peralonzo, when you're working?" I asked and knew the answer before he told me.

"I am Peralonzo Niño of Palos," he said with great dignity. "And against my will and better judgment, I am the pilot of the Santa María."

"Well, hell, buddy," I said. "I used to have an old bat of a history teacher, Miss Dunstable, and she used to yap about how brave and absolutely fearless you guys were to sail those little beat-up cockleshells across an unknown ocean."

He spat. "Miss Dunstable, then, is a bigger fool than Colón. And the Santa María is no cockleshell, but the finest ship afloat. But I am not brave. I am a sailor, and this ocean is beyond my knowledge and I am afraid I will never return to Mercedes, who is my life, my soul."

I started in to tell him that he had no problem, that voyage across the Atlantic was a big success, but stopped.

"Peralonzo, buddy, I'm sorry but I don't know," I said. "I was just in the middle third of my class at John Gorrie Junior High, and I've forgotten nine tenths of the little bit I learned."

I was ashamed. He was a nice guy, fouled up with History with a capital H, just like I was, and I couldn't help him any more than he could help me. I knew that Columbus had made it across the Atlantic and back, but for all I knew Peralonzo's bones were buried on San Salvador or on the bottom of the ocean.

So I did the only thing I could do. I told him where I was going. I told him to help him, to show him that compared to my voyage, his was just nothing, just nowhere at all. When I had finished he nodded his head.

"We stew in the same pot," he said. "But you have the advantage. You know where you are going and what you will encounter. And Hanrahan's arithmetic is better."

"Well, hell, it's no lead-pipe cinch," I said, but I couldn't argue with this guy. "You're right, Peralonzo, it's the same damned mess."

"Because there is Della," he said, and yawned. "Señor, if you return, kiss her for me, and call her Mercedes."

"And if you return, give Mercedes a smooch, and call her Della," I said. The yawn was contagious. "So long, Peralonzo, and good luck, kid."

From a long way off, I heard him sigh and say, *"Vaya con Dios, señor."*

I was not sorry to go back to sleep. Peralonzo was a good egg, I enjoyed talking to him, and I wondered how he made out back there in 1492. But everything was getting fuzzy and blurry and I let it go.

Then Della said, "Why don't you bring me a bunch of flowers from the Moon? You know I like flowers."

"Della, there ain't any damned flowers on the Moon," I said. "It's just a bunch of rock and rubble and green cheese."

"Oh, ipskiddy, ickyrah," she said. "I'll bet pocket handkerchiefs grow up there. They'll grow anywhere."

"Is a pocket handkerchief a flower?" I asked.

"Is a snapdragon an animal?" she asked.

Putting it that way, it seemed reasonable, and I could see the fields of pocket handkerchiefs, snowy white with blue borders and tiny monograms in one corner. It would be a lot of trouble looking for Ds, but Della was worth it.

"OK, Mercedes," I said. "I'll bring you a yard of them."

She began to shake me. "Wake up, Abner. What are you talking about? Who is this Mercedes woman, anyway?"

I opened my eyes. She was sitting on the bed by me. A flourish of trumpets and a rapid tattoo of drums struck up

(concluded on page 89)

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

THE CONTEMPORARY LOOK IN CAMPUS CLASSICS

THERE IS A "LOOK" that you will see on campuses across the country this fall that is the mark of the intelligently-dressed undergraduate. The look does not require a lot of loot (though it is a rich look); what it requires is that the basic items of your wardrobe — slacks, sports jackets, suits and outercoats — be chosen with a careful eye to details of cut and fabric. Take outercoats. Call them what you will: stadium coats, car coats, suburban coats, or just plain coats. The contemporary look in these campus classics requires a length from 38 to 40 inches. Horse-

Guy up top sports a canvas "Polar" coat with wool-faced lining and hood, hefty zipper, buttons and snap-closing bottom and cuffs, by McGregor, $60. Left: short plaid coat with alpaca lining and collar, four-button front, by Woolrich, $40.

blanket plaids are galloping into fall — as linings in both coats and jackets, as shells for pullovers, as the other side in reversible jackets and coats. Also, what started as a strictly inside story of outerwear is now coming out strongly in front — as fur-like shawl collars and hood linings in synthetic piles. Some of the pile fabrics are breaking into patterns — district checks, Argyle plaids and glens are just a few.

There are two views to the outerwear picture: one, a more dressed-up look featuring classic British military tradition; the other, a more rugged look that shuns gimmicks or frills of any sort. Hoods are a natural for the latter, as are the more rough-hewn fabrics and liners including shearlings, corduroys and wool tweeds. In most of the coats, the shawl collar is the odds-on favorite, either in bulky knit or fur-like piles.

Rainwear is more dressed-up than ever, with Continental detailings making their mark: shorter lengths, boldly stitched yokes, flapped pockets, deep side vents. Iridescents and patterns are both first rate. Very new and right is Orlon-wool rainwear and hopsack weaves. A great choice for a truly classic look is a reversible gray wool and oyster white cotton raincoat, appropriate for almost any color combination and the

perfect solution for avoiding clashes with patterns and colors of the new country suits. The comfortable tweedy look of the sports jacket has been used to develop this country suit, which comes in a wide range of fabrics — Shetlands, whipcords, hopsackings, cheviots and corduroys. Colors are compound and generally muted in tone. Patterns are classic: herringbones, district checks, glens and overplaids. The vest is either matching or a solid coordinated or contrasting color — but it is *always* there. The British influence has been strong in these suits — you'll spot it in the slight indentation at the waist of the jacket, the longer length of the jacket, as well as the inclusion of a center vent, three buttons and flapped hacking pockets.

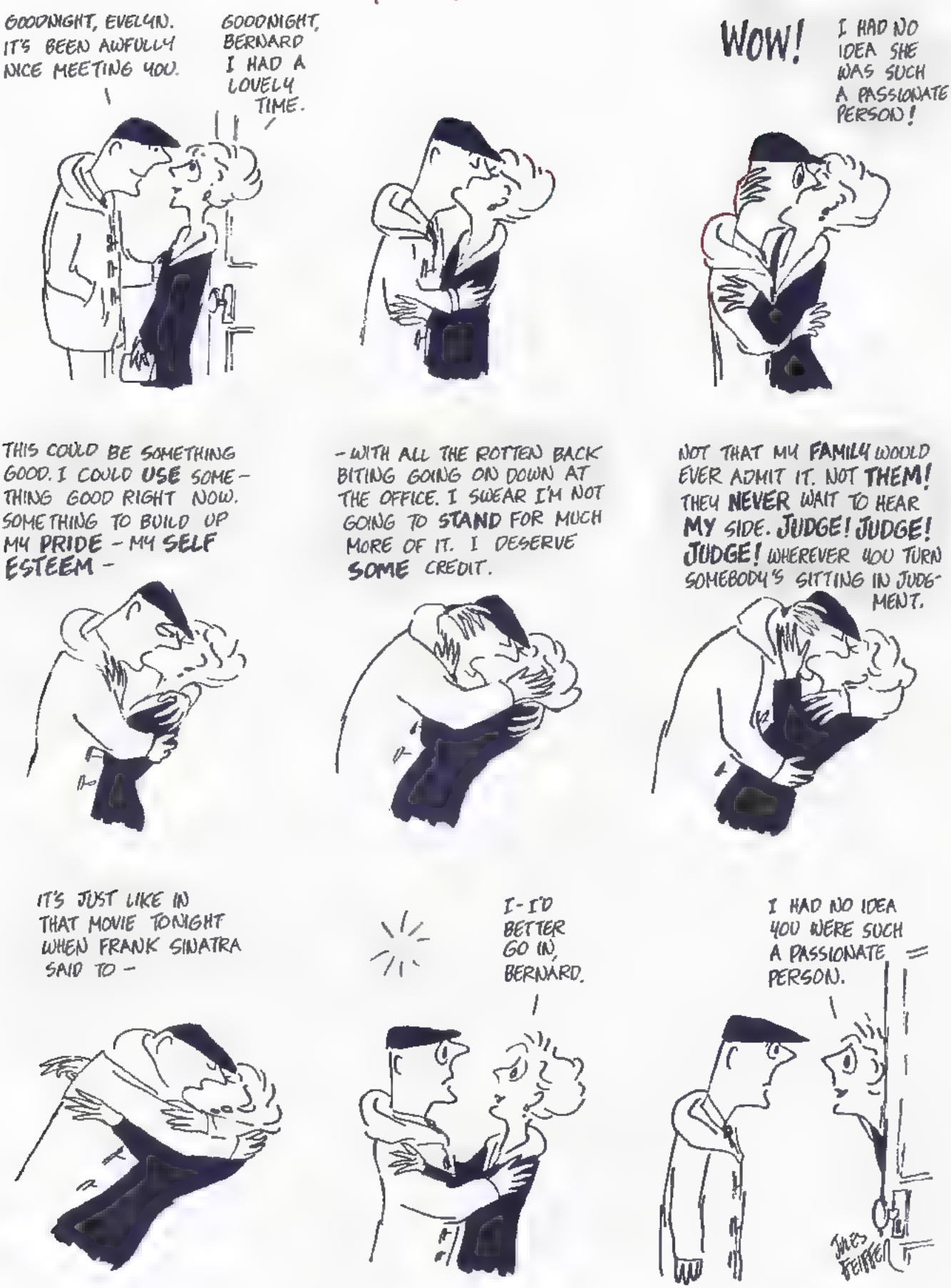
In the sportswear department, the look is away from the very casual toward a more dressed-up, though always comfortable, appearance. Colors dwell on the homespuns — bronze, olive, mustard, gold, taupe, rust and beige — all of them forming the base of

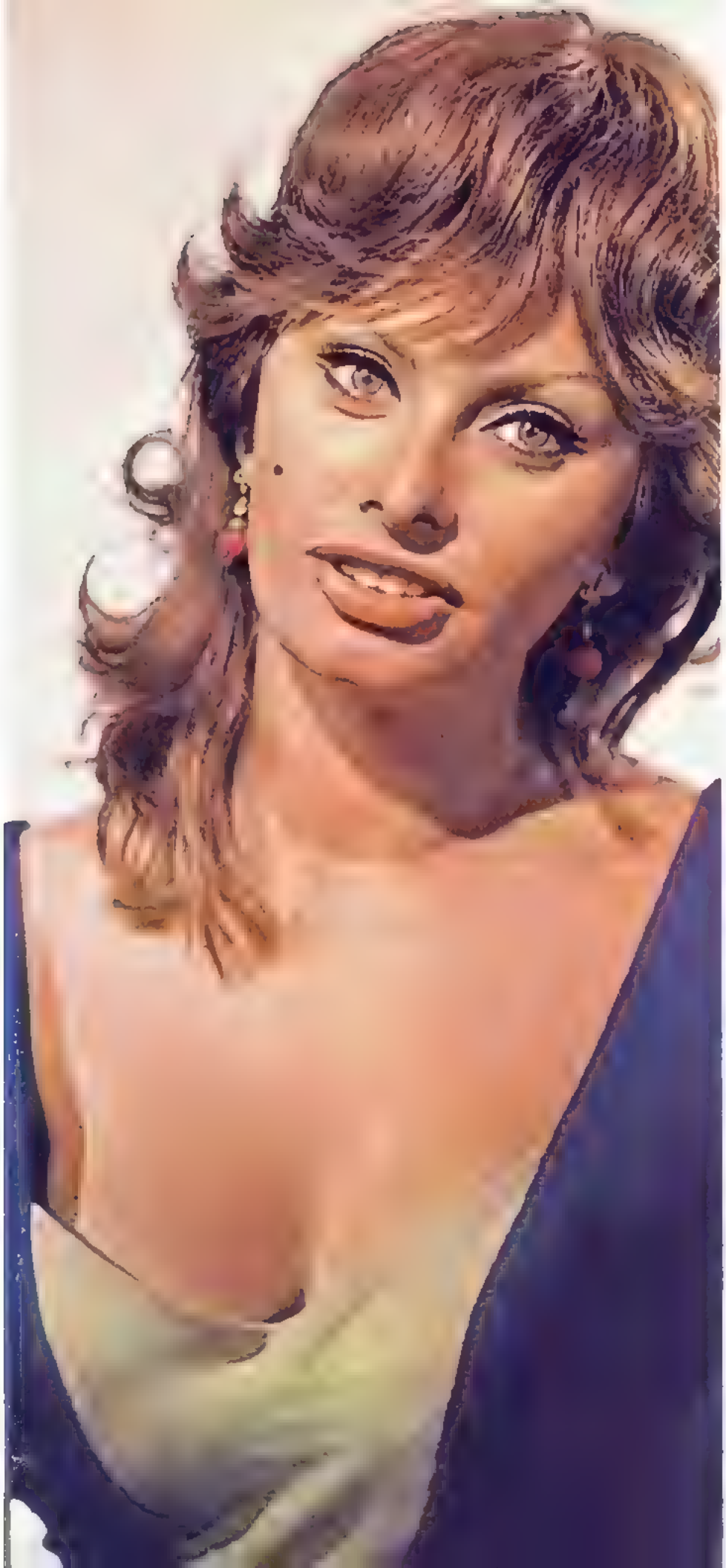
(concluded on page 109)

Far left: correct contemporary look in undergraduate duds starts with a mixed heather Scottish wool sports jacket with natural shoulders, three buttons, by Mavest, $40, worn with worsted flannel trousers with plain front, belt loops, by George W. Heller, $30. Left: the guzzler likes a glen ploid jacket with three-button cutaway front, side vents, flap pockets, by Chester Laurie, $50, coupled with Orlon and wool worsted wash-and-wear trousers with plain front, by Seven Seas, $13. Right: a Scottish wool tweed "English Coat" jacket in a herringbone pattern, with flared bottom and indentation at the waist, deep center vent, hacking pockets and collar tab, by Cricketeer, $45, with wool worsted flannel trousers with a buttoned extension waistband, adjustable Velcro side tabs, by YMM-Jaymar, $18. Far right: doffing his reversible wool-cotton gabardine "Country" coat with bal collar and raglan sleeves, by Woolrich, $32, our aptly-attired undergrad is right as rain in his wool worsted "English" plaid suit, with longer jacket, natural shoulders, deep center vent and hacking pockets; trousers have belt loops and plain front; matching vest; by Cricketeer, $80.

DRAWINGS BY ALLAN PHILLIPS

The Kiss

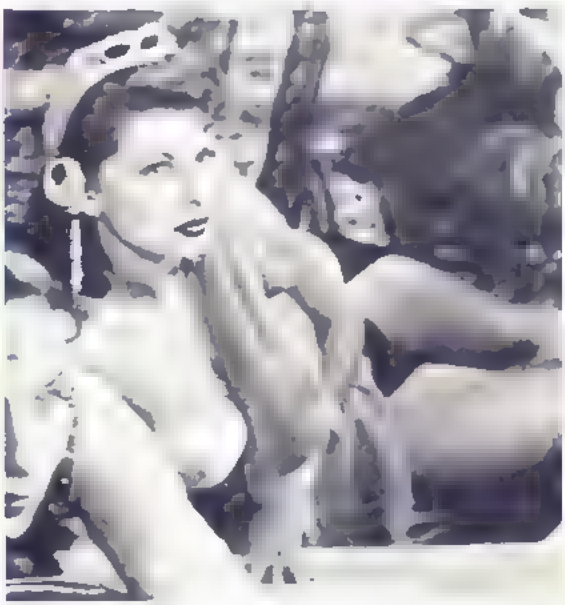

GOODNIGHT, EVELYN. IT'S BEEN AWFULLY NICE MEETING YOU.
GOODNIGHT, BERNARD I HAD A LOVELY TIME.
WOW!
I HAD NO IDEA SHE WAS SUCH A PASSIONATE PERSON!
THIS COULD BE SOMETHING GOOD. I COULD USE SOMETHING GOOD RIGHT NOW. SOMETHING TO BUILD UP MY PRIDE - MY SELF ESTEEM -
- WITH ALL THE ROTTEN BACK BITING GOING ON DOWN AT THE OFFICE. I SWEAR I'M NOT GOING TO STAND FOR MUCH MORE OF IT. I DESERVE SOME CREDIT.
NOT THAT MY FAMILY WOULD EVER ADMIT IT. NOT THEM! THEY NEVER WAIT TO HEAR MY SIDE. JUDGE! JUDGE! JUDGE! WHEREVER YOU TURN SOMEBODY'S SITTING IN JUDGMENT.
IT'S JUST LIKE IN THAT MOVIE TONIGHT WHEN FRANK SINATRA SAID TO -
I-I'D BETTER GO IN, BERNARD.
I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SUCH A PASSIONATE PERSON.
JULES FEIFFER



pictorial

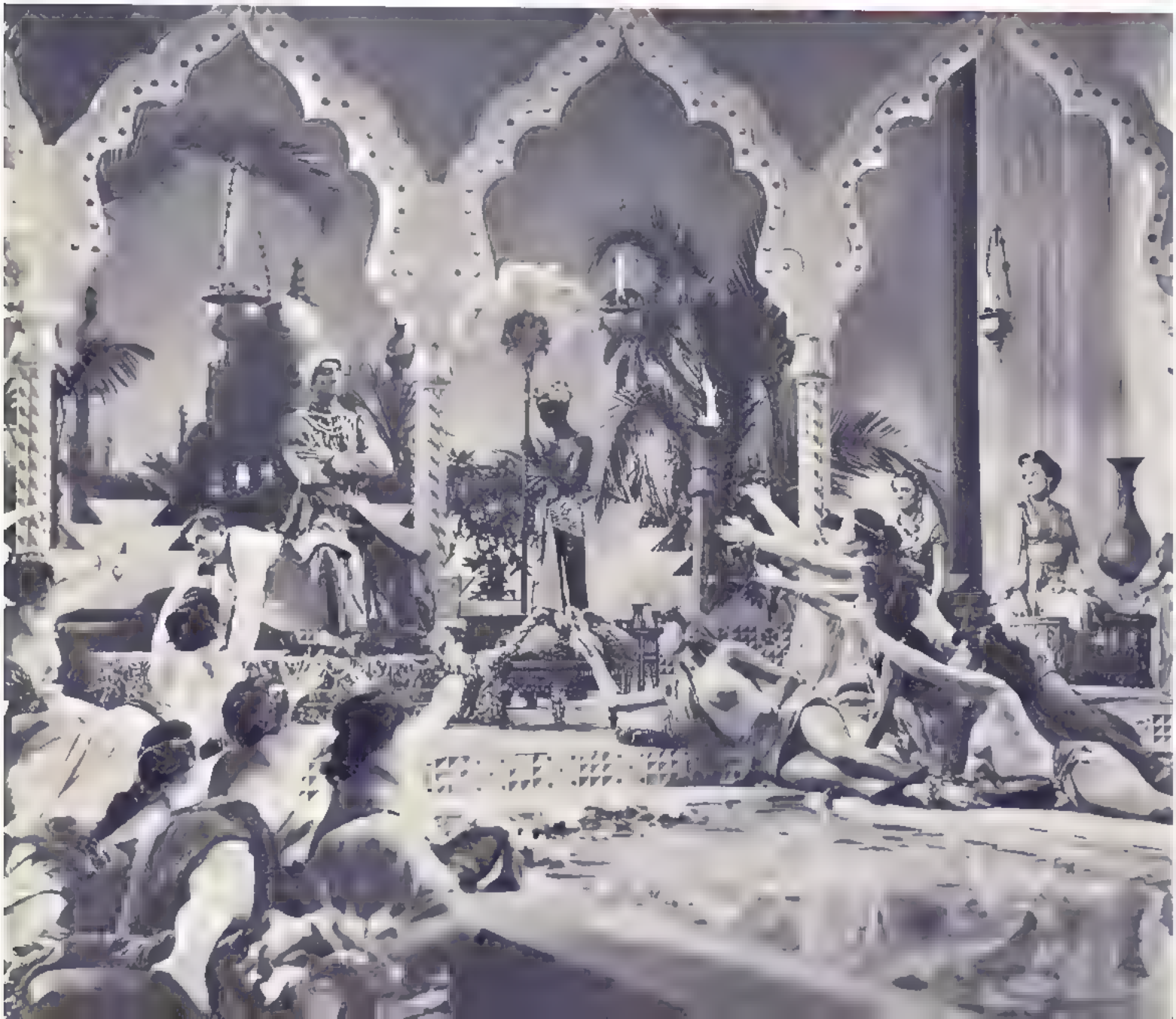
a sensuous look at italy's most voluptuous export

sophia the sultry



Stunning Sophia Loren: above, as an undroped, unpolished extra-special extra in one of her first movie roles and, left, as Hollywood's current curves-and-cleavage queen.

WHEN SOPHIA LOREN, a modern-day Aphrodite, first invaded Hollywood in 1957 to sign a two-million-dollar film contract, she blinked her sultry green eyes at reporters and sighed, "Do you think America will understand I?" Even blasé newsmen were moved to dissolve her doubts. It was a storybook day for the earthy Italian actress with the unforgettably opulent figure: just ten years before, as fifteen-year-old Sophia Scicolone, she was living a drab existence in a crumby Naples suburb, "the scarecrow of a girl buried in poverty," as she recalls. A year later, padded properly by pasta, she first began to inspire second glances. Her mama turned a set of window curtains into a dress; in it, Sophia won a Naples beauty contest. Burning for fame, mother and daughter turned up in Rome as extras in *Quo Vadis*. Producer Carlo Ponti (to whom she's now married) sensed her natural, animal charms and nailed Sophia for her first starring role, in *Africa Under the Sea*. Producers, directors, actors and panting fans cheered for her success. She starred in *Aida*; then, as the tide of interest in her rose still further, in twenty Italian films in three years. She wriggled and slinked in her own special fashion, hugged a slew of hungry heroes and blithely bared her bountiful bosom. Hollywood took notice and Sophia found her sensuous self caressing the likes of Frank Sinatra, Alan Ladd,



Below: in a pose for the PLAYBOY camera, Sophia manages to appear both sedate and sexy, a feat she can accomplish without exertion. The tall, classically curvaceous creature has shown that she can be soulful and seductive, on standard or wide screens, in costume epics or back-street romances, in Italian or English, simply by being her naturally tempting self.

Left above: Sophia pays tribute to her favorite men's magazine by knitting the familiar rabbit pattern into socks for some lucky playboy. Left: in center of harem scene, a bare-breasted Sophia lolls and beckons in one of her early European films, *It Was He — Yes, Yes.* Above: Sophia's bountiful endowments are apparent as she emerges from the sea, soaked and superlatively sensuous, in *Boy on a Dolphin.*

John Wayne, William Holden Cary Grant and several other soundstage stalwarts. The wide, inviting lips, the Saracen-like eyes, the full-blown figure (she's 5 feet, 8 inches tall, with a 38-inch chest) combined to decorate this stunning Italian gift to the world. As an actress she has progressed, too. The 1958 Venice Film Festival award for her performance in *Black Orchid* saluted "a tour de force accomplishment by an actress who only recently was known mainly for her physique."

Her physique in itself, of course, is sufficient to delight connoisseurs — as our delectable dossier of photographic highlights from her career clearly indicates. Whether writing voluptuously through a harem scene, emerging languorously from the sea, perching prettily on a chair or lingering enticingly in a pool, Sophia is always a splendid sight. From a skinny teenager known to her Naples neighbors as *Stécchétta* — the toothpick — Sophia has grown, literally and figuratively, into the VistaVision vision who now charms Clark Gable in the just released *It Started in Naples* Indeed, it did

Top: Sophia sashaying across a film set is an irresistible sight. Right: the earthy star is made still earthier — with real earth — for *The Legend of the Lost.*

Sophia in scenes from *Two Nights with Cleopatra*. Later in her career, she bathed more demurely in *The Pride and the Passion*.

In her latest flick, Sophia perks up *It Started in Naples* with singing as well as sex, winning co-star Clark Gable along the way. In this scene, she's being studiously admired by a dedicated cafégoer — and looking tastier than ever to her legion of devotees.

man at his leisure

the elegant world of tournament tennis:
neiman sketches forest hills

FOREST HILLS — home of the West Side Tennis Club — is one of the hemisphere's most prominent rallying points for tennis buffs. The superbly appointed clubhouse, fifty five courts and stadium serve the most notable net competitors in the entire world. Forest Hills, as the club is familiarly known, has been the site of title tennis playing for forty-seven years — ever since its officers acquired the present Long Island grounds. (The club was founded in 1892 and occupied three New York City locations before moving to Forest Hills in 1913.) The roster of players who have achieved international greatness at the club reads like a tennis hall of fame: Bill Tilden, Bill Johnston, Ellsworth Vines, Don Budge, Frank Parker, Jack Kramer, Pancho Gonzales, Frank Sedgman, Lew Hoad, Alex Olmedo, to name a few. A string of major net events are held regularly at Forest Hills, including the Davis Cup, the Wightman Cup and the National Tennis Championship matches. In establishing its eminence, the club has grown from thirteen hardy founders to approximately one thousand dues paying ($60 to $150 annually) devotees. Its impeccably groomed acres serve as a model for aspiring tennis clubs throughout *(concluded on page 101)*

Top: a break in Davis Cup play — to refresh, to confer, to test a racket.
Above: Australian Neale Fraser and American Barry MacKay in action
Left: a casual clubhouse coterie enjoying snacks, drinks and tennis talk.

MILES *(continued from page 39)*

he is an unusually warm, spontaneously generous and witty friend to those few he allows to know him after hours. "I've never been able to understand," says a long-term acquaintance, jazz critic and writer Nat Hentoff, "the pervasive image of Miles as a sour misanthrope. I know few people who get as much pleasure out of life as he does and fewer who are as stimulating to be with."

"It may seem too pat an explanation," adds a combo leader who has been a close friend of Miles' for almost fifteen years, "but Miles is extremely shy. Like all of us, he only has a certain amount of energy, and he finds it difficult to meet new people. Rather than subject himself to what is for him a tiring discomfort, he tries to create so forbidding an image of himself that he won't even be bothered."

Davis, however, is not only shy but he nurtures past wounds and takes elaborate care to protect himself emotionally. What particularly prolongs his tenacity in keeping to himself are his memories of several bitter years in the not too remote past. "Sure," says jazz singer-songwriter-satirist Babs Gonzales, who is a sharply intelligent observer of the jazz scene underneath his sharp harlequinning, "Miles came from a prosperous, upper-middle-class home and was even spoiled a little as a boy so that there doesn't seem to be any reason for the suspicion he has toward people. But he knew some grim times before all this success. For one thing, when he was strung out on the habit — and he's one of the very few who broke it completely without treatment — he was desperate enough to fall in with some pitiless people. Some exploited him musically and the hoods who ran one club in New York used to beat up on him and Bud Powell and others. Miles has always been a proud man, and while they didn't break him, they hurt him for a long time."

"Hell," says a normally sympathetic club owner, "I don't care what his personality problems are. You can talk about art, but jazz is still show business. You don't have to wave a handkerchief or show your teeth like Louis Armstrong to let the audience know you care what they think."

Yet the same owner, and others, admit that despite Miles' seeming disregard for his audiences, few jazzmen attract such tenacious loyalty from their listeners. "The more he ignores them," says one musician enviously, "the more often they come back." The explanation isn't especially difficult. For one thing, Miles' music is so uniquely personal and seductive that most listeners, once accustomed to the distance Miles sets up between himself and them, are content to come for the music alone. It's not as if they could say, "Let Miles *be* by himself; we'll go hear another combo in the same groove." There *is* only one Miles, and his groups inevitably take on a distinctive musical personality that is molded by him.

There is no other modern trumpet player with so penetrating a lyrical sense. Art Farmer comes close, but Farmer's lyricism is not nearly so intense nor so intractably lonely. There is also the rest of Davis' "conception," a term musicians use to cover all the aspects that differentiate one player's interpretation of a song from another's. Davis has attained such wide popularity in part because there is no mistaking his sound and style. Among the elements that separate him so clearly from his contemporaries are the spareness of his work — a factor that also involves an imaginative use of space — and the incisive strength of his rhythmic approach. Many other trumpet players swing "hard" but practically no one else *is* able to combine, as Davis does, exceptional subtlety with a decisiveness of beat that fuses rhythm sections into unparalleled unity.

Davis' time, moreover, is far from metronomic. It's unusually fluid while always implying a steady pulsation. Miles, in short, reaches not only the in-group "hipster" audience but a wide range of people who often become intimidated by what they feel to be the insistently aggressive, high-speed stunt flying of many other modern trumpeters. Miles is modern without being either self-consciously "funky" or forbiddingly "technical."

There are also listeners who derive a degree of vicarious satisfaction in watching the consistency of Miles' nonconformity. "Man," I've heard a number of apprentice anti-squares say admiringly of Davis, "isn't he *cool*?" These are people who come to see him in expectation of his walking off the stand when others solo, ignoring requests, and otherwise making clear his total disinclination to "project" in any other way than musically. In addition, a sizable percentage of the women in a Davis audience find his apparent unapproachability challengingly attractive, and I expect some vivid daydreaming goes on among many female listeners when Miles appears on stand. In general, the fact that Davis is as singular in his on-stand behavior as he is in his music may well be a growing element in his drawing power. "They may get dragged with him," says a former sideman, "but they're always waiting to see what he does — and what he doesn't do. They might even get more bugged if he suddenly smiled at them and bowed to their applause. Then, it just wouldn't be Miles."

In any case, to those with whom he'll actually communicate, many of Davis' seemingly disdainful public attitudes turn out to be not entirely what they seem. "I get off the stand during a set," he said recently, "because when I'm not playing, there's nothing for me to do. It's ridiculous for me to just stand there and make the other guys nervous looking at them while they solo. And if I don't look at them, what's the point of my standing up there and looking at the audience? They're not interested in me when somebody else is taking a solo. I don't announce the numbers because I figure the people who come to hear us know everything we play. We have a new record about every three months, and they sell, so the audiences must know what's on them. A lot of musicians think the public is stupid, but the audiences know what's happening. It's like the public is blamed because TV shows are so bad, but hell, what choice do they have in what to watch?"

Davis finds it difficult to understand the controversy over his nonacknowledgment of applause. "Look, if I go to a club and hear a good friend take a solo that I like, I don't applaud him. It's silly. I had a girlfriend once who always used to look at me as if I should applaud her. Hell, if she didn't know I liked her, that was *her* problem. I don't mind if the guys in the band bow and all that, but I figure I'm doing the best I can with my horn, and anybody out front who has ears knows that. What am I there for if not to try to make people like what I'm doing? I have to bow, too? I pay attention to what counts — the music. People should give me credit for that. I try to make sure they'll have something *to* applaud. After all, I don't have the reputation of bringing a sad band into clubs, do I?"

"Miles is sensitive all right to whether an audience appreciates him and the band," says a former sideman. "On nights when nothing was happening, he'd whisper, 'They're dead out there,' and he'd be bothered."

Davis is also puzzled at being expected to do promotion for the clubs at which he appears. "A woman called me up in Detroit to do a TV show." He shakes his head in wonder at *her* arrogance. "She said everybody who'd played that club did the show for scale. I told her I got several thousand dollars for doing a TV show for CBS, and I'm supposed to do this one for thirty dollars? Besides, I don't believe that you have to push. People either like what you're doing or they don't. If they don't, I'll know it, and no amount of publicity is going to help.

"Then they tell me," Davis' exasperation mounts as he lists the demands made of him, "that I should meet all the local celebrities and be nice to them.

(continued on page 104)

FRITZ WEAVER, GEORGE C. SCOTT, ROBERT MORSE: *three for the shows*

ON THE SCENE

A SNEERING PROFESSIONAL VILLAIN, A DEDICATED CLASSICIST, AND A BABY-FACED COMIC actor are popping up in the cocktail chatter of stage-struck folk these days. The villain, George C. Scott, dourly dominating this photograph's foreground, recently starred on Broadway in *The Andersonville Trial* and was an Oscar nominee for his job as the prosecuting attorney in *Anatomy of a Murder*. No stranger to laurel wreaths, he's copped the Clarence Derwent, Vernon Price, Daniel Blum and O B. (Off Broadway) awards, last year heard the satisfying sound of a critic shouting "A star is born!" when he appeared with Dame Judith Anderson in *Comes a Day*. His mouth a surgical slash, his livid face a chunk of unfinished sculpture, on stage he is volatile, fiery, near manic, a fountain of eruptive words and secretive glances – and, thus, a natural for *Richard III*, which he sensationally title-roled in a Central Park production early in his short career. At thirty-two, sinister Scott is twice-divorced and until recently a busy drinker, now scorns the sauce because (he says, eyes narrow and flashing) "I'm tired of waking up to lost mornings, fouled-up opportunities, wasted time and energy."

The relaxed chap whose stereotypically actorish looks are modeled sharply in the stage-door light of lower Manhattan's Phoenix Theatre is Fritz Weaver, now that theatre's resident star. Quiet, dignified, seeming older than his thirty-four years, he is a stable citizen, family man and scholar who moves securely from one great classical role to another (Peer Gynt, Henry IV, Hamlet). Deeply interested in all acting media, his classical bent does not make him snobbish about appearing on *Playhouse 90*, *The Twilight Zone* and in other TV drama slots. His Broadway experiences have been less happy because the plays (*Miss Lonelyhearts*, *Protective Custody*) were turkeys although Weaver was applauded. Ask him about The Method, and he says, "It's valid – if you're interpreting a contemporary playwright and have to search for motivation. But the classic authors hand you the motivation on a platter, so with them The Method is not as necessary." Weaver worries about what has been called the "spiritual" quality of his acting, because it sounds stuffy, which he is not. Candid, direct, he projects the attitude of a student to whom each new role is another step in self-education. Though viewed and reviewed as the most polished of pros, he regards himself as a man more than willing to learn.

At the curtain calls for the Broadway hit musical, *Take Me Along*, there is no doubt about who the audience, if not the billing, has singled out as star. There's solid applause for veterans Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon and Eileen Herlie, of course – but a shattering wave of enthusiasm and love sweeps the house at the emergence of the twenty-eight year old who plays the show's addled adolescent and whom you see pouting here on the fire escape: Robert Morse. An extroverted young bachelor who is constantly "on" and within five minutes has new acquaintances doubled up at his rapid fire anecdotes and mimicry, Morse got his Broadway break four years ago when he auditioned for the juvenile role in the Ruth Gordon starrer, *The Matchmaker*, was curtly told "Don't call us, we'll call you," and – happy ending – they did. The role carried him to Hollywood where he repeated it opposite Shirley Booth, then it was back to New York for the part of the boy producer in *Say, Darling*. A hard worker, bubbly, boyish Bob Morse is indebted to *Take Me Along*'s Jackie Gleason who, early in the run, told him "You're throwing away a laugh there, kid," and showed him how to deliver a certain line to milk the maximum response. It became the biggest laugh in the show.

COLE'S

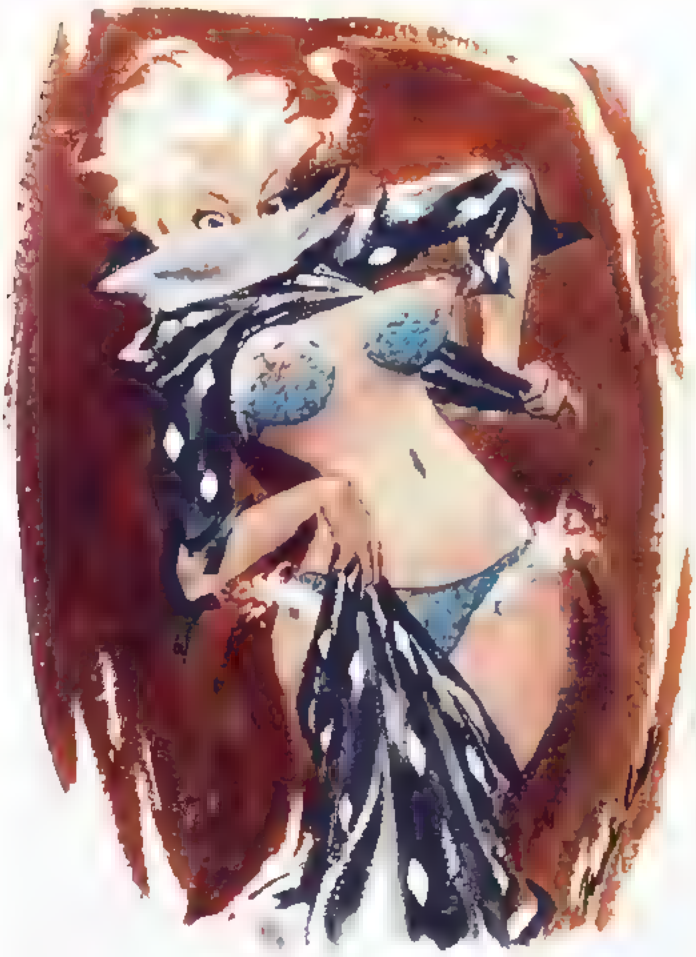
"Fake it."

"I made a deal with the Essex: they pay my rent and I keep their rooms filled."

CUTIES

the curvaceous creations of an incomparable cartoonist

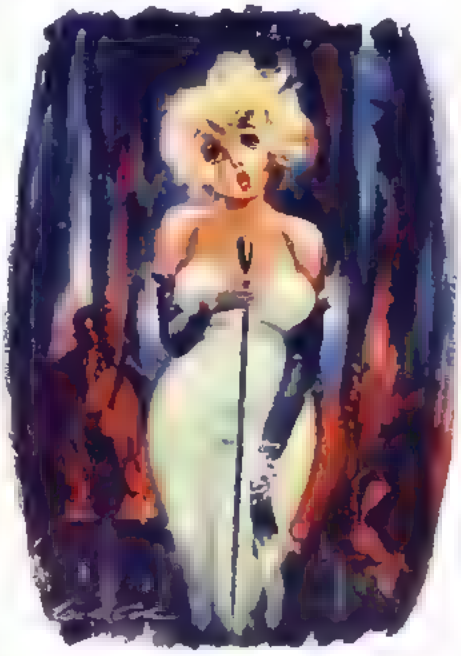
When, two years ago, the untimely death of Jack Cole cost PLAYBOY one of its most talented staff members, the loss was immeasurable, for no one brought more fun and wit to our pages. His humor was broad and could be biting; he also had an ability to create women, in his glowing water colors, whose beauty, bounty and sauciness were unparalleled. In fond tribute to Cole, we've gathered together a group of his girls from the past. Age has not hurt their voluptuous hilarity, and you may find, as we did, that they're still among your favorite females.



"Damn Patou! Damn Dior! Damn Paris!"

COLE'S CUTIES

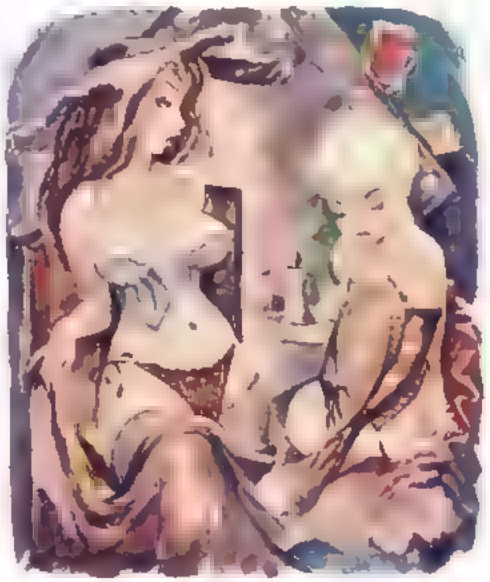
(continued)



"I ain't got no bod-eee . . ."

"The D.A. had my phone tapped . now he's up here every night."

"Ohio casts fifty-seven — make that fifty-eight votes for . . ."



"He wants to make an honest woman of me. He asked me to return the mink coat."

"You've got a pretty fair line-up here, Abdul, but the trouble is, you lack depth. Now, if I were you I'd trade off one or two of your veterans for some promising young rookies. That way you'll have plenty of reserve strength in case any of your first stringers give out and have to lay off for a while."

Ribald Classic

A new translation from Gerolamo Parabosco's *I Diporti*

A TRYST OF FATE

A HANDSOME MATRON, having no place in which to meet her young lover, rented a room in a house of pleasure and met him there whenever her husband, an aging and pompous silk merchant, was out of the city. All that was necessary to summon her lover was to send word to him by the old proprietress of the house.

One day, that old woman, having found the lover and given him the usual message, looked about and saw a well-dressed man of wealthy aspect.

"What will you give me," she asked, "if I lead you to a fine room, a beautiful woman, and good food and wine?"

"Whatever is customary," said the man. "Lead on."

She led the way, and he walked not far behind her until they came to the house. The old woman opened the door and smiled. "Come in," she said. "Sit down."

The rich man took a seat, and he had hardly done so when the door to an inner room opened and a young man and a woman entered. The woman was his own wife! The man he had never seen before. He came slowly to his feet and his eyes were wroth. His hand went to his stiletto. "Woe unto you!" he roared at his wife.

As soon as the young lover realized who the man was, he plucked courage from despair and said: "So, Mr. Silk Merchant, *this* is the faith you keep with your good wife! When they told me, I could hardly believe it, but the proof is clear. There can be no doubt."

"Who are you?" the merchant bellowed.

"I am your wife's cousin. Her father, my uncle, sent me with her to follow you. We came to see if what they said of your conduct was true."

"And we learn that it is!" cried the wife, who had caught the drift of the lover's strategy. "Nevermore will you live with me, and you will never touch me again as long as you live!"

The merchant was crushed. He bowed his head and said: "If you will forgive me, I will not misbehave again. This I swear."

"We shall see," said the lover. "Now go out ahead of us, so that we shall not be observed leaving this shameful place together."

With bent head, the merchant slunk from the house and without a backward glance made his way homeward.

"I suppose we need not hurry," the woman said to her young man.

And the two lovers lingered on, knowing full well that their trysting place would never again be darkened by the merchant's shadow.

— Translated by J. A. Gato

CAPITAL GAINSMANSHIP

(continued from page 50)

matters affecting real life rather than theoretical analyses of it the line is more often than not a hard one to draw between selfish rapacity and fruitful shake-ups; frequently, in fact, the former achieves the latter as one might say a by-product But our concern here is not with allocating praise or blame, or evaluating the beneficial or deleterious results of raids and proxy battles It is the Capital Gains aspects of these activities that interest us—just as they are often the principal motivating factors in raids and proxy fights

Among operators in this category, one man wears both the crown of Midas and the sword of Gamme. He is Louis Edwood Wolfson, age forty-eight, son of a Jacksonville junk dealer, University of Georgia alumnus Miami Beach resident and nominally occupied as President and Board Chairman of Merritt-Chapman and Scott, a diversified holding company with interests in construction, shipbuilding and chemicals

Louis Wolfson's reputation rests upon his sense of smell, the most highly cultivated in all capitalism Repeatedly, he has demonstrated an uncanny ability to sniff out old, conservative corporations with over-all hardening of the assets and which have been all but overlooked by the investing public Wolfson's strategy to buy into the old firm (secretly registering stock in the names of brokers and trusted friends in order to allay suspicions), wrest control from stodgy management, then boom the stock's price by skyrocketing dividends or waging proxy warfare The object: to sell out for Capital Gains

Admirers of Wolfson regard him as the Wyatt Earp of the small investor, the watchdog against complacency in the board room of American business Detractors, on the other hand, have described Wolfson and men of his stripe as "jackals of capitalism" and "mortuary millionaires" (J. Patrick Lannan, no novice in the field Western Industries, International Telephone and Telegraph, Automatic Canteen and eighteen other firms—once pointed out that most of the dirty name-calling emanates from frightened Management. "No corporation head likes to be told he's not working hard enough," says Lannan.)

Wolfson exhibited his keen sense of smell early in life In 1934 his first year out of college, he purchased for $275 a supply of pipe which had been lying in dead storage on the estate of retail mogul J. C. Penney. Its real worth was $100,000 and Wolfson lost no time in reselling it to construction firms in the Jacksonville area for that figure. Similar transactions involving perceptive appraisal of undervalued properties followed and by the time he reached thirty, Wolfson's net worth totaled over a million dollars. Following World War II, he bought the St. Johns River Shipyard in Jacksonville from the government for $1.9 million, shortly reselling it for more than twice that price. In 1951, Wolfson and associates got control of the Capital Transit Company, operator of trolleys and buses in the nation's capital The North American Company, Capital Transit's previous owner, had been forced to sell under a death sentence clause of the Public Utilities Holding Companies Act. Wolfson's new acquisition was a conservative old firm with $6 million in idle cash set aside for a rainy day It was paying a 50¢ dividend. Wolfson lost no time in shoveling into the cash pile, and dividends were soon octupled to $4 and the stock split four for one. By 1952, the old 50¢ dividend was equal to $15.00, more than thirty times increased. Thus, in addition to creating heaps of wealth for Wolfson, it also brought resentment and resulted in his appearance before a number of federal investigating bodies. Following one such investigation, Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse denounced him as "an economic carpetbagger" and introduced a bill to relieve Capital Transit of its franchise

By 1954, Wolfson and associates—a curiously docile clutch of relatives and friends who follow their master in and out of big deals with complete anonymity—were in control of a thirty-two firm empire worth more than $240 million Question: Can a man wielding such great financial power and drawing an annual income of $15 million really find happiness? Wolfson's answer: No Not when most of this income is in dividends subject to the ravages of high taxes. However, Wolfson knew precisely what *could* bring him happiness: Capital Gains.

So, he set his staff of researchers hunting for a Capital Gains "situation," as Wall Streeters are wont to call the corporation that is ripe for the Capital Gains make. The researchers pored over balance sheets and profit and loss statements and narrowed down the number of possibilities

One balmy July day in 1954, Wolfson and six associates boarded the Wolfson yacht anchored in New York's Hudson River. (Since Wolfson is no history scholar the parallel was doubtless unconscious to the day in 1885 when J. P. Morgan took a party of associates aboard his yacht Corsair, also anchored in the Hudson to determine the fates of the country's two mightiest railroads the New York Central and the Pennsylvania) Cruising on serene Long Island Sound, the Wolfson group debated, deliberated, and finally Wolfson made his pronunciamento to the group: "I go for Montgomery Ward."

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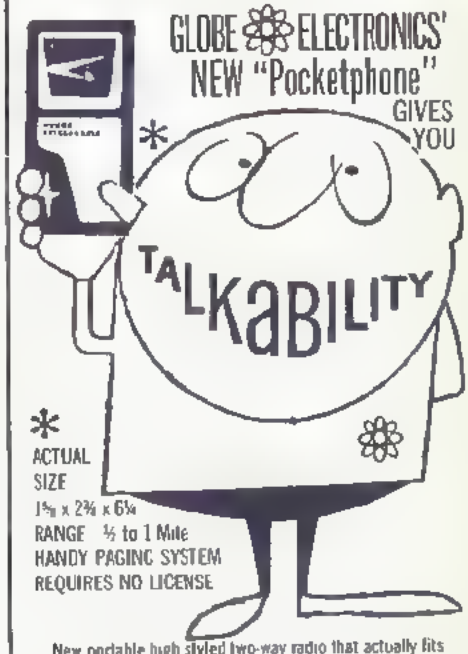

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The setup was a natural for Wolfson. Montgomery Ward, as the country's second largest retailer and mail-order firm, owned $721 million in assets, almost half of it in cold cash. Since the end of World War II dour Board Chairman Sewell L. Avery, age eighty-one, had been squirreling away profits in expectation of a depression which never materialized. The company's treasury, so overladen with cash, had come to be known facetiously in retail circles as "The Ward Bank and Trust Company." Meanwhile, Ward's chief competitor, Sears, Roebuck & Company had been plowing profits back into its business and had a sales increase of 184 percent to show for it, against Ward's increase of 36 percent.

Following the shipboard decision, Wolfson quietly began to buy up Montgomery Ward stock. In possession of 59,000 shares and with his position secure, he called in the press on the morning of August 26 and announced his campaign for control of the company. Wall Street's traditional haste to "buy on proxy fight news" sent the stock up twenty points, from 66 to 86.

The wrestle for control between Wolfson and Avery in the following nine months will go down in history as the most flamboyant spectacle in the annals of American proxy fights. It carried the trimmings of a Presidential campaign, with electioneering from coast to coast, public rallies, PR hoopla, TV interviews, advertising pyrotechnics on the grand scale, heated allegations and more heated denials. At one point, a deputy New York police commissioner announced that he and the FBI were guarding Wolfson and his family against kidnap threats. At another juncture, an anti-Semitic whisper campaign was set in motion against Wolfson. A Wolfson minion, former Notre Dame football coach Frank Leahy, attempted to counter it with a proclamation to the Chicago press: "Louis is one of the cleanest persons I have ever known—clean in mind and body. He is really a better person than ninety-five percent of the Catholics I have known."

Neither godliness nor cleanliness availed Wolfson when the ballots were finally counted in May, however. He had failed to win a majority, picking up only three of Montgomery Ward's nine directorships. Wolfson should not have been entirely heartbroken. In October of the following year he sold his 59,000 shares at a profit estimated to have been $1,475,000, every penny of it Capital Gains.

During the proxy battle, the charge most often hurled against Wolfson was that he was ruthless. Nowadays, on reflection, Wolfson says, "Sure, I wanted money, all the money I could get. I wanted to make sure my wife and four kids would never have to worry about money as long as they live. Since when is that a crime?"

With the thick rubber band already secured around his bankroll, why does Wolfson keep chasing the fast buck? Surely the motive must be something other than concern over the family's bills. Wolfson's reply:

"Funny, my kids ask me the same question. It's because I also want to become a champion in business. I want to prove to the world that opportunity depends only on ability. Give me ten more years and I'll build a *real* empire. . . . I might add that I also feel a great responsibility to the small stockholder, like the little old lady in Washington who told me that her whole income depended on her transit dividends and that she was praying for me. Now I ask you, what kind of human would I be if I weren't deeply touched by that kind of talk?"

Ever since the Wolfson–Montgomery Ward tiff, proxy battles have become an annual fiesta. In 1957, the contest was for control of Loew's, Incorporated. In 1958 it was Penn-Texas. This year, at least eleven firms face proxy battles, according to a *New York Times* survey, with the feature attraction something of a battle royal come full circle. Boston Capital Gainsman Abraham M. Sonnabend has bought into and bid for control of Allegheny Corporation, the mammoth holding company which, under direction of the late Robert R. Young, waged a successful battle for control of the New York Central Railroad in 1954.

Sonnabend feels that Allegheny's management has fallen asleep at the switch since Young committed suicide in 1958 and that the company has failed to realize full profit potential. Sonnabend is eager to apply to some of Allegheny's ailing subsidiaries a Capital Gains maneuver which has brought him a great personal fortune. This maneuver is generally referred to as the "Botany Formula," named for Botany Mills, the first corporation to which Sonnabend applied it. Simply stated, Sonnabend uses the working capital of a weak corporation to buy up small but profitable companies in other industries, rather than retool or expand in the industry where it is already losing money.

A real estate man by background, Sonnabend, now sixty-three, first applied this formula to Botany in 1954. He had bought a quarter interest in the firm, a woolens producer, only to discover at his first board meeting that Botany might not be able to meet its payroll on the following Thursday. Sonnabend embarked on a shopping spree which brought a total of twelve profitable subsidiaries to Botany within two years. These included such improbable stepchildren as an oil-well supply house in Oklahoma, a doll company in New York, a lint-cleaning machinery maker in Texas, a synthetic fur manufacturer in Wisconsin, a cashmere sweater maker and a chain of low-overhead clothing stores.

By 1957, Botany ranked first among America's largest corporations in ratio of profit to net worth. It was showing an $8 million profit on $14 million net worth. Sonnabend, the Harvard educated son of a Boston pawnbroker, has since applied the Botany formula to other corporations which he and associates control. For example, his Hotel Corporation of America owns, in addition to principal hotels in principal cities, Chick-Chick Easter Egg Colors, Whittemore Brothers Shoe Polish, Doxsee's Little Neck Clams, Nature's Gold Cup 100% Pure Maple Syrup and Bennett's 100% Pure Santa Clara Prune Juice. When Sonnabend took over Artistic Foundations, a sagging girdle manufacturer, he stretched into its corporate dimensions an airplane parts distributor and a venetian blind maker. Whether Allegheny Corporation directors will voluntarily submit their ailing subsidiaries to the wiles of this corporate Marrying Sam or whether Sonnabend will have to win a proxy war for a chance to do his stuff will become known later this year when sides line up for the 1961 Allegheny stockholders meeting. Meanwhile, Sonnabend is not likely to permit his passion for Capital Gains to burn unrequited.

With the continuing spate of proxy battles a new specialist has emerged on the financial scene. He is known as the "anti-raider raider," a sort of jujitsu master who leaps out and kicks the would-be raider in the groin before he ever has a chance to rape the sweet, innocent little corporation. Among such anti-raider raiders, the man who wears the black sash of champion is investor Alfons Landa, quoted at the beginning of this article. Landa is general partner in the renowned Washington corporation-law firm of Davies, Richberg, Tydings, Landa and Duff. A descendant of Spanish nobility, at sixty-one he still carries remnants of the reputation as a fast-talking, dapper cockalorum which he earned as a youth in Washington high society. His card-playing cronies have included Harry Hopkins and well heeled Democratic businessmen Sidney Weinberg and Bernard Baruch, while wealthy clients have included IBM's Tom Watson, Alexander de Seversky, Louis B. Mayer and Barbara Hutton, as well as several large corporations.

"Back in 1950 I was getting rich clients and large fees," he recalled not long ago. "But I had no real money. I looked at these people who paid themselves a million a year [e.g., Mayer] and decided *I* should become a businessman."

Landa first ventured into Washington real estate. Then he dabbled in transportation in Florida and Georgia. He took over Colonial Airlines, made a killing there, then mushroomed his investments with Capital Gains in oil and sugar. But the maneuver which earned Landa his reputation as the King Kong of anti-raider raiders, was his stave-off, almost single-handed, of a raid which had threatened the Fruehauf Trailer Company, of which he was a director.

It all started in early 1953 with brothers Roy and Harvey Fruehauf feuding over their respective roles in the corporation's management. Roy was President and Harvey Chairman of the Board. But Harvey's interests lay outside the board room and his attendance at meetings was poor. When brother Roy proposed that Harvey resign and become "Honorary" Chairman of the Board, Landa backed him.

Harvey swallowed the bitter prescription, but after stepping down he decided to retaliate in July of that year. Without warning to Roy, Landa or any of the other directors, he sold out 130,900 shares of Fruehauf – the largest single block, representing 9 percent of outstanding shares – to the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company. Nominally, the D&C was a Great Lakes steamship line. Actually, it was the corporate shell for operations of a Detroit businessman and promoter named George J. Kolowich who had a reputation as a rough customer. In part, this reputation rested upon a term in prison which Kolowich had served for embezzlement. Shortly after brother Harvey's sale of his stock to the D&C, Kolowich stalked into Roy Fruehauf's office and announced his plan to elect himself to a seat on the Fruehauf board at the annual meeting scheduled for May.

Under company bylaws Kolowich's election was a certainty because of the large block of Fruehauf stock which his company controlled. But the directors claimed to be vexed by possible repercussions in conservative financial circles which a convicted embezzler on their board might create. Landa and Roy Fruehauf soon learned to their dismay that Kolowich was buying more Fruehauf stock on the open market to further strengthen his position for the May 1954 stockholders meeting. From all indications, Fruehauf Trailer was about to fall victim to a full-scale raid.

Landa, not content merely to pass the potato to some public relations firm or high-priced consultant firm (the usual practice of a threatened Management), conceived the following daring plan:

He would pull the rug right out from under Kolowich by raiding his own firm, the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation

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Company, thus regaining control of the Fruehauf stock which D&C owned. Landa knew that only one sizable block of D&C stock was not owned by Kolowich, 65,000 shares in possession of Robert R. Young's Allegheny Corporation. Landa pulled strings in Washington, got the Interstate Commerce Commission to needle Young regarding a "conflict of interest" which Landa was able to detect between Allegheny's huge railroad holdings and its holdings of D&C steamship stock, and Young was thus "pursuaded" to sell his D&C stock to Roy Fruehauf and Landa.

Throughout the fall of 1953 and early 1954, Landa's forces quietly continued to buy more D&C stock. Several weeks before the D&C stockholders meeting in April, the majority position of the Landa contingent was secure. To raise no suspicion in Kolowich, however, they kept leaking information to brokers and the financial press which would indicate to Kolowich that *he* still held the majority of votes. At the annual meeting, when Landa was elected President, Kolowich's shock was a thing to behold, according to eye-witnesses.

But that's not the end of the story. Landa, realizing that the D&C maneuver would have a salubrious effect upon Fruehauf stock, bought in heavily and cleared an even million dollars in Capital Gains.

Landa admits that his participation in the Fruehauf battles—and several others since, including Penn-Texas—have made him "as popular as a skunk." To others who might have been inspired to try his route to success, Landa cautions: "You don't always have to do everything for a fast buck. From now on, I'll make mine slower."

Proxy fighters, of course, are not the only men in business with big eyes for the charms of Capital Gains. Increasingly, corporation execs in the $100,000-a-year bracket and over are demanding stock options which permit them to buy stock cheaply from the company treasury and later resell it on the open market for hefty Capital Gains. The reasoning of these execs is simple: why should they forfeit so much of their income to taxes while the men for whom they work—and whose manipulations in Capital Gains they frequently mastermind—continue to pile it up? Howard Hughes' failure to provide such a Capital Gains position caused his top aide and only known confidant to quit after thirty-two years of service, throwing the $500-million Hughes industrial complex into a financial quagmire from which it has yet to emerge. The exec's name was Noah Dietrich and his salary at the time he quit was an even half million dollars a year. He had been losing more than two thirds of it to taxes.

One big industrialist—not himself a proxy fighter—solved the high tax dilemma for his key execs by placing his company's profit sharing funds into investments with great Capital Gains potential. He is Chicago's Colonel Henry Crown, head of Material Service Corporation, which is now a subsidiary of General Dynamics. A report issued in 1959 showed that one of Colonel Crown's aides had received a $95,881 increase in his fund share during the preceding year, bringing his total fund share to $305,315.

For his own Capital Gains investments, Colonel Crown seems to prefer real estate. He is principal owner and Board Chairman of the Empire State Building as well as second largest stockholder in the Hilton Hotel Corporation. The Colonel is not alone in this preference for real estate. The late J. K. Lasser, eminent tax consultant and author of *Your Income Tax*, felt that real estate afforded Capital Gains possibilities "unparalleled" by other businesses. One reason advanced for the success of the best seller *How I Turned $1,000 Into a Million in Real Estate in My Spare Time* is author William Nickerson's demonstration of how to parlay the technique of tax reduction through Capital Gains. "A babe in taxland" is what Nickerson terms any property owner who fails to bone up on this important tax levy. (Since writing the book, Nickerson has learned painfully that income from artistic creation is not subject to low Capital Gains taxes, and he will keep precious little of his $200,000 book royalties.)

It follows axiomatically that one of the most methodical exploiters of the Capital Gains maneuver would be America's most energetic real estate trader, William Zeckendorf. At fifty-five, Zeckendorf is already a land prestidigitator of legendary proportions. The firm of Webb & Knapp, Inc., of which he is Board Chairman, President and principal stockholder, owns properties in thirty-five states, Canada, Mexico and England. (Contrast this to other realty firms which rarely operate in more than one locality or, at most, one state.)

A perusal of Webb & Knapp's portfolio reveals Zeckendorf's predilection for ownership of properties which produce Capital Gains rather than income from rent. Examples:

—12,000 virgin acres in the Santa Monica Range, strategically waiting for Los Angeles to expand out to it.

—65,000 acres of Florida Everglades, to be drained for farmland and range.

—5000 acres between Dallas and Fort Worth, awaiting development as an industrial park.

—35,000 acres of Godschaux Sugar surplus land on the Mississippi between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, also intended for industrial development.

Unimproved landsites of yesteryear which already bear the fruit of Zeckendorf's inexorable creative urge include the Denver Mile High Center and Long Island's Roosevelt Field Shopping Center, while his kiddie park in the Bronx, called Freedomland, was due to open shortly as we went to press and was already being predicted to become the Disneyland of the East Coast. The UN Headquarters in New York occupies the site of former slaughterhouses which Zeckendorf bought for $6.5 million and almost immediately resold to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a self imposed profit of only $2 million because he knew that Mr. Rockefeller intended to donate it to its present use. The sale was not consummated, however, before Zeckendorf had been allowed time to pick up a number of peripheral parcels whose values soared upon announcement of the UN site.

Such wheeling and dealing has brought Zeckendorf a personal fortune of $30 million, including a Manhattan penthouse apartment and a 70-acre waterfront estate in Greenwich, Connecticut, where he has moved more than a million cubic yards of earth to alter the shoreline. Not long ago, Zeckendorf was cornered in his Madison Avenue office (no easy feat considering the office is a circle 28 feet in diameter) and asked what makes him run. Zeckendorf's immortal reply:

"Some men run because of ego, some because of avarice, some because of love. But the man who runs fastest runs because of fright. I have experienced real economic fright and that is why I run so fast. I think I have very little avarice as such—I have the lowest regard for money simply as money—but my basic interest is in security, a desire to defend myself from the degradation that a lack of money can bring."

Does Zeckendorf see anything immoral in the Capital Gains disparity which taxes windfall profits at a lower rate than money earned by hard labor?

"I'm dead against windfall profit for the slick operator. As far as I'm concerned, profit belongs to the man who creates increment."

Doubtless, there are Capital Gains experts who share this economic philosophy with Mr. Zeckendorf. But one man who differs with him is Clint Murchison, the homespun Texas oilman. Murchison fails to see the distinction between windfall and increment. Says Murchison, "To me, money is the same as manure. You put it out in the fields, you till it, and it brings you good returns."

To the salaried taxpayer on the sidelines of this theoretical Capital Gains discussion, the conclusion is inescapable: call it increment or excrement, it's nice to have money.

inside me, as always, when I see that Della.

"Della, if you are another dream, go away," I said.

She took my hands and put them where it felt good. "Are these dreams?" she asked. I couldn't think of a better way to establish a fact.

"How'd you get here?" I asked after I had done my duty and my pleasure, kissing those two brown eyes and that Della-flavored mouth.

"Oh the Navy has a heart," she said. "Deeply buried under mountains of red tape, but it's there." She pushed me away from her. "I've just come from talking to Hanrahan. It looks like I'm married to a hero."

"No kid," I said, "Columbus and Hanrahan are the heroes. Me and Peralonzo are a couple of guys they need to do what they want to do." I told her about my dream, if that was what it was — I don't think it was, exactly, but I didn't know what else to call it.

"I always thought Old Lady Dunstable had the wrong dope," I said, when I got through. And I looked at her sadly. "Blast and damn, Della," I almost cried, "how can I leave a world with you in it?"

She got up and walked over to the window. She squared her shoulders and took a deep breath. "Oh, you're just like all the sailors I ever heard of," she said. "Get a girl knocked up and then leave town."

I didn't get it, and then I did. I went into free fall, dropping down mile upon mile. After what seemed like years, I came out of it and walked across the room and put my hands on her brave shoulders and turned her around.

"Lady, you would not kid?" I asked.

She shook her head. "This is no drill, Abner," she said.

"How long have you known?" I asked.

"I guess I've known at least a couple of weeks," she said. "It wasn't official until this morning. But Dr. Hurlburt says there's no doubt about it."

"Well, girl," I said, "are you sad, mad, or glad?"

"I feel like a big trap has snapped shut on me," she said. "And I feel very foolish and very angry with myself, as if I'd done something dumb or careless. And I feel like I've been crowned Queen of the May. I guess I feel like a woman instead of a girl all of a sudden, and I'm not used to it." She was talking very fast. "But what about you? What do you think about being a papa?"

I had thoughts but no words so I did the only thing I knew to do. I hugged her close and kissed her for a long time and patted her on the fanny. I was very grateful that she did not need more than this to reassure her. And as I kissed her I heard the siren but let it scream on until I had finished the kiss.

To the Moon, Old Hanrahan had said, we needed a man who not only would go to the Moon but who damned well would want to get back. Oh, he was a wise one, that Hanrahan, watching Marco, watching Johnny, watching me, until he knew his man. And this morning, Della, like all Navy wives, had availed herself of the free medical attention at the base clinic. And when Hurlburt called Hanrahan and told him Della was pregnant, that was it.

That was it. Marco and Johnny could fly it there, as well as I could. But I had the best, the most, the strongest reason to get back.

Della and I walked out of the room, into the sunshine. Marco and Johnny were waiting, but it no longer mattered. I didn't want to change places with them.

"We'll see you two o'clock, next week," Johnny said, "and we'll pitch a triple whingding."

Marco said, "*Vaya con Dios.*" He said it very well. Not as well as Peralonzo, as he could not put as much meaning into it, but it was good to hear.

I took Della by the hand to cut across the quad to the briefing room. Marco and Johnny fell in behind us. In a few minutes I would say what I had to say, and Della would say what she had to say. We would hold each other in a brief lather of misery and then I'd let her go. After that, letting loose from gravity would be no problem.

Peralonzo, old buddy, I thought, as voyagers we are pikers, stay-at-homes. I thought about the birds and the bees and the hard, stubby facts of life. About all the millions and millions of spermatozoa making the voyage from testes to ovum, all of them perishing save one tiny voyager. A doctor once told me that comparatively speaking, the journey must be, can only be, measured in millions of miles. And Peralonzo had made that journey, and so had I. And I knew that Peralonzo returned, and I knew that Abner Evans would make it also.

On the way we passed the mimosa tree, and the little brown bird was still there. You could hardly call the sound he made singing — to tell the truth, he couldn't carry a tune any better than I could — but he was, as Peralonzo had done and as I was going to do, giving it everything he had.

"Wait, he left a still later will!"

thief in the night *(continued from page 36)*

donically thinking of the haste, the abrupt last-minute bolting at twilight. He and the housekeeper's son were childhood friends. The housekeeper's son had given him such invitations too, but he had never accepted, even before he was married. I don't have to come sneaking around like a beggar just for some wine, he said. Now he stood in the copse before the house, breathing lightly, hearing the sound of his breathing in his ears.

He stood there watching the house for a full half hour. When at length he emerged from among the trees and started for the house it was at the unhurried, even pace of a man simply strolling about the grounds. He thought that the slow stride not even very careful, the easy calm I am not even nervous, he thought. He had expected at least that. Yet his very composure was an indication of the light in which he regarded what he was about to do; as an act justifiable and even actually right and with that significant difference in shading between it and simply stealing, as that between murder and the killing of men in war. He stayed on the grass, off the gravel carriage path which ran from the road to the house and back to the road again in a broad parabola about an eighth of a mile long. I don't have to announce that I'm coming too, he said, speaking to himself.

Yet he knew he could not keep his presence a complete secret. By the time the dogs came from around the house in a fast silent rush he had already taken the meat from the unrolled flour sack. He watched them slow, taper trot across the lawn toward him, poised, almost as if in harness; noiseless as shadows. He counted on those first moments of recognition. Then they were at his feet, nuzzling the meat intended for his own supper table while he bent above them and ran his hands over their hard backs and flanks, whispering to them. He left them there. He went on toward the house, into its shadow and past the shrubs which grew in a line before the front windows, himself a shadow.

He found an unlocked window at once. It was as if the house knew him too, as had the dogs. Why not? he thought. I've been here often enough. He had been to the house as recently as a week before, to weed the garden and turn over the earth for spring seeding. One moment he stood motionless before the unlocked window, the next he was through it and in the house. Except for a sliding sound when the window was pushed open, he entered without a sound. He stood there at the window, breathing lightly, staring straight before him though he could not see a thing. Just outside the window insects resumed, shrilling now from the identical spot on which he had stood, as though he had only to step away from a spot to draw sound out of the darkness after him, as a knife draws blood after it when it lifts from flesh. Though he stood there a full moment, he still could see nothing. He did not need to. It is as if I would have to look at the palm of my hand to see what it's like, he thought. Though he could see only blurred and indistinct shapes, only a little paler than the darkness itself, as though bleached from it, about him he believed he could find his way about the room as well as in daylight.

Therefore he remained where he was, not so much waiting for his eyes to adjust so he could make out the shapes about him, as listening. To the right and in back of the room in which he now stood was the kitchen, and beyond that a wing added after the house had already been completed, as though as an afterthought, which gave the house an odd, misshapen appearance and which contained the servants' rooms. Even when both the Burgomaster and his wife were gone and the servants dispersed, the housekeeper and her son stayed on, tending the house, the grounds. He knew that. He stood there listening for them. On the upper floor and to the side of the house, overlooking the garden and the gentle vista of lawn and carriage path extending down to the road, was the Burgomaster's wife's bedroom. He listened for her too. He did not know if she had left with her husband or not. I should have found out, he thought. It would have saved me a lot of useless worry. Actually he was not worried at all. What he felt at that moment was an exultation he could not have put into words. It is as good as done, he thought. It is as good as done and I am gone. He did not mean simply the house. About him, stretching away on all sides in the darkness, to the ultimate sea, was the land which he worked by day and brooded upon by night. It was when he thought of the land, and his old life which was inextricable from it, that he felt actual contempt for his brother-in-law. That his brother-in-law chose to remain on the land and endure with the undisheartened fatalism of his kind the constant orderly progression of travail upon travail, which was his lot, he considered the height of folly.

When he had stood so for a full minute, hearing no sound, making none, he started across the room. He believed he was safe. So far, so good, he thought. He believed it would be so from start to finish. He was in the dining room and he went directly to where the huge china cabinet stood against the wall. He knew of the safe in the study. There is nothing in there but peanuts, he thought. Where in the house the Burgomaster kept those enormous sums of cash which were legend in the village and which he used to transact business with in the old manner of his forebears, with the actual heft of silver and banknotes in the hand, buying and selling whole estates, forests, half a railroad, Walter had never found out. This is good enough, he thought. He had in mind the china cabinet, the silver plate, trays, candlesticks, gleaming, in vivid row on row in the sunlight which fell upon them by day.

Now the cabinet was only a pale smudge in the darkness. He advanced across the room, skirting the long table set in the center of the room, chairs ranked profoundly along its length, as precisely as if he moved in full light, though actually he found his way as a blind man would, by feel, the unconscious balancing of faint resonances, sounds, the unconscious sense of presences before and about him. Yet he should have depended more on sight. In his eagerness his eyes were fixed upon the faint smudge of cabinet when they should have been elsewhere, and so the first he knew of the one chair placed out from the table, as though by the casual movement of a man rising from his place and leaving the chair where it stood, was when he struck it with his knee and it fell over with what in all that silence and darkness seemed like the force and noise of an explosion.

He stopped moving at once. He did not even wait for the sound of the falling chair. In that hiatus between the time he struck the chair and that of its concomitant noise he seemed to muse in impotent and despairing regret upon the insignificance of all human calculation. There was time enough for that: the vain desire to turn back time only a moment and start over. Then he heard the chair strike the floor. He stood there, immobile, crouched, his breath suddenly rapid and light, hearing the clatter fall in echoes about his ears. God, God, God, he thought. For a moment he did not know whether to stay or run. Beyond the window insects shrilled. But when nothing followed hard upon the noise he began to calm. They are probably dead asleep, he thought after he had stood there a minute or so and still no sound interrupted the insects' high thin crescendo pitched at that single note. He believed the housekeeper's son to be lying drunk in his bed after all. Thank God for the Burgomaster's wine, he thought, smiling now, thinking I could carry the whole house away and he wouldn't know it. Whereas the moment after he struck the chair he saw clearly and unmistakably the disaster into which his discontent had led him, he now felt more certain of the wisdom of his course than ever. Yet when he resumed he was as careful as ever. Carefully he stepped around the chair he

could now see, now that it had fallen, leaving it where it lay.

It was five more steps to the china cabinet. When he came and stood before it he was at such an angle that in the glass doors of the cabinet he saw suddenly the stark, full reflection of the window at his back, and a fragment of the sky and the dark shapes of trees beyond. Like the surface of a still pool, the glass held the image of a night filled with that faint impalpable glow which was light and yet not light, and the glitter of distant stars. When he moved it was gone. He moved to put his hands upon the cabinet. In the last ten years he had seen the cabinet at least twenty times a year. Yet this was the first time he had actually touched it. The wood had a smooth, almost malleable feel like that of old silver, beneath his fingers. He felt for the door frames, standing directly before the glass which now held no reflection at all. In one hand he held a broken spoon handle, ground to a thin, flat blade at one end. He probed along the snug edges of the door frames with it, seeking a space wider than elsewhere. When he found it he wedged in the spoon handle. The doors gave instantly, without effort, springing open with a faint silvery sound, like the jangle of tiny bells.

He did not move at once. For a moment or so he merely stood there, the spoon handle in one hand, the yawning cabinet doors before him. Behind him were the traces of his advance, the chair, the open window. Beyond that, on the sparse lawn over which he had come, was the meat he had left for the dogs. He stood as if about to cross some actual boundary, some precise physical demarcation the one side of which was entirely different from the other. It was as if entering the house was one realm, and this another, rather than all of it a single whole; as a man at a river which marks the border of two entirely dissimilar countries will see the same water running along either bank, the same bush and brake growing beyond.

He crossed the river. As he reached into the cabinet he thought: I should have brought a bigger sack. He worked quickly, easily, picking what he sought from the darkness with uncanny deftness, as though the pieces materialized between his fingers by some kind of magic: plate and candlestick and silver. Cool air now filled the room, pouring in through the open window all the while he stood there. In one hand he held the unrolled sack in which he had brought the meat for the dogs; with the other he ransacked the shelves, methodically and with all the aplomb of an experienced housebreaker.

More than cool air entered the room at his back. Beneath the door at the farther end of the room sudden light appeared in a yellow sliver, gleaming upon the polished hardwood floor. He worked

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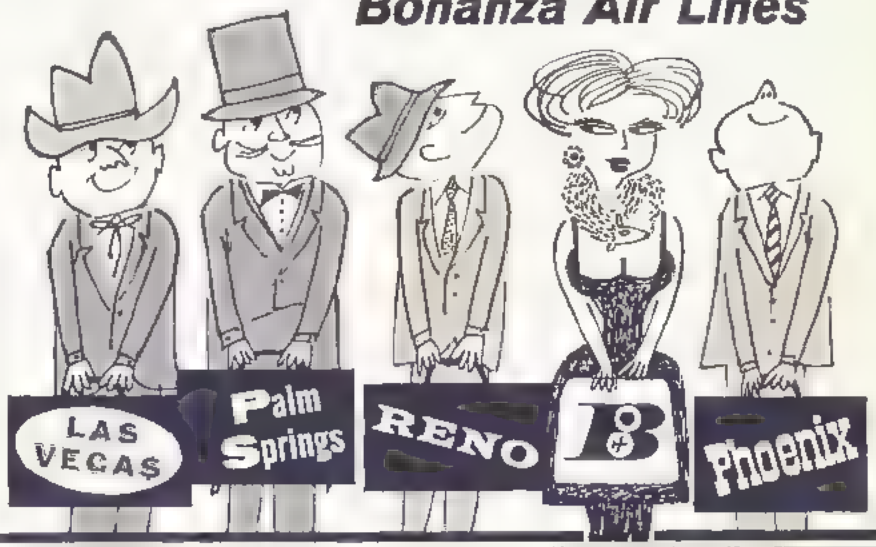

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on, rhythmic, intent, oblivious to the air and light both. So intent so exhilarated by his apparent success, that the first he knew of someone else in the room was when he suddenly felt one arm clamp itself about his throat from behind and another pin his own right arm to his body, and he thought, What's this? What's going on? He did not begin to struggle immediately. There was a pause, a momentary hiatus of actual disbelief, as though what was happening to him was contrary to all reason and the laws of nature, during which he permitted himself to be yanked backward and bent upon the fulcrum of a knee in the small of his back.

It was when he realized the sack had been torn from his grasp that he began to struggle. It was as though only the sack, the silver, had any meaning for him. He heard the sack strike the floor as from a great distance. He heard the myriad jangle of silver scattering over the floor in all directions. I will never find it in the dark, he thought. Then he seemed to realize the import of what was happening. I must get away, he thought in alarm. He was strong. Work upon the very earth he disdained and sought to repudiate had toughened him. He broke the hold upon him in an instant. Yet the other continued to flail at him. The hands upon him were like the darkness made palpable. They were at him in a wild flurry, his face, arms, waist: octopus-like. It was as though he struggled with the darkness itself, seeing no face, grasping no shape or body though at last the other clamped a hold upon his chest and they stood locked in each other's embrace chest to chest and thigh to thigh and he could hear the other's breathing going *hah hah* against his ears. He did not think that he struggled with the man with whom he had grown up and once been quite close. He thought only of the urgent need to be somewhere else, where he did not know.

So when the other called suddenly against his ear, "The light, Mama. Quick, the light, I have him," in a voice as familiar to him as the streets of the village and the land around, he felt the shocking heave and surge of his blood in surprise. I am dreaming, he thought. Yet it was to escape the growing light in the hallway that he struggled again in the other's grasp and freed one arm and struck at the other blindly and with all his force.

The other fell away from him at once, rigid, as a tree topples. He fell with a dull, heavy sound. He made that one sound only; no outcry, no blundering or thrashing upon the floor. It was the utter silence: at once Walter seemed to sense something terrible had happened. Dear God in Heaven, what is it I have done? he thought. Yet he was on his hands and knees, on the floor, reaching out with one hand and feeling for the sack like a blind man, when the light from the hallway fell upon him. He looked up, blinking into its glare. His expression was one almost of embarrassment, like that of a man caught at a child's game. He was in the stance of a child, on all fours, blinking guiltily in the sudden light. He and the woman saw the other at the same instant: he lay sprawled at the foot of the cabinet, his head resting at a bizarre angle, his arms inert as strings at his sides, palms turned up; quite still, bleeding a little from the ear. The woman screamed at once. The lamp wavered, throwing wild shadows over the floor in accompaniment. She screamed three or four times while he continued to gaze in mute astonishment upon the peaceful, open face of the man he had known since childhood and whose death he had now inadvertently caused. He fled without a sound.

He ran headlong from his crouched position, as in a race. His shadow ran before him, around the table, over several upended chairs, leaping when he leaped. Before him was the window: beyond, darkness, the hard shapes of trees. Once on the lawn two shadows ran before him, darker than the darkness. His own was gone. The two shadows were the shapes of dogs and they paced him for a while in soundless pantomime. They moved without effort, untrammeled, as though they did not touch the earth or break the air, first straying far ahead then falling back so that between one and the other he saw the small sudden moons of eyeballs, the sudden glint of teeth.

Behind him the woman continued to scream. He heard her almost to the trees. Her cries had a piercelessness, shocking quality, coming so upon the stillness of dead of night. Yet his first concern was the dogs. Though he ran on without hesitation or falter, he was terrified of them. They were German shepherd, savage animals almost the weight of a man. Once he had seen them run down a man, a poacher, knocking him from his feet with the force and speed of a projectile, and upon him in an instant. Be good, he said to the dogs silently, as if in prayer. Please be good. Yet apparently they did not smell his fear, as he believed. Or perhaps it was simply that they knew him so well, as though being about the house as much as he was gave him a kind of immunity from them, rendered him interdict. They abandoned him suddenly, while he could yet hear the cries. So silent, so ghostlike had they been all the while, he could not say at what moment they were at his side and what moment they left him, falling back on the grass. Still he did not slow. He went on at the same pace, running heavily, his body jarring with each step. At his back the house diminished, the single window in which light now shone and flickered and from which the cries continued to emanate, carrying across the stillness. The cries followed him to the trees. It was not until he was among the trees, beyond earshot, that he could permit himself to say that which since the instant of flight he had been trying to deny: She knows me, he said quietly, to himself, in despair. She is calling my name.

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He ran on. He was beyond the copse now, into actual woods. He could no longer see the house, the lighted window, even if he turned. He saw nothing before him. Stumbling, he put out one hand to keep from falling but his hand seemed to be held back, as if tied to his side and he went lunging and crashing on among the trees and undergrowth. He fell heavily, the sky abruptly tilting backward, the dark shapes of trees. He lay there without moving, panting, the harsh sound of panting in his ears, the hard feel of earth and broken undergrowth along the entire length of his body. Lying there, he discovered that his hand held the sack filled with silver. He had forgotten about the sack. Now he contemplated it with an expression of actual horror. He saw again the body sprawled bizarrely and peacefully at the foot of the cabinet, the pale glare of lamplight falling into the room, the woman screaming above it. He threw the sack from him in a reflex of revulsion and dismay. The silver made a light, myriad tinkle in the darkness, among the undergrowth. What have I done? he thought. Dear God, what is it I have done? He lay without moving, in the same position as that in which he had fallen with his face turned down into the sparse grass and in his nostrils the dank cool smell of earth not often in sunlight, shuddering quietly and steadily until at length his remorse was too much to bear and he thought suddenly: It's not as if I meant to do it. He thought: What's done is done, I can't bring him back now. And he went on to berate his friend for his foolhardiness in coming into the room and his clumsiness in striking his head on the cabinet, as though he had done so intentionally, as though the entire night's mischance of events had been contrived solely for his, Walter's, frustration and denial. He began to curse the other harshly and steadily. "The fool," he said, aloud, raising his face from the ground. "The damned stupid drunken fool." It was now bent fully upon absolving himself. He sat up, the sky overhead, the trees around. "It's his own fault," he said. "He didn't have to come after me. What is it to him if someone robs the house, the Burgomaster won't starve." He went on like that talking and talking to himself, his words gaining in vehemence. At length he ceased. It was as though he

finally believed the words. Because when he thought again of his earlier impulse to repudiate the silver and leave it here in the woods, it was with astonishment. What could I have been thinking of? he said, quietly, to himself. He thought of the new life in America of which he had always dreamed and which the silver represented. He thought how now he had the silver, within arm's reach. For the first time since he had fled the house an expression other than of fear and despair came into his face: this time it was elation. For the first time in all the twenty-five years of his life he ceased to conceive of his life as a small dark space within high walls, into which no light shone, from which there opened no door. It was as though suddenly a door had opened, and he could see before him his life straight as a corridor at the end of which shone a glittering vista of trees in sunlight, and open green fields. He believed he need only walk down that corridor. Apparently he had no thought at all, any longer, of all that had happened earlier. Because when he reached over and took the silver again it was with his old sense of purpose, his old air of calm and easy assurance.

Yet when he rose to his feet and went on, he chose no fixed course. He blundered again, picking his way at random among the trees. What is the matter with me? he thought with irritation. It was not until he found himself on the road to the village that he came to himself. He found himself in the center of the road, in the pale dust, alone in a place where he had never been alone before. Before him the village lay around a turn, invisible beyond invisible trees, overhead the constellations kept time, themselves timeless, sweeping silently and grandly across the sky in their immutable courses. He turned suddenly and crashed into the underbrush at the side of the road. He ran a short distance, then stopped. He crouched in the underbrush, leaves brushing against his face, breathing heavily, thinking, What am I doing? I can't go back there. He believed they already knew of his deed in the village, as though the old woman had come faster than he.

Yet when he moved again he did not alter his course. He went on toward the village, though now he was more circumspect, coming around behind the village through those woods into which he had passed earlier, from his house and across the field of flinty earth at its back in which weeds grew almost knee high. He was thinking calmly and evenly: Even if they have already found out they will first have to go to the Count for the dogs and then they will have to bring them to the Burgomaster's house, before they can even begin. He believed he was taking no risk. There is plenty of time, he told himself. At the back of his mind was the one unfading hope that they did not yet know of the housekeeper's son, so that he might see his wife and child once more before he left. The hope died as he stood on the edge of the woods, looking out across the field toward the village, and saw the small rectangles of light where houses were, proliferating even as he watched, and the movements of shadows upon the windows and outside on the paths leading to the village square. Without hope he listened to the faint commotion of men hurrying in the dark, the movement of horses, calls, the opening and closing of doors.

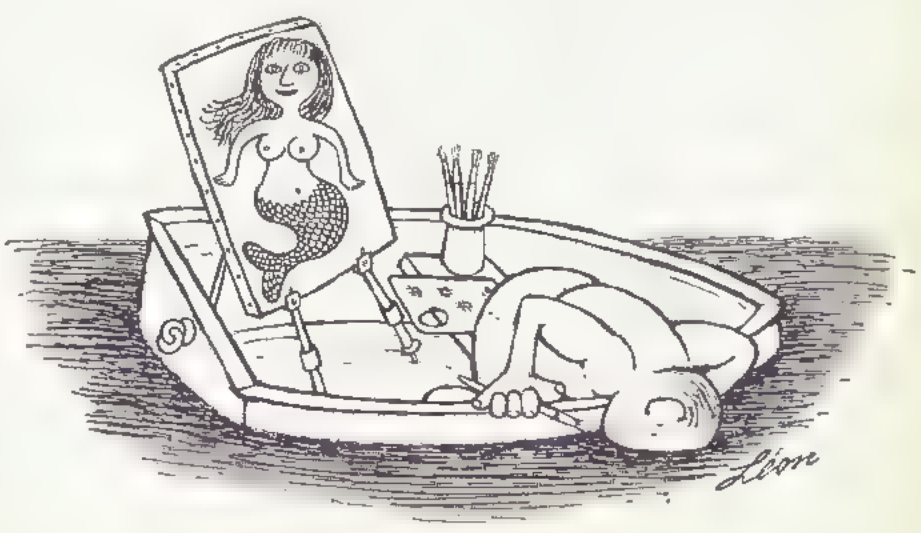
It doesn't matter, he told himself quietly, without conviction, looking out from the trees upon the men among whom he had spent his life and who now were preparing to hunt him down. All that matters is that I have the silver and then I will be gone from here forever. Yet once all hope had died, what he felt in its place was an anguish so great as to be something almost physical. Even when already deep in the woods doubling back to the shallow stream which ran in a broken course out of the eastern mountains and over the fields and along which he hoped to lose the dogs, he considered turning back to the house. He relived again those moments before he had left the house, hearing again his wife's mild breathing as he dressed, bending once more over his son, aghast suddenly at how far he had come and his own lonely and irrevocable course, and he thought quietly and with surprise: All I did was step out the door.

He was at the stream then. At his back was a wake of torn leaves and trampled undergrowth, marking his passage. The stream ran quietly before him. Ahead it disappeared in the darkness, as in a cave, though he could see, from time to time, the sudden glint of starlight, reflected on its surface. His way was clear. He knew exactly what he must do, step by step, without alternatives. First he would lose the dogs along the stream. Then he would strike out for Cracow where he would sell the silver. Thinking of Cracow, and of the money for the silver, it seemed at last he could see the end to his harassment and running.

The stream numbed his legs at once. He entered clumsily, slipping a little on the wet grass along the bank, the sack balanced upon his shoulder. Once in the stream he began to run. The water was almost knee high, and icy from the snow's thawing in the eastern mountains. Though he ran on he could feel the numbness continue to rise along his legs, as though the actual level of the water were rising, over his knees, thighs, about his hips. He ran on, clumsily churning the water, though he could not have given a reason for his urgency. He had determined to elude the others by craft. Yet he ran with desperate urgency and not much progress out in the center of the stream, making a noise loud enough to be clearly heard two hundred yards away, churning the water white in the darkness. He was not even aware that he had panicked until he heard, rising slowly and with a sad, peaceful quality over the woods and the spreading countryside beyond, first the voice of one hound, then another.

He ceased abruptly. He stood a moment, breathing heavily, bent forward in an attitude of listening, while all about him the water continued to move forward into the darkness. He listened to the water. Standing so, the water moving so, he had for an instant a sensation as of the entire earth — fields, houses, trees, the very primordial crust itself — poised to move forward, headlong into some empty and terrible void. But he did not hear the dogs again. Yet he knew, as surely as if someone had come and told him, that he had been outmaneuvered.

He had counted on his knowledge of how such man hunts were conducted to elude them. Apparently they, in turn had counted on his counting. "They



are waiting downstream for me," he said, quietly, aloud. So did he know they waited outside the woods, standing in quiet clumps at spaced, regular intervals about the periphery of the woods, within the shadows of trees or sitting patiently along the apron of some plowed field. He left the stream. It was not that he could not have eluded them, slipping out between two trees or along some ridge of undergrowth, since he knew the woods and the land beyond as well as they. It is that the entire countryside will be looking for me, he thought quietly, without hope. He thought how by day, now, there would be no door at which he could stop to ask for food or water, no field in which he dared lie down and rest, that did not contain within its sunny commonplace aspect the threat of sudden alarm and capture.

Twenty minutes later he was squatting beside a dirt road no wider than a single lane and which debouched suddenly from among the trees on one side and vanished after some distance, on the other. Few knew of the road, its sole use now was as a short cut through the woods. He squatted behind a screen of undergrowth and tall weeds, the silver at his feet. Overhead the constellations had shifted, wheeling across the sky and into the west, but he was no longer aware of them. He was no longer aware of time, place, the fundamental coordinates by which he marked and measured his existence.

He was not aware that he had gone to sleep. It was as if sleeping and waking were but different names for the one unbelievable nightmare which his life had now become, so that he could pass from one to the other by the mere closing of an eye and yet remain where he had always been. He slept suddenly, in squatting position, with his back against a tree and his head resting upon his arms. His clothing was still damp from the stream, and iron-cold. In the sudden dank chill of just before dawn, he began to shiver. Asleep, he was still pursued, still harried from this side and that. Asleep or awake there were moments when despite all despair he imagined himself in Cracow at last, in dry clean clothing from which even the very smell of earth had been scoured, having supper in some fine expensive restaurant and with money enough to take him and his wife and child afterward, when at length he could send for them, safely to America.

So it was not surprising that at first he believed he was dreaming that the sun had risen and it was day and a wagon was coming along the road. I am dreaming it, he told himself as a man will in his sleep. But the warmth upon his face and arms from where the sun came through the trees persisted and grew so that at last he stirred and looked up. He had to close his eyes immediately against the sun. It stood just above the trees, in a flat pale-colored sky empty of all clouds. "It will be a fine day today," he said quietly, into the stillness of midmorning. He caught himself at once. For a moment he had believed that this morning was like all the other mornings of his life, with nothing before it save the peaceful orderly routine with which he filled his days, passing in unbroken succession one into another. "What can I have been thinking?" he said in astonishment.

It was as though only then did everything fall into place: time and place were now fixed in his mind as unchanging and precise as lines drawn on a map, longitude in its way, latitude transverse to it. He was here, hidden in the woods, cut off from his old life as completely and immutably as though he were on another planet, though it was but an hour or two in any direction to the countryside he knew and had grown to manhood in. Even the woods were a part of his remembering, his past, so that within them yet irrevocably separate from them, he was like a ghost revisiting the scenes of its former life. That's it, he thought. I might as well be dead. But that was only an expression of the despair which sleep had engendered. But when he stood up and moved his stiffened limbs and looked across the calm sunny panorama of midmorning while birds wheeled and called across the stillness in the treetops, hope returned. Yet it was the sound of a wagon along the road more than anything else. It was closer now, carrying over the stillness the creak of bed and axle, the even, unhurrying clop of hoofs upon hard earth.

He made no attempt to hide. He stood, waiting beside the road, the screen of bushes behind which he had slept not even chest high. Above the bushes, fixed in passive and waiting attentiveness in the direction of the increasing noise, stared a countenance haggard, unshaven, caked with the dirt and stubble of a night's running. He saw the horse first, emerging from among the trees, around a turn, as from between the painted props of a not very professional play; head and neck first, in harness, then flank and back, then the runshackle wagon itself with its fanfare of clatter and rattle despite its moundlike load of full sacks and the two men who sat unmoving and quiet behind the horse, appearing not to see him and jolting each time the wagon jolted.

Yet they reined the horse immediately at a signal from him. They were not two men: one was a boy, the height of a man but with the gawky, unfleshed aspect of an adolescent. Their faces were alike, he knew they were father and son at once. They stopped almost abreast of him. Yet he had smelled the wagon sooner than that. Still he began talking at once. He scrambled hastily and clumsily from behind the bushes, talking all the while. His story had already been prepared. He had awakened with it in his mind, as though he had made it up while sleeping, as though, being interchangeable, sleeping could do waking's work. It was the measure of his desperation that he could believe the other would take at face value so implausible a story as that he was hiding there in the woods from the irate brothers of a girl he had loved and then forsaken.

The other listened in silence. He was a big man, though slack. He sat hunched upon himself, on the frail slat of wagon seat, his torso rising mountainously out of the flaccid rolls about his waist; motionless, only changing hands upon the reins. He listened attentively. Yet his expression was neither one of belief or disbelief. So that as he piled one fabrication upon another, listening to himself, his voice upon the sunny stillness there in the clearing, Walter began to feel his talking was only something on the air, without meaning or credibility, carrying no weight or substance to the ear. He doesn't believe a word I'm saying, he thought.

Yet no sooner did he finish than the other bent forward and made a gesture with his hand, smiling suddenly with brown, gapped teeth. "I know how it is," he said in a loud, cheery voice. "I was young once too," and he winked, his face turned from the boy, smiling at Walter as though with that simple reflex of the eye he created some bond between them, conspiratorial and profound. "What can I do to help?" he said.

"Help?" Walter said in quiet surprise, after him. All along he had been hoping for such a response as this. It was the very reason he had dared signal the wagon. Yet so long had he been in flight, desperate, harassed, solitary, he had almost come to believe it would always be so; pursued forever through one dark wood or another, along icy streams fleeing through brush and bramble, unshaven, dirty, with no voice save his own despairing cries coming on the air, filling the silence. And so the words, the offer, spoken mildly and casually on the bright morning air, came to him with a shock.

Yet he did not cease. It was as though he had developed too much momentum by now to stop for shock and surprise even. At once he stepped to the wagon, into the pale dust of the road, as through an open door; above him the other waited, watching, the boy at his side watching. Whereas before the words had rushed out of him pell mell, he now became calculating. He looked furtively up and down the road, dissembling. "Her brothers," he said, gesturing, speaking suddenly in whispers. "They're all over in the woods, and outside watching the road."

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"Ahh," the other said. "Of course," and he looked too, along the empty road dwindling among the trees, at the trees themselves, as if someone might be lurking there, in the shadows, among the dark trunks, that very moment. Then he looked back. They looked at each other, the one haggard, in the soiled and irredeemable garments he had worn through the night and slept in, wanting there beside the wagon not yet hopeful but with that expectancy in his face as if he could sense again the moment when hope would return, the other with that benign expression of a tolerant uncle who has caught his young nephew smoking or playing cards for money and will not only admonish him, but will abet him at doing it better. It was as though they could read each other's minds. "The wagon," the other said, "you would be safe among the sacks."

Then he was clambering into the wagon. Again he had that sensation as of moving in a dream, as though the wagon, the calm sunny space about him, himself beginning to clamber into the wagon were but figments of his vain and desperate imagining. It is too good to be true, he told himself. But beneath his hand the old smooth wood of the wagon was real enough; the wheel hub upon which he boosted himself, the sunlight on his face. Yes, he thought. There is no disputing that.

He began thanking the other before he was even in the wagon. In this, at least, he was honest. Though he dissembled everything else, even to holding the sack with that alert and unceasing craft so the silver in it should not clatter, he felt toward the other a gratitude deeper than he had ever felt before in his life. The other quieted him with a motion of his hand. "That's all right," he said in a clear hearty voice. "My pleasure. I am always glad to do a favor." And when Walter mounted over the side he offered him his hand, steadying him as he stepped down among the sacks. He stepped gingerly, like a bather entering cold water, setting his mind against the smell which, having had time to emanate and spread, now lay over the clearing like smoke. Well, beggars can't be choosers, he thought.

"It's not the nicest place in the world to lie down," the other said, as though reading his mind.

"It's all right," he said. "It will be fine."

Yet still he could not advance among the sacks. This time it was not his doing, his distaste. He is holding my hand, he thought in surprise. He turned. The other was turned toward him, straddling the seat, one hand clasping his, just as he had left him when he stepped down into the wagon bed, even to the expression of open and hearty amiability. He had begun to sweat, in the increasing

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sun. His shirt blotched now where it lay against his flesh. "Your bundle," he said. "I can keep it up here for you."

"That's all right. I can manage," Walter said. He had begun to think the other hadn't even noticed the sack. He was not alarmed. He is just being helpful, he thought.

"I could put it under the seat where it would be out of your way," the other said.

"Thank you, but I would rather have it with me." Walter said. "Besides, her brothers might recognize it."

"Of course. Her brothers," the other said.

But when Walter tried to draw his hand free the other bent suddenly toward him and spoke in a flat, cold, level voice entirely unlike his voice before. "All right," he said. "That's enough of playing games. Just let me have the sack. I don't want to have to break your arm, too." But it was not until the other spoke to the boy—a single phrase, not even peremptory, abrupt; simply loud—who turned and came down from the seat as at a command toward him, to take the silver, that Walter realized the full import of the other's intent; so utter had been, his astonishment. So astonished, so stunned, by the other's sudden transformation in tone and manner and intent, he could only stand there, immobile, gaping, while from the treetops above there broke upon the clearing the abrupt, shrill sounds of birds quarreling: thinking: It's a game. He is playing some kind of game. That's what it is, must be. Then he thought: It's not a game. He means every word. And he began to struggle.

He had the advantage. He was apparently more agile. And the other was seated, half straddled on the slat of wagon seat. Perhaps it was simply that the night's events had exhausted him more than he knew. Perhaps it was that his will, the sheer singlepurposedness of his every action and thought, had flagged for an instant, as it had earlier, that time shortly after he had fled the Burgomaster's house. Because the other managed without too much effort, using his vast bulk as a fulcrum, to immobilize Walter within a space of twenty seconds, twisting up his arm and pinning it behind his back. Above them, in the trees, the birds had ceased: they could hear distinctly the click and buzz of insects in the sudden silence. It was as though they had paused to listen. Walter on his knees among the sacks of manure, panting, his eyes wild, glancing this way and that, the other at his back, panting too, looking down out of a countenance scornful and cold and as different from his earlier expression as night from day. Looking down too, standing with one foot on the seat and one in the wagon bed, his expression the pair to his father's, was the boy, holding a pitchfork he had produced suddenly, as out of the air itself.

While he watched in utter helplessness the boy came and took the silver from among the other sacks, where he had finally dropped it. Watching the boy, the sack which contained the silver, he experienced a fall and cessation of his blood such as he believed came with death. Why not? he said quietly, to himself. I might as well be dead. Yet when the other bent across his shoulder and spoke in his ear, he felt a wild and desperate rage. "What kind of a fool do you think I am?" the other said, his voice contemptuous, harsh, setting up a ringing in his ears. "All that nonsense about a girl, and brothers out for revenge. It would not fool a child." He said, "The whole countryside is looking for you, did you know that? They are out for your blood. They are going to kill you when they catch up with you. Did you know *that*?" Then he said, "Look in the sack."

His face was gone from Walter's ear; the warm and cool of his breathing was gone. Then Walter could hear the thin clear ringing of silver upon silver as the boy emptied the sack on the wagon seat. "Ahh," the other said, softly. "Ahh." Then he was back again, his breathing on Walter's ear again. "I will make you a proposition," he said. His voice was exuberant, almost light, almost joyful. "Your life for the silver. How is that? I will get you out of the province and for that I keep the silver. Well?" Then he laughed. It was when he began to laugh that Walter, in a sudden fury born of frustration and despair and self pity, began to shout, his voice ringing over the clearing, yet with a thin, trivial quality, ephemeral, come and swiftly gone on the air the sunlight with no echo, no trace left behind. "All right," he shouted. "Kill me already. What are you waiting for? Do it and get it over with."

In contrast the other's tone was one of mild and inveterate reasonableness, almost surprised. "Kill you?" he said. "I'm no murderer," he said. "I don't have to kill you. You're not going to tell the authorities about me. You are not going to tell anyone anything, because they are looking for you. They wouldn't let you say five words." There was no hint in his tone, his voice; beyond Walter's shoulder his face remained mild, faintly mocking, sweating a little. So when he made a small, quick, upward motion with the hand at Walter's back deftly and effectively breaking his arm, Walter had no warning at all. He did not even cry out. He felt only a single hard jolt, as from a blow, at his shoulder, then his entire right side went numb. "That's in case you get any ideas about trying to get the silver back," the other said.

Though he lay upon the hard plank ing of the wagon bed, the wagon lurching and jolting beneath him upon the hard and rutted earth, the sacks of manure heaped on top of him, he felt no sensation at all in his arm and shoulder for a long time after. He lay in the position in which he had fallen, tumbled haggermugger by them, as into a grave, into a space they had cleared among the sacks. Then they had piled the sacks over him, leaving a small opening for breathing, where his face was. He could see through the opening hexagonal bits of sky, clouds, the distant edges of trees. It must be like this in a coffin, he thought. But the odor about him was not that of earth. In his nostrils even the rough planking beneath his head gave off the rich, ineradicable smell of manure, ranker than that of earth. I would be better off in a coffin, he told himself. He seemed to see himself as in a coffin: tumbled to one side, unshaven, dirty, in the rent and soiled garments he had been out of but two hours in the past twenty-four. "Dear God," he said, aloud, into the sacks. "Dear God in Heaven." So great was his self pity at that moment, tears came to his eyes.

At length he calmed. He lay watching the sky, the slow intermittent procession of overhanging leaf and bough. He did not know how long he lay so, nor how far they had come. Maybe we are out of the province, he thought. The possibility no sooner occurred to him than he thought again of the other's duplicity and his own unwariness, and he began again to curse the entire mischance of events which had led to this moment. All I wanted was to get enough money for a boat ticket, he thought. He had always been an honest man. It was because his sense of justice had been outraged by the inequities he saw all about him that he determined to go to America in the first place. Now he lay brooding upon the enormity of his deprivation, thinking of the night's events and all that he had dared and endured for the silver only to lose it in a single moment's remissness. "He will not get away with it," he said, aloud, bitterly. Still he knew he was no match for the other. The wagon did not cease. It went on, now smooth, now lurching and pitching so that firmament and frond succeeded each other in the winking of an eye. With his good hand he could touch the spoon handle in his jacket pocket, filed down at one end. He touched the handle, the filed edge sharp as a knifeblade. Touching the handle, there came to him what he must do if he were to redeem any part of what it had cost him to obtain the silver; and he spoke it.

"There is nothing else," he said, quietly, aloud. "I will have to kill him."

"Annie — I just sold a poem — espresso for everybody!"

WHATTAPOPPALIE

(continued from page 62)

looks a bit too old to be wearing a freshman beanie, but no one seems to mind.

BROWN

OK, kids, fun is fun, but it's time now for business. How are we going to raise funds for a new campus biplane?

PREISER

I have it, kids! Let's put on a show!

ALL

(Deliriously happy) A SHOW! THAT'S IT! A SHOW!

Enter JOHNNY "SCAT" DAVIS *and his trumpet to lead them in a snake dance out the Shoppe, across the campus, and over the football field, picking up the rest of the student body and the lovable Swedish custodian* (EL BRENDEL) *en route. Cut back to Sweet Shoppe*

DUNBAR

Kids, I move that Sally asks the college president for permission to put on the show. She's the prettiest, the smartest, and the most popular kid on campus.

TOMLIN

She's also the only kid on campus who's the president's daughter.

ALL

GREAT IDEA! THE NUTS! PEACHIE!

Cut to Sally (DONNA DRAKE) *and her father* (GEORGE BARBIER) *in president's office.* BARBIER, *purpling with rage, is splintering his desk with his fist.*

BARBIER

A *show?* With dancing and jazz music? In *my* school? Never! Never! It's indecent, *that's* what it is!

DRAKE

(Defiantly) I suppose it doesn't matter to you, Dad, that we kids have to travel around in the same old campus biplane year after year. Dad, I hate to say this, but you're an old fuddy-dud . . . and . . . A party-pooper! *(She storms out)*

Cut to campus. As Sally walks sadly toward the Sweet Shoppe, JOHNNY DOWNS, *in a white sweater and blue "W," is coming from the other direction. He accidentally bumps her, knocking her uke out of her hand.*

DOWNS

Sorry, I . . . Say, aren't you Sally, the president's daughter?

DRAKE

And *you* must be Freddie, the big football hero.

DOWNS

Correct. May I . . . may I carry your uke for you?

She reddens and nods. He picks up the uke and they walk across the campus, discovering each other. From out of nowhere they are joined by forty-seven strolling choristers (FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS *and* THE YACHT CLUB BOYS) *singing "Moonlight Over Whattapoppalie." After ten choruses and four encores the choristers leave, some reluctantly.* SALLY *and* FREDDIE *sit down on a bench. Close-up of her quivering lip-rouged mouth. Close-up of his quivering lip-rouged mouth. They gaze at each other silently. Then he quickly sprays kisses on his shoulders, his elbows, his wrists, the backs of his hands, and on each of his fingers.*

DRAKE

(Rising coldly) NOW I know why I've avoided you, Freddie. You may be a big football hero. But you're conceited!

Cut back to Sweet Shoppe. Same group as in opening scene.

BROWN

I don't care *what* Sally's dad said! Remember when he forbade us from putting on a show last month to raise funds for a new gymnasium? And the month before he said no show to help raise money for a new ski lift. Well, *that* didn't stop us.

OAKIE

You mean . . . ?

BROWN

I mean we put on a show *anyway.*

ALL

HOORAH! A SHOW! A SHOW!

At this cue JOHNNY "SCAT" DAVIS *leaps to his feet, his trumpet poised. But nobody wants to snake dance. So he swallows two goldfish and walks out in a fit of pique.*

BROWN

Now then, what celebrities were stranded at the Whattapoppalie railroad station today while en route to the Coast?

TOMLIN

Let's see. Paul Whiteman is stranded there. Also Rudy Vallee, Russ Columbo, the Happiness Boys, and the Ipana Troubadours.

BROWN

Oh, darn! We've used *them* before. Say kids, you know what I'd like for this show? Two things. A real Broadway musical troupe, with girls, production numbers and the works. And also a real smart ballroom dancing team. Both of these are *bound* to be stranded at the station some day soon. So keep your eyes open and . . .

Fade and cut to Broadway rehearsal stage. Pianist (ALLEN JENKINS) *is battering the keys while the chorus captain* (FRANK MC HUGH) *is leading two hundred girls in tights through a rhythmic, kicking dance number.*

Enter producer (WARNER BAXTER) MC HUGH *stops the rehearsal.*

BAXTER

(To MC HUGH) Eddie, didn't I fire you on Thursday?

MC HUGH

Yeah, chief, but you rehired me on Friday.

BAXTER

But then I fired you again on Saturday.

MC HUGH

I know, but you took me back again on Monday.

BAXTER

Well, you're hired again. But I need you so you're rehired. Eddie, I'm in a spot. Fifi ran out on me. Here I am with two hundred chorus girls, one hundred boys, a male vocalist, fifty-five flower-trellised swings, twenty-seven water tanks, seventy-six moon props, and *no female star!*

BAXTER *signals for the rehearsal to resume and he walks slowly up and down the line examining the girls. Suddenly he stops and points.*

BAXTER

You, in the third row! Step out!

The music ceases and RUBY KEELER *comes forward timorously.*

KEELER

Me?

BAXTER

Yes, you! Do you think you can learn fourteen songs, twelve dances, and a hundred and twenty-five stage cues in twenty minutes? Come on, speak up!

She collapses.

Another chorus girl (WISECRACKING JOAN BLONDELL) *quickly kneels by her side and starts slapping her face and hands.*

WISECRACKING JOAN BLONDELL

Poor kid. She fainted. The last thing she ate was a peanut butter sandwich three weeks ago Wednesday.

Enter male vocalist (DICK POWELL) *with wide, confident grin. Perspiration glistens on his face and his lip rouge is slightly smeared.*

POWELL

(To BAXTER) Let me take her under my wing, sir. I promise you she'll be ready when you need her.

Fade. Kaleidoscopic shots: POWELL *feeding* KEELER *sandwiches,* KEELER *dancing and singing;* POWELL *shaking his head;* KEELER *fainting;* POWELL *giving her coffee;* KEELER *dancing and singing;* POWELL *smiling;* BAXTER *smiling;* BAXTER *hiring* KEELER; BAXTER *firing* MC HUGH. *Fade.*

Cut to POWELL *at a piano in backstage room. Enter* KEELER.

KEELER

Hi, Tommy. What's that you're playing?

POWELL

Oh, *this?* Just a new song I wrote. It isn't very good.

KEELER

Please play it for me.

POWELL

All right, but you won't like it.

As he plays she begins swaying to the rhythm, snapping her fingers and tapping her feet. She picks up the lyrics from the top of the piano, looks at them for two and a half seconds, then puts them down.

KEELER

(*Singing softly*) Come and hear . . . those tapping feet . . . on the boulevard I'm takin' you to . . . Fancy Dancy Dolliccy Street . . .

She dances and sings seventeen choruses without once missing a note, a word or a beat, accompanied by POWELL

and a hidden forty-piece orchestra.

POWELL

(*With a final keyboard flourish*) Did you like it, Nancy?

KEELER

LIKE it? Tommy, THAT's the title song for our show!

For good measure she then sings five additional choruses, which POWELL *hadn't planned to write until later that evening.*

Cut to speeding train wheels. Cut to happy trompers inside the train. Train suddenly comes to a screeching stop. Luggage flies in all directions. Enter conductor (GRANT MITCHELL).

MITCHELL

Sorry, folks, the train's derailed. I'm afraid we're stuck in this town for a few days.

BAXTER

What lousy luck! Where the heck are we?

WISECRACKING JOAN BLONDELL

(*Looking out the window*) Whattapoppalie.

BAXTER

Wisecracks! Will you stop already with the wisecracks!

Cut to sumptuous lobby of La Reine Hotel, in Paris. Pan camera on crystal chandeliers, palatial staircase, plush rugs, Louis XIV couches and potted palms. Enter GINGER ROGERS, *twenty-five pieces of luggage and a Russian wolfhound. She is dressed in a popular Depression-era ensemble: a $5000 Chanel tailleur with silver-fox toque and muff.*

Cut to FRED ASTAIRE *and* EDWARD EVERETT HORTON *crossing the lobby on their way to breakfast. They are bedecked in typical breakfast finery of the Thirties: top hat, white tie, tails and walking stick.*

ASTAIRE

Henry, who *is* that ravishing creature over there?

HORTON

That? Oh, that must be Sheilah Martin, the New York typist.

ASTAIRE

I think I'll ask her to marry me.

HORTON

Good, good, Jerry, why don't . . . (*Indulging in his first of two dozen double-takes*) You think you'll WHAT?

Cut back to ROGERS.

ROGERS

(*Looking over the lobby*) Too bad the only decent hotel in Paris is filled. But I suppose this dump will have to do.

Cut to ASTAIRE *dancing gracefully but frantically up and down the walls and tables in his room. It is midafternoon, and he is dressed casually: white tie, dress shirt, formal trousers (no tails).*

Cut to ROGERS' *suite: a symphony in white. White walls, white rugs, white sculpture, white furniture. She paces the floor in white satin pajamas smoking a white cigarette. She is obviously annoyed by the noise in the room above.*

Fade and cut to ROGERS, *in $1500 black-velvet robe, standing in the hallway pounding on* ASTAIRE's *door. Door opens.* ASTAIRE *appears.*

ROGERS

(*Slapping his face*) How *dare* you annoy me with that horrid dancing. I'm leaving for Venice immediately.

ASTAIRE

(*Rubbing his cheek as she disappears*) She loves me!

Cut to the outdoor café of the Grand Canal Hotel in Venice. ASTAIRE *and* HORTON *are seated at a canal-side table, attired in white dinner jackets.* ROGERS, *in evening dress that was the rage among New York working girls in the Thirties—an $8200 silver lamé gown and white ermine cape—is seated several tables away, studiously ignoring them. The other tables are filled with bejeweled dowagers and elderly men. Papier-mâché gondolas sail by on the canal, traveling to the end of the set and then returning.*

Enter Armondo Brazini (ERIK RHODES)

ASTAIRE

Henry, look who just walked in—Brazini, the great dance impresario. This is my big chance to get a job.

He rises and skips lithely to ROGERS' *table. She slaps his face.*

ASTAIRE

Please dance with me.

ROGERS

DANCE with you? I *hate* you! Besides, I *can't* dance.

ASTAIRE

Don't worry about *that*! We'll do The Confidential. It's a dance I created in my room fifteen minutes ago. You'll like it.

In an amazing display of extrasensory perception, the orchestra breaks into The Confidential, forgetting in the excitement of the moment that they have never played it before and don't even have the music. ASTAIRE *and* ROGERS (*the latter an unusually deft pupil*) *swirl and tap all over the floor, while the dowagers and elderly men sing the still unreleased lyrics in remarkably young voices.*

The dance ends to crashing applause. ROGERS *slaps* ASTAIRE's *face, after which he leads her to his table.*

HORTON

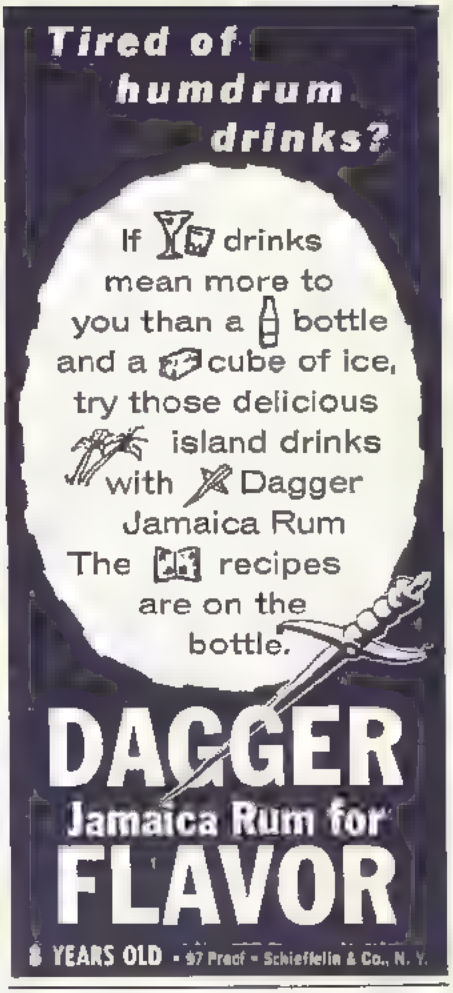
(*On his feet, a semi-smirk on his face*) Jerry, guess what? Brazini loved the dance! He's booking the two of you for a tour of the States. Hurry, pack your things. We leave tonight.

ASTAIRE

Wonderful. Henry! Did the others like the dance too?

HORTON *points to the dance floor where one hundred and twenty people, who have lost from twenty to thirty-five years of age apiece, have left their tables and are engaged in the intricacies of The Confidential. Not one of them misses a step or a beat.*

Cut to speeding train wheels. Cut to ASTAIRE, ROGERS, HORTON *and* RHODES *in*



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train. Train comes to a screeching stop. Luggage flies in all directions. Enter conductor (GRANT MITCHELL).

MITCHELL

The tram's derailed, folks. I'm sorry, but we're going to be held up in this town for a few days.

HORTON

Town? What town?

MITCHELL

Whattapoppalie, sir.

HORTON

Good Good . . . (*Double take*) What tapoppa – what?

Cut to TOM BROWN *in front of the closed curtain on Whattapoppalie auditorium stage. Shouts, jeers and catcalls from the audience.*

BROWN

Please bear with us, kids. Doesn't it stand to reason that a Broadway troupe and a ballroom dancing team *must* be stranded at our railroad station *one* of these days? Well, it may very well be tonight. So please be patient. I'm *sure* we'll have a show tonight.

AUDIENCE

WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK! WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

Cut to rear auditorium door. Enter BAXTER, BLONDELL, POWELL, KEELER, ASTAIRE, ROGERS, HORTON, RHODES, *two hundred chorus girls, one hundred boys, stage hands, and a long train of scenery and props.*

BAXTER

Excuse us for breaking in on you like this, folks. I'm a producer. My famous Broadway troupe and this famous ballroom dancing team were just stranded in your railroad station. Would you mind if we put on a show for you right now at no charge whatsoever?

Cheers. Cut to DIXIE DUNBAR *embracing* TOM BROWN *on stage.*

DUNBAR

We're saved! The show will go on after all!

BROWN

(*Sadly*) I can't understand why they arrived so late!

Fade. Curtain rises. The Whattapoppalie stage miraculously becomes twenty times its original size. Cut to overhead shot looking down on large swinging tandem of kicking chorus girls. Cut to girls in bathing suits sliding down ponds into huge water tanks. Cut to POWELL *and* KEELER *between two tanks, singing "Beside a babbling brook my heart met its Waterloo-hoo-hoo-hoo." Cut to high overhead shot looking down on water ballet. Girls floating on backs in huge circles, first clockwise, then counterclockwise. They pair off and breast-stroke slowly toward the camera smiling broadly, some savoring their big moment by swimming slower and smiling broader than others.*

Fade. Cut to ROGERS *and* ASTAIRE *dancing to the exciting, exotic Latin-American rhythm of The Carioca.*

Fade. Cut to park scene. Fifty girls sitting on half-moon props, one hundred boys and fifty girls soaring high over the audience on flower-bedecked swings, while POWELL *and* KEELER, *then faces two inches apart, dance to the Vague Waltz and sing, "May I thrust my face in yours and sing . . . like a bird on the wing . . . to you."*

Fade. The roof of the auditorium magically parts and a formation of twenty monoplanes comes zooming in low, ten shimmying chorus girls tethered to the wings of each plane. They sing, "MonunotewDAYO . . . Montevideo by the bay-o . . . Flying to Montevideo, Uruguay-o . . . What a HONDERFUL *way-o to go." The planes dip their wings, then soar skyward.*

Kaleidoscopic shots of "Wishing You Well By a Wishing Well," "Gray Spats Pink Champagne, and White Lies," "Get Along to Happy Ho Ho Ho Hoboken," and the title song, "Fancy Dancey Delancey Street."

Cut into finale. The entire cast, plus BAXTER, HORTON, RHODES, *the girls back from Montevideo, the pilots, and several nervy stage hands, all dressed as sailors do fifteen minutes of close order drill on a simulated ship deck, while singing the stirring "Only Rats Give Up a Ship." Huge American flag is unfurled on the backdrop. Flag disappears and is replaced by a large N.R.A. Blue Eagle. This in turn is replaced by a mammoth picture of Franklin Roosevelt circled by smaller pictures of John Garner, Harold Ickes, Frances Perkins and Cordell Hull.*

Fireworks go off, followed by the release of five thousand balloons. Then curtain.

Thunderous applause. Cut to TOM BROWN *in front of the curtain.*

BROWN

Guess what, kids? We not only took in enough money for the campus biplane. We also have enough for a swimming pool!

Cheers. Then cut back to auditorium which has been miraculously transformed into a dance floor.

Cut to POWELL *and* KEELER *dancing.*

KEELER

What's that you're humming, darling?

POWELL

Oh, it's nothing. I'm just making up a song as we dance.

He breaks into "A kiss pays your bill on Honeymoon Hill . . ." She magically picks up the lyrics in the second chorus and he never gets rid of her.

Cut to ASTAIRE *and* ROGERS *dancing.*

ASTAIRE

Martin is an awfully dull last name. I know a simple way for you to change it.

She slaps his face, but this time her heart isn't in it.

Cut to JOHNNY DOWNS *and* DONNA DRAKE.

DOWNS

So, anyway, Sally, I finally realized that just because I'm a husky, handsome football player with brown wavy hair and a cleft in my chin is no reason for me to be conceited. Will you marry me?

DRAKE

I'd *love* to, Freddie. But I'll have to ask Dad first. Speaking of Dad, I wonder if he's been told about this show. You *know* how he feels about dancing and jazz music. He's *so* stuffy.

DOWNS

(*Chuckling*) Why don't you speak to him now. There he is.

A few feet away from them is the president (GEORGE BARBIER). *He is wearing a rakishly askew freshman beanie and is dancing merrily.*

BARBIER

Hi Sally, Hi Freddie. Say, I'm having loads of fun! (*He shuffles off, slicing the air with an upraised index finger*) . . . A-truckin' on down the avenue . . . A-truckin' on down the avenue . . .

Shrieking gaily, everyone in the auditorium forms a huge caravan. Led by JOHNNY "SCAT" DAVIS *and his trumpet, they snake dance out the door, across the campus, over the football field, and up, up, up to a sacred corner somewhere in Cinema Heaven.*

• • •

Wherever you are now, old buddies, sleep cool. You may be gone, but even on the darkest nights a Whattapoppalie moon still shines. Not on everyone, of course. Only on those of us who are pure of heart, noble of spirit, and simple of mind.

man at his leisure *(continued from page 77)*

the world: between the terraced clubhouse and the 13,500-capacity horseshoe stadium is a diligently manicured stretch of grass, easily converted to active courts according to the day-to-day needs of the club. Banking this expanse of grass as smooth as a golf green are rows of clay courts. To the visitor, there is a unity that links clubhouse, courts and stadium in a single memorial image.

It was this image, regal in nature, that inspired artist LeRoy Neiman during his visit to Forest Hills. Neiman, on special assignment for PLAYBOY's *Man at His Leisure* series, went on a sketchbook tour of the club. He explored the Old English-style clubhouse; he strolled through the field of grass courts; he observed top-notch tennis players at peak performance during Davis Cup combat. For Neiman, whose esthetic excursions have taken him around the world, it was an unmistakable adventure.

"My first impression was of the clubhouse a strikingly charming building," Neiman says. "Players and spectators were relaxing in front of it, under parasols and awnings. At an outdoor bar, dignified, formally dressed waiters served drinks to the players, garbed in white, and to the guests, in sports attire. It was an elegant scene in an almost palatial setting," he remembers.

Inside the clubhouse, Neiman noted the manifestations of tradition and style. For those members not on the courts, a spacious lounge, with leather chairs, offers a casual, comfortable respite. Above and below the luxurious lounge and dining room are quarters designed for more expedient matters. On the second floor are the dressing rooms, in the basement are the business offices. Throughout the building, Neiman sensed the well-mannered air of a private club.

"The members are of all ages, but have one common interest: they all play tennis and they all play it intensely. They are devoted to the game and they take it seriously. Off the court, they revere each other's privacy. For example, during major competitions, well-known players can roam through the clubhouse without ever being approached or even stared at by a member.

"The players themselves — like Olmedo and the other great ones — are quiet, too. You can sense the infinite strain of the matches in their actions. They rarely speak: they seem uneasy. They sit for a while, then move around. Former tennis stars — like Bill Talbert and Vic Seixas — are members and they spend their time with other members, while the contemporary players drift around.

"I noticed one man who had been playing and had returned to the clubhouse to rest. He was about sixty-five years old and seemed to know most of the members in the lounge. He stretched out with his gin and tonic. Seated beside him was Davis Cup team member Barry MacKay. Instead of conversing with MacKay, the older man opened his newspaper and read about the cup match MacKay had played the previous day," Neiman recalls.

From the clubhouse, Neiman looked past the pattern of grass courts to the stadium, where a capacity throng prepared to observe the Americans and Australians in their battle for the world's most treasured tennis trophy — the Davis Cup. He was given the rare opportunity to enter the playing field and sketch during the matches.

"Compared to the fans of other sports, tennis addicts are extremely orderly," Neiman says. "They clap politely for a good shot and rarely react to a bad one. They just maintain a dignified silence. Oddly enough, that silence sometimes becomes more cuttingly evident than catcalls or Bronx cheers."

As an artist, Neiman was particularly conscious of color at Forest Hills. "The dress of the spectators is in keeping with their reserved attitude. A view of the stands gives one a basically white image. It's pretty much a white-jacket or polo shirt crowd. The eye-catching color, the focal point, is the green of the grass court. It is white racing against the green as the players volley or as the ball boys scamper to retrieve. The officials, seated in studious poses on the sidelines, never take their eyes off the ball. They wear dark-green jackets or dark-gray jackets in contrast to the white, informal dress of the crowd," Neiman recalls.

"The refreshment tables for the players brighten up the court. Dotted with oranges, lemons and pitchers of water, they are as lovely as still-life paintings," he says.

When the matches end and the crowd disperses, members and guests stroll along the fringe of the massive grass area linking the stadium and clubhouse.

"Nobody walks on this grass-court expanse," he says, "unless he is playing on it. It is a solid mass, framed by narrow paths. As you walk, you can see sizzling serves and volleys everywhere — on the clay courts bordering the grass, as well as on the grass itself. Tall, stately trees provide just the right degree of shade. I felt the rare, European sort of leisure that members must feel. I seemed to be in the midst of a park, yet the infinite care evident made it unlike any park I'd ever seen."

Engraved above the entrance to the stadium are Kipling's words: "Meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two impostors just the same." Forest Hills, as Neiman saw it and painted it, is the personification of that ideal.

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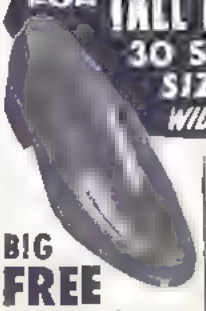

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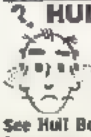

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HULL MFG. CO., Box 246-P-7, Warren, Ohio

best of all possible worlds

(continued from page 37)

only one man who came heir to the very best of all possible worlds, as you used the phrase."

"Good Lord," said the young man, his eyes shining, "I wouldn't mind hearing about him."

I hope there's time. This chap is the happiest ram, the most carefree bull in history. Wives and girlfriends galore, as the sales-pitch says. Yet he has no qualms, guilts, no feverish nights of lament and self-chastisement."

"Impossible!" the young man put in. "You can't eat your cake and digest it, too!"

"He did, he does, he will! Not a tremor, not a trace of moral seasickness after an all-night journey over a choppy sea of innersprings! Successful businessman. Apartment in New York on the best street, the proper height above traffic; plus a long-weekend Bucks County place on a more than correct little country stream where he herds his nannies, the happy farmer. But I met him first at his New York apartment last year, when he had just married. At dinner, his wife was truly gorgeous, snow-cream arms, fruity lips, an amplitude of harvestland below the line, a plenitude above. Honey in the horn, the full apple-barrel through winter, she seemed thus to me *and* her husband who nipped her bicep in passing. Leaving, at midnight, I found myself raising a hand to slap her on the flat of her flank like a thoroughbred. Falling down in the elevator life floated out from under me. I nickered."

"Your powers of description," said the young commuter, breathing heavily, "are incredible."

"I write advertising copy," said the older. "But, to continue. I met Let Us-Call-Him Smith again, not two weeks later. I through sheer coincidence I was invited to crash a party by a friend. Arriving in Bucks County, whose place should it turn out to be but Smith's! And near him, in the center of the living room, stood this dark Italian beauty, all tawny panther, all midnight and moonstones, dressed in earth colors, browns, siennas, tans, umbers, all the tones of a riotously fruitful autumn. In the babble, I lost her name. Later, I saw Smith crush her like a great sunwarmed vine of lush October grapes in his arms. Idiot Fool, I thought. Lucky dog, I thought. Wife in town, mistress in country. He is trampling out the vintage, et cetera and all that. Glorious. But I shall not stay for the wine festival, I thought, and slipped away, unnoticed."

"I can't stand too much of this talk," said the young commuter, trying to raise the window.

"Don't interrupt," said the older man. "Where was I?"

"Trampled. Vintage."

"Oh, yes! Well, as the party broke up, I finally caught the lovely Italian's name, *Mrs.* Smith!"

"He'd married again, eh?"

"Hardly. Not enough time. Stunned, I thought quickly, he must have two sets of friends. One set knows his city wife. The other set knows this mistress whom he *calls* wife. Smith's too smart for bigamy. No other answer. Mystery."

"Go on, go on," said the young commuter feverishly.

"Smith, in high spirits, drove me to the train station that night. On the way he said, 'What do you think of my wives?'

"'Wives, plural?' I said.

"'Plural, hell!' he said. 'I've had twenty in the last three years! Each better than the last! Twenty, count them, twenty! Here!' As we stopped at the station he pulled out a thick photo-wallet. He glanced at my face as he handed it over. 'No, no,' he laughed. 'I'm not Bluebeard with a score of old theatre trunks in the attic crammed full of former mates. Look!'

"I flipped the pictures. They flew by like an animated film. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, the plain, the exotic, the fabulously impertinent or the sublimely docile gazed out at me, smiling, frowning. The flutter-flicker hypnotized, then haunted me. There was something terribly familiar about each photo.

"'Smith,' I said, 'you must be very rich to afford all these wives.'

"'Not rich, no! Look again!'

"I flipped the montage in my hands. I gasped. I knew.

"'The Mrs. Smith I met tonight, the Italian beauty, is the one and only Mrs. Smith,' I said. 'But at the same time, the woman I met in New York two weeks ago is also the one and only Mrs. Smith. It can only follow that both women are one and the same!'

"'Correct!' cried Smith, proud of my sleuthing.

"'Impossible!' I blurted out.

"'No,' said Smith, elated. 'My wife is amazing. One of the finest actresses off-Broadway when I met her. Selfishly I asked her to quit the stage on pain of severance of our mutual insanity, our rampaging up one side of a chaise longue and down the other. A giantess made dwarf by love, she slammed the door on the theatre, to run down the alley with me. The first six months of our marriage, the earth did not move, it shook. But, inevitably, found that I am, I began to watch various other women ticking by like wondrous pendulums. My wife caught me noting the time. Meanwhile, she had begun to cast her eyes on passing theatrical billboards. I found her nesting with the *New York Times* next-morning reviews, desperately tearful. Crisis! How to combine two violent careers, that of passion-dishevelled actress and that of anxiously rambling ram?

"'One night,' said Smith, 'I eyed a peach-melba that drifted by. Simultaneously, an old theatre program blew in the wind and clung to my wife's ankle. It was as if these two events, occurring within the moment, had shot a window shade with a rattling snap clear to the top of its roll. Light *poured* in! My wife seized my arm. Was she or was she not an actress? She was! Well, then, well! She sent me packing for twenty-four hours, wouldn't let me in the apartment, as she hurried about some vast and exciting preparations. When I returned home the next afternoon at the blue hour, as the French say in their always twilight language, my wife had vanished! A dark Latin put out her hand to me. "I am a friend of your wife's," she said and threw herself upon me, to nibble my ears, crack my ribs until I held her off and suddenly suspicious cried, "This is no woman I'm with—this is my *wife!*" And we both fell laughing to the floor. This *was* my wife, with a different cosmetic, different couturier, different posture and intonation. "My actress!" I said. "Your actress!" she laughed. "Tell me what I should be and I'll be it. Carmen? All right, I'm Carmen. Brünnhilde? Why not? I'll study, create, and when you grow bored, re-create. I'm enrolled at the Dance Academy. I'll learn to sit, stand, walk, in a thousand ways. I'm chin-deep in speech lessons. I'm signed at the Berlitz! I am also a member of the Yamayuki Judo Club—" "Good Lord," I cried, 'what for?" "This!" she replied, and tossed me head over heels into bed!'

"'Well,' said Smith, 'from that day on I've lived Reilly and nine other Irishmen's lives! I've known unnumbered passing fancies, delightful shadow plays of women all colors, shapes, sizes, fevers! My wife, finding her proper stage, our parlor, and audience, me! has fulfilled her need to be the greatest actress in the land. Too small an audience? No! For I, with my ever-wandering tastes, am there to meet her, whichever part she plays. My jungle talent coincides with her wide-ranging genius. So caged at last, yet free, loving her I love everyone. It's the best of all possible worlds, friend, the best of all possible worlds.'"

There was a moment of silence.

The train rumbled down the track in the new December darkness.

The two commuters, the young and the old, were thoughtful now, considering the story just finished.

At last the younger man swallowed and nodded in awe.

"Your friend Smith solved his problem all right."

"He did."

The young man debated a moment.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who seasons his life with the best of seasons winter or summer—apt to be mooring his craft in a Caribbean harbor when he's not plying his craft at the executive level. Facts: According to the leading independent magazine survey, the income of the PLAYBOY household is the highest reported for any men's magazine. And the PLAYBOY reader's penchant for travel is affirmed by the fact that 37.1% of PLAYBOY households spent over $200 for vacation and pleasure travel last year—another figure unsurpassed by any other men's magazine. (Source: Consumer Magazine Report by Daniel Starch and Staff, 1959.)

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then smiled, quietly.

"I have a friend, too. His situation was similar, but—different. Shall I call him Quillan?"

"Yes," said the old man, "but hurry. I get off soon."

Quillan," said the young man, quickly, "was in a bar one night with a fabulous redhead. The crowd parted before her like the sea before Moses. Miraculous, I thought, revivifying, beyond the senses! A week later, in Greenwich, I saw Quillan ambling along with a dumpy little woman, his own age, of course, only thirty-two, but she'd gone to seed young. Tatty, the English would say; pudgy, snouty-nosed, not enough make-up, wrinkled stockings, spider's nest hair, and immensely quiet she was, content to walk along it seemed, just holding Quillan's hand. Ha, I thought, here's his poor little parsnip wife who loves the earth he treads, while other nights he's out winding up that incredible robot redhead! How sad, what a shame. And I went on my way.

"A month later, I met Quillan again. He was about to dart into a dark entranceway in MacDougal Street when he saw me. 'Oh, God!' he cried, sweating. 'Don't tell on me! My wife must never know!'

"I was about to swear myself to secrecy when a woman called to Quillan from a window above.

"I glanced up. My jaw dropped.

"There in the window stood the dumpy, seedy little woman!

"So suddenly it was clear. The beautiful redhead was his *wife!* She danced, she sang, she talked loud and long, a brilliant intellectual, the Goddess Siva, thousand-limbed, the finest throw pillow ever sewn by mortal hand. Yet she was strangely—tiring.

"So my friend Quillan had taken this obscure Village room where, two nights a week, he could sit quietly in the mouse-brown silence or walk on the dim streets with this good homely dumpy comfortably mute woman who was not his wife at all, as I had quickly supposed, but his mistress!

"I looked from Quillan to his plump companion in the window above and wrung his hand with new warmth and understanding. 'Mum's the word!' I said. The last I saw of them, they were seated in a delicatessen, Quillan and his mistress, their eyes gently touching each other, saying nothing, eating pastrami sandwiches. He, too, had, if you think about it, the best of all possible worlds. . ."

The train roared, shouted its whistle and slowed. Both men, rising, stopped and looked at each other in surprise. Both spoke at once:

"You get off at *this* stop?"

Both nodded, smiling.

Silently they made their way back, and as the train stopped in the chill December night, sighted and shook hands.

"Well, give my best to Mr. Smith."

"And mine to Mr. Quillan!"

Two horns honked from opposite ends of the station. Both men looked at one car. A beautiful woman was in it. Both looked at the other car. A beautiful woman was in it.

They separated, looking back at each other like two schoolboys, each stealing a glance at the car toward which the other was moving.

"I wonder," thought the old man, "if that woman down there is—"

"I wonder," thought the young man, "if that lady in his car could be—"

But both were running, now. Two car doors slammed like pistol shots ending a manuee.

The cars drove off. The station platform stood empty. It being December, and cold, snow soon fell like a curtain.

MILES

(continued from page 78)

That's like if someone said to me, 'I want you to meet the President of Argentina.' Is he a good president? OK. I'm a good musician. Does he do his job as well as I do mine? Fine. So why do I have to meet him? In Cincinnati, they said, 'I want you to meet this disc jockey; he's the only one in town who's playing jazz.' I said I didn't want to be bothered. 'But he's one of the best guys around here.' 'Look,' I told them. 'If he's doing a good job, great. I am, too—or I'm trying to. Besides, he might not want to meet me. And there are days besides when I just don't feel like meeting people. Why should I have to if I do what I'm supposed to on the job?'"

Nonetheless, the owner of the Key Club in Minneapolis will not have Miles back because he refused to help in local publicity. Miles is consistent, though. His own booker has only one publicity picture of him—an old, stiff one—and Miles will not be bothered to have new ones taken. (The same office handles the public-relations-conscious Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, and within the first two months of its existence, Farmer and Golson had eagerly posed for at least ten different shots.)

Except for his unyielding refusal to do local radio and TV shows, Miles generally gets along well with most club owners. "When I get booked somewhere for the first time," Miles chuckles, "I tell Jack Whittemore of the Shaw office to tell the owner that I'm crazy and not to fool around with me. Then, when he finds out I'm not unreasonable and that I make time, we wind up getting tight. Most of those owners are good friends of mine, and I don't make the mistake some musicians do of thinking of all club owners as one breed. They're people; they're all different.

But if you do what you're paid to do, they'll treat you right."

Some promoters regard Davis as predatory, but from his point of view, he's simply making certain he gets his rightful share of what profits there are. A couple of years ago, Miles was getting $1000 a night for one-show concerts. He was offered a Town Hall, New York, date that included two shows. His booker told him he might be able to get him $1500 since there were two performances. Miles said, "I'll tell you what. I'll take $1000 for the first show and $500 for the second, but you tell the promoter to rope off half the house for the second show and sell tickets for just the half that's left." Miles got $2000 for the night.

On the other hand, Davis will occasionally play in a club he likes for less than his normal fee, and he will not ask his top fee if he feels the room can't afford it. He gets less than his maximum price at New York's Village Vanguard partly because he likes the owner, Max Gordon, and partly because he knows how much Gordon can net in the room. He sees no point in charging Gordon so much that a profit would be impossible. If a club owner has offended him, however, Miles may never return for any fee. The manager of the Town Tavern in Toronto suggested a few years ago that Miles fire drummer Philly Joe Jones because Jones was "too loud." "Now," says Miles with relish, "he wants me back, but I won't go. He thinks he's going to influence musicians, huh?" Miles also refused to play the Crescendo in Hollywood for $3500 and instead worked what could be termed a strip joint for $1000 less. He had not forgiven Gene Norman of the Crescendo for having offered him $1500 the year before.

"Maybe that's all you were worth then," said one of his cronies when the new offer came up.

"Besides," Miles rejected the question, "Dizzy told me the audiences are noisy there."

Miles' prices have risen steadily in the past three years. His lowest point was in the early Fifties. After the nine-piece band that made the influential set of Capitol recordings in 1949 and 1950 (*Birth of the Cool*, Capitol T-762), Davis went from job to job, and finally the number of weeks between engagements began to stretch. He had become hooked on drugs by 1949, and the four years of his addiction were painful — economically as well as personally. For a time record dates were his prime source of support; and later, he exiled himself to Detroit for several months in an attempt to get himself together. His essential independence made the fact that he was so sorely dependent on narcotics increasingly distasteful to him, and he finally broke the habit because, as he once explained, "it was too damn much trouble." He had also become clearer as to what kind of musical group he wanted, and as he began to be able to organize and keep a combo together, his popularity and income grew, starting around 1955. Miles, however, has never been money-hungry and has always been known for his insistence on taking time off to rest and for his capacity to turn down jobs he doesn't like, no matter what the price.

There are times when Miles' refusal to accept an engagement verges on the whimsically irrational. As part of a European tour he undertook in the early part of 1960, he was offered an unprecedentedly large fee to play Britain, where he has never appeared. He turned it down. The reason came out during a conversation with British writer Kenneth Tynan. Tynan, in America as guest drama critic for *The New Yorker*, asked Miles at a New York party why he didn't go to London.

"You're very popular there," said Tynan.

"I can't stand the language," answered Miles. "I don't like to hear English spoken that way; it would drive me crazy if I had to hear it every day."

The usually voluble Tynan was for once reduced to incredulous silence.

Davis will stick to his principles, however fanciful they occasionally seem to be, but once he has agreed to negotiate, he expects to be well paid. Last year, Nat Hentoff sketched a format for a half-hour CBS-TV jazz program for producer Robert Herridge. He and Herridge agreed on Miles, Charlie Mingus and the late Billie Holiday as participants.

"Sounds like a good show," said Miles to Herridge, "but not for me. It sometimes takes my group thirty minutes just to warm up. I'm not going on for ten, no matter what you pay me."

As it turned out, the program — which had been taped for *The Robert Herridge Theatre* series — became *The Sound of Miles Davis*. It was all Miles, half with his small combo and half with Gil Evans directing a large band in selections from *Miles Ahead*. Total commentary for the half hour was less than sixty seconds. The show, because Miles held out for *his* standards, is quite likely the most intense and unalloyed jazz program in television history.

The sidemen for the big band were paid separately, as was Gil Evans. Miles' own unit received $4000 from which Miles took his not inconsiderable cut. "Don't I get extra," he asked half-playfully after the price was set, "for conducting my own combo in the first half?"

Davis has been accused of one clear inconsistency. He has bitterly criticized the jazz festivals, has sworn with boiling vehemence never to play them again, but always reappears. "How come?" a friend asked him a few weeks ago. "The money," said Miles. "If I do something I don't like to do, I expect to get very well paid for it, and those festivals certainly do pay." At one festival last summer, Miles received $3500 for one set. He was told before he went on that there was only time for two numbers. Most leaders would have been indignant, feeling they wouldn't have time for their group to build to a properly effective climax. "It's all right with me," said Miles. "You're paying for it."

Davis' concentration on getting what he considers just financial reward for his work carries over to his off-the-stand

attitude toward money. Unlike most musicians who have been graduated to the higher income brackets, Miles has invested his profits. He now gets no less than $2500 for a one-nighter and will demand — and usually receive — $3500 a night if two concerts are expected of him. An index of how much he keeps is that his best-paid sideman was John Coltrane (now proprietor of his own quartet) at somewhat over $400 a week. Cannonball Adderley never made more than $350 a week with Miles, although when he decided to leave to form his own band last year, Miles vainly offered him a guaranteed annual wage of $20,000. For club dates, Miles usually gets $3500 to $4000 a week, sometimes more.

Except for his four years in the pythonlike grip of narcotics, Miles has rarely had major economic problems, although he's never before been as comfortable as he is now. The Davis family is substantial financially. A grandfather had owned a thousand acres in Arkansas and Miles' father, a dentist for some years, has also been breeding hogs and cows on two hundred acres in Milstadt, Illinois, near East St. Louis. Miles was born in Alton, Illinois, May 25, 1926, but two years later, the family moved to East St. Louis. Miles' mother, who has since been divorced from Dr. Davis, was a power in local society. She was never visibly enthusiastic about Miles' early and intense interest in music. His father, however, gave Miles a trumpet for his thirteenth birthday.

Miles played in a high school band, and by the time he was sixteen was working with a St. Louis combo, Eddie Randolph's Blue Devils. He was competent enough to receive an offer from the visiting Tiny Bradshaw band to leave school and go on the road, but his mother, appalled, insisted he finish his final year of high school. The experience that finally led Miles to resist his mother's determination to send him to Fisk University was three weeks with the Billy Eckstine band in and around St. Louis. The band, which then included Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, had arrived in town with a sick third-trumpet player. Dizzy, seeing Miles at the rehearsal with a trumpet case, drafted him into the band.

Miles persuaded his father to send him to Juilliard. As soon as he arrived in New York in 1945, Miles searched for Charlie Parker, found him and roomed with him for a while. With Parker as his guide, Miles met many of the young modernists, and they taught him and encouraged him. Miles finally went to work with Parker. He left school and began to establish a reputation from his recordings with Parker and later from his work with Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter and Billy Eckstine. By the late Forties, Miles was a bop luminary and was already influencing others.

Through the years, Miles has become a gourmet of sorts and one of the most carefully tailored musicians in jazz. Although he appreciates material pleasures and owns a $12,000 Ferrari, Miles hardly squanders his money. "I'm cool," he said recently to another musician, "so long as the lights don't go out in Jersey. I've got public utilities stock there." Miles announced with the aplomb of Bernard Baruch after a telephone talk with his broker. "Any time I'm worried, I look over there, see the lights and feel secure. If I'm *very* worried, I'll call up J. J. Johnson who lives in Jersey, and ask him if his lights are still on. He'll say they still are. I'll say, 'Cool,' and hang up."

Davis as of last accounts owns some $45,000 worth of stock. He reads the market reports and usually makes up his own mind as to what to buy. "I travel a lot," he explains, "and so I see what's happening a lot more clearly than most people. If a lot of buildings are going up, it figures they're going to need light, so I buy public utilities. I went to a fight in Madison Square Garden, tasted that Canada Dry soda pop, liked it, bought some more, still liked it, found out they had the sense to put it in cans for picnics, and bought some stock in it."

Miles occasionally takes advice on investments. One friend told him that steel prices were bound to go up after the strike was settled. Miles bought stock in steel, and made a substantial profit. He is characteristically contemptuous of mutual funds. "They're for old men. All they do is pick safe things you can buy yourself by using your head and the phone."

Miles is proud of his economic self-sufficiency. "If somebody says," he glorried in his long-range affluence, "'Miles, you can't get a job any more,' I'll say, 'Solid,' and go to Europe and drive my Ferrari."

Davis delights in the challenging, instantaneous power of his automobile and laments inhibiting American speed rules. "In Europe," he lectured a friend, "you can drive as fast as you want. They don't think that everybody's a fool. Nobody wants to get killed. Nobody's going to go a hundred miles an hour in traffic. Now, Europe is really civilized. If a cop there sees a Ferrari coming, he stops traffic and lets it go by. But in this country, you can't get pleasure any more out of driving a car. It's a funny thing. When you're a kid, your pride and joy is getting a toy car to play with. You know, you never get the boy out of a man; but when you're grown up, they shut off that joy and make you drive at forty-five miles an hour."

Aside from his automobile, which Davis drives with casually expert zest, another avocation is shooting. When he visits his father's farm in St. Louis, Davis goes out target practicing with a .22 rifle. He does not, however, believe in hunting with a gun. "Even if you hunt a tiger, a man with a gun has a ridiculously unfair advantage over an animal. Hunting makes sense only in the way the natives go after a tiger. They don't have guns and have to use their wits to trap him. Another even match is hunting wild boars with spears, because if a wild boar catches you, he'll eat your ass off. Those African safaris make me laugh. A white man goes on one with natives doing all the work. I'd like to see some African Negroes go on a safari all by themselves. I wonder how they'd do."

The reference to the hunter's exploitation of the natives led a hardy friend to ask Davis about the occasional charge that Miles is somewhat of a racist in jazz, that he doesn't believe most whites are equal to Negroes in their capacity to play original, creative jazz. One story in the business is of Miles, during the nadir of his career several years ago, saying to a sideman in public on a Detroit bandstand, "You're playing too goddamn white tonight."

Davis laughs at the charge. "I haven't time to learn to Jim Crow. I've been busy since I was thirteen years old, and I've known enough Crow myself. I wouldn't want to take the next thirty-three years to learn to be prejudiced. When I first hired Lee Konitz years ago, some guys said, 'Why do you want an ofay in your band?' I asked them if they knew anybody who could play with a tone like Lee's. If I had to worry about nonsense like that, I wouldn't have a band. I wouldn't care if a cat was green and had red breath — if he could play."

If Davis is not anti-white, he is largely anti-jazz critics. "They just don't know what to say. What is love? Who the hell will tell you what love is? You have to find out for yourself. And besides, the critics are always behind times. They used to ask me how could I stand Red Garland, Coltrane and Philly Joe. Now they're praising them."

The criticism Miles does take seriously is that of the musicians he admires. "If I told him after a set," says a former sideman, "'You didn't play anything,' that would really bother him." There have been nights when Miles was aware the other sidemen were not interested in his playing, and he'd get off the stand after a set, muttering, "I'm losing it." "If somebody like J. J. or Gil Evans or John Lewis is obviously not impressed by what he's doing," says a friend, "Miles feels a draft."

Among the critics, Miles has only a few personal friends, among them Ralph Gleason, the nationally syndicated *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist and Nat Hentoff. To writers he doesn't know, Miles can be traumatically caustic or bewilderingly outrageous. During a Pittsburgh date, a team of psychologists

from the University of Pittsburgh asked him to help in their survey of the psychosociological backgrounds of musicians.

'Well,' Miles croaked, "I'll tell what *I* do." And straight-faced, he detailed a wholly mythical pre-breakfast sexual ritual that would have appalled Humbert Humbert, Tennessee Williams *and* the Marquis de Sade. The psychologists diligently taking notes, were half inclined to take him seriously, but were also dawningly suspicious as he added more graphically athletic details.

"Hey," the cautious Cannonball Adderley whispered to Miles, "this stuff may get in print."

"So what?" said Miles, enjoying himself hugely.

A few years before, a wealthy, rather arrogant young lady was writing an article on Charlie Parker for a national magazine presumably in lieu of social work among the underpriviledged. She accosted Miles at Birdland.

"Why," she began, "did they call him Bird?"

Miles looked at her for a long time, and for some reason, decided to give her a relatively straight answer. 'Because he squeaked on his horn."

That's not true," said the angular young lady. "I have found out why. But I won't tell you."

Miles grimaced. "So you got a secret now. I'll tell you another. Bird was a friend of mine. I used to put him to bed sometimes with the needle still in his arm and him bleeding all over the place. He used to pawn my suitcase and take all my money. You going to put that in your article?"

The young lady, indignant but not sure why, walked away.

Davis himself, however, is sometimes hurt at the way he's occasionally treated in the press. In Minneapolis once, as is his custom, he refused a local reporter's invitation to come to the newspaper office for an interview. The reporter, his ego pinched, wrote a merciless personal attack on Davis for the next day's paper. "Why do people do this?" Miles asked in his hotel room. "Why does this guy go out of his way to harm me?"

Miles was made even more furious a few nights later. A Minneapolis columnist whom Davis did not know saw Miles at a club he was playing, sitting between sets with an attractive young lady. The columnist feigned drunkenness, leaned heavily on Miles, and slurred out a request for *Melancholy Baby*. At first, Davis answered him with surprising politeness, considering the provocation, but as the columnist persisted in his act, Miles told him with sulphurous finality to leave. The next day, the columnist "exposed" Davis, criticizing the way Miles talked to innocent customers who paid their good money to hear him. Somehow, the columnist omitted all mention of the boorish drunk act he had put on.

Next to people who invade his privacy, Davis' most active professional dislikes are theatre dates and concerts. "If there are no more nightclubs," says Davis positively, "there'll be no more jazz. How are you going to feel free at a *jazz concert*? And feeling free, after all, is the whole act of jazz. There ain't but two things you can do at a concert: go there and play or go there and sit down. You can't drink, you can't move around." When a hanger-on backstage at the Apollo Theatre in New York persisted in expressing his belief that the future of jazz was on the concert circuit, Miles snorted, "All right. You listen to what the musicians say *after* a concert. Every time, backstage, someone will say, 'Now, where are you gonna *blow*?' You can't stretch out and really play at a concert and you can't make everybody sit still and feel the same way. The Germans tried it, and they couldn't make it work."

As for theatres, Miles is apprehensive as well as unenthusiastic. "We play a theatre, and they announce 'Miles Davis and his orchestra!' They pull back the curtain, and there's just me and Coltrane. It frightens me. I figure someday somebody's going to yell out 'Hell! Where's the show?"

During one recent theatre engagement in Chicago, as Miles was about to start the group's theme, Coltrane whispered, "Sentenced for another seven days."

"Shee-it," said Davis in resigned agreement, "play the ensemble."

Unlike most musicians on theatre dates, Davis does not succumb to between-shows boredom and bars. He usually works out at a local gym. Feeling flabbiness and atrophy of any kind to be actually distasteful, Davis keeps himself in physical condition with religious fervor. "It's when you don't do anything that you get sick," he has hectored friends. He has even given gym equipment to friends he feels in urgent need of rehabilitation. In the brownstone Davis recently bought in New York's West Seventies near the Hudson there'll be a fully equipped gym on the third floor. That floor will also contain a ballet bar and classroom for his present wife, the lissome dancer-teacher, Frances Taylor.

Women are strongly attracted to Miles. A few, who affect to scorn him are almost invariably women who feel he has ignored them. In Frances, however, warm, intelligent and remarkably unaggressive, Davis has found the woman closest to his own ideal. "She loves her man, and she's all woman. If she hasn't seen me all day, she's all over me when I come home." And if Miles doesn't come home some nights, Frances, he believes, "understands a man has to get out every once in a while."

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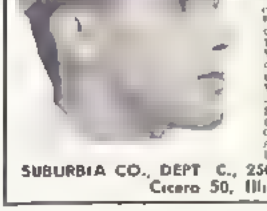

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Miles is also very much involved with his children by a marriage that took place when Miles was very young and gradually dissolved. The children live in St. Louis with Miles' parents. His seventeen-year-old daughter has organized a rock-'n'-roll group and sings like Betty Carter, who has coached her. "I know some girls have an infatuation for their father," the girl told Miles a few months ago, "but I tell you that if Frances hadn't married you, I would have." Miles' two boys are ten and fourteen. The ten-year-old is a fledgling trumpeter, and the older boy plays drums. Both are athletes. "They don't get into fights," says Miles proudly, "because they *know* how to fight." Davis is spare with fatherly advice. He's convinced that "kids have to find out the important things for themselves. But one thing I never do is talk down to them."

Davis' affection and encouragement are hardly limited to his family. He has advised and befriended several young musicians. Sonny Rollins and Jackie McLean were among his protégés, and when Cannonball Adderley first went to New York from Florida, Miles tried to teach him how best to use chords and also clued him as to the honest managers and record companies. When Cannonball later joined Miles and finally decided to be a bandleader again, Davis encouraged Adderley's ambitions once he was convinced Cannonball was determined to leave.

Several weeks ago, Miles ran into Joe Glaser, the most powerful of the jazz booking agents and a man renowned and feared for his turbulent temper. A few days before, Glaser had discovered that two of his veteran assistants had been planning to set up an office on their own in five months. He summoned them to his office, and roared that they could consider themselves independent entrepreneurs as of that second. One of the two is well liked by Miles, and Davis asked Glaser why he had guillotined the agent so hastily.

"Hell," exploded Glaser, "if some bastard had been playing with you for fifteen years and then you found out he was plotting to go out on his own, wouldn't you fire him?"

"No," said Miles, grinning. "I'd let him go. I'd figure I could borrow some money from him if he made it someday."

Glaser laughed.

"You're laughing," Miles continued, "because you don't need money any more. I never know when I'll need some."

By temperament and experience, Davis is rarely likely to brood about changes in personnel or possible competition. He is, in current sociological jargon, thoroughly inner-directed. He was playing Philadelphia a few months ago and a member of his retinue, worried, said: "Dinah Washington's going to be around the corner from you. It might hurt business."

"Hell," said Miles. "If she packs that many people in, there'll be an overflow, and they'll come over and see *us*." Miles laughed when he told a friend about the incident. "People always want to see an argument get started about something. There's no reason to start an argument. There's room for everybody."

Even when a sideman makes a mistake, Miles does not believe in blistering denunciations. "I never have any trouble with musical discipline, to begin with," he explains. "I only hire musicians I know I like." Davis corrects his sidemen on the job, but rarely loudly enough for the audience to hear. His criticisms are usually along the line of, "You don't *have* to play *all* those notes." Or "This is not the kind of tune for all those substitute chords. It sounds funny that way."

What happens on the stand and in Miles' own playing through the months and years inevitably has an effect on other jazzmen, and not only trumpet players. Miles has influenced several trumpet players directly — Art Farmer, Chet Baker, the later Kenny Dorham, Donald Byrd to some extent, Wilbur Harden, and even his own earliest major influence, Clark Terry, formerly with Duke Ellington's band. Miles used to follow Terry around St. Louis, and it's likely that Miles first began to appreciate the virtues of leaving judicious spaces in a solo from Terry.

From records, Davis in his teens absorbed what he could from Roy Eldridge, Harry James, Bobby Hackett and Buck Clayton. Later Dizzy Gillespie became a strong stimulus, but in trying to deal with Gillespie's style (as had been his experience earlier with Eldridge and James), Miles found he simply couldn't play as fast and as high as he did. When he went to New York, Davis became increasingly interested in tone. Billy Butterfield's impressed him except for its vibrato, but Miles was much more drawn to the late Freddie Webster. Webster, who didn't record much and almost never in a context that provided him with extensive solo space, was noted among musicians for the deeply expressive clarity and warmth of his tone. He was also extremely economical in his choice of notes. While at Juilliard, Davis traded information with Webster. He'd teach Freddie the theory he had learned in school, and Webster would try to show him how to make his tone more mellow.

In recent years, Miles' tone — along with the rest of his playing — has become more assured. Not yet widely realized is the fact that he has developed one of the fullest and most attractive tones of any trumpeter in jazz in the lower register. Miles has also on occasion taken to the Flügelhorn with its richer sound. All in all, the often pinched, undernourished sound that used to characterize much of his playing has filled out; and his concentration on sound has influenced scores of other players to return to a concern with more tonal body in their playing.

Miles is hardly so self-involved with his own sound or other aspects of his playing that he fails to keep aware of what other musicians are doing. If he likes a musician, however, he's rarely direct in his compliments. He'll tell another sideman that his own drummer, Jimmy Cobb, for example, "sure does swing," but not Cobb himself. When he does hire a man whose musical capacity he respects, Davis is patient beyond all normal bounds. He may well be the most permissive employer in terms of his sidemen's tardiness and general undependability since Duke Ellington. Miles thought — and still does — that Philly Joe Jones is the best drummer in jazz, and he suffered for months with Jones' congenital irresponsibility. Contrary to rumor, he never did fire Philly Joe, although Jones would have tried the patience of a jazz stoic. Joe just left. Similarly, Miles had pianist Red Garland on the payroll, and Garland is almost uncanny in his consistent inability to show up on time. Miles, however, endured Garland for months, and even rehired him for a while after Garland had left the band.

Davis rarely calls rehearsals, and then only when a new member has joined the band or he's written a piece he wants to hear immediately. "I rehearse on the date just as I do all my practicing on the job. Hell, once you've got your horn under your hands, there's no point in wasting your free hours on scales." Even at the infrequent rehearsals, Davis spends comparatively little time on details. One afternoon, after a rundown, a musician missed several notes in a number. "Well," said Miles, ending the rehearsal, "you know how it goes now. You can straighten the rest out by yourself."

Miles' own tastes in jazz are demanding. He likes few players, but his knowledge goes far back into jazz tradition. He not only remembers sidemen from the swing-era bands, but has more than a passing knowledge and appreciation of authentic blues singers such as John Lee Hooker and Big Bill Broonzy.

As for his own work, although he has become the major influence among many contemporaries on all instruments, a few musicians are beginning to accuse him of coasting. "A certain vitality isn't there any more," says a drummer. "He lives a pretty lush life and his music gets kind of lush." A trombonist who has worked on several Davis dates, believes that Miles has deliberately restricted himself to a narrow range of notes and to safe ideas. Says another musician: "All his talk of increasing the melodic possibili-

ties of improvisation amounts to his reducing the number of progressions to an absolute minimum, *but* he doesn't fill in the chordal void with lots of melodic lines. The notes are always within the same compass and he's not compensating for the meagerness of the progressions."

"I've heard Miles," adds another dissident, "play whole solos with about only three notes. Monk has sometimes done the same thing, but Monk will always surprise you. In recent months, however, I have almost always been able to predict what Miles is going to play. Yet," the musician concedes, "every once in a while, he does scare everybody."

"I was once with Miles," says a musically trained engineer, "when he was listening to alternate takes of a record session. He invariably rejected those takes that had clinkers, even though there were some that were better musically, despite the mistakes. He was too concerned with playing it safe."

Miles scoffs at the accusation that he's softening with success. "I'm too vain in what I do to play anything really bad musically that I can help not doing. If I ever feel I *am* getting to the point where I'm playing it safe, I'll stop. That's all I can tell you about how I plan for the future. I'll keep on working until nobody likes me. If I was Secretary of Defense, I'd give the future a lot of thought, but now I don't. When I am without an audience, I'll know it before anybody else, and I'll stop. That's all there is to life. You work at what you do best, and if the time comes when people don't like it, you do something else. As for me, if I have to stop playing, I'll just drive my Ferrari, go to the gym, and look at Frances."

MILES DAVIS LP DISCOGRAPHY
(record numbers in parentheses are stereo)

Bags' Groove	Prestige PR-7109
Birth of the Cool	Capitol T-762
Blue Haze	Prestige PR-7054
Blue Moods	Debut DEB-120
Charlie Parker All Star Sextet	Roost RLP-3210
Charlie Parker Story, Vol. 3	Verve MGV-8002
Charlie Parker's Greatest Recording Session	Savoy MG-12079
Collectors' Items	Prestige PR-7044
Conception	Prestige PR-7013
Cookin' with the Miles Davis Quintet	Prestige PR-7094
Dig Miles Davis with Sonny Rollins	Prestige PR-7012
Early Miles	Prestige PR-7168
Jazz Omnibus	Columbia CL-1020
Jazz Track	Columbia CL-1268
Kind of Blue	Columbia CL-1355 (CS-8163)
Legrand Jazz	Columbia CL-1250 (CS-8079)
Miles	Prestige PR-7014
Miles Ahead	Columbia CL-1041
Miles Davis, Vols. 1 & 2	Blue Note BLP-1501, 1502
Miles Davis All Stars	Prestige PR-7076
Miles Davis & Milt Jackson	Prestige PR-7034
Miles Davis & the Modern Jazz Giants	Prestige PR-7150
Milestones	Columbia CL-1193
Music for Brass	Columbia CL-941
Musings of Miles	Prestige PR-7007
The Genius of Charlie Parker	Savoy 12014
Le Jazz Cool, Vols. 1 & 2	Le Jazz Cool 101-2
Charlie Parker Memorial, Vol. 1	Savoy MG-12000
Charlie Parker Memorial, Vol. 2	Savoy MG-12009
The Immortal Charlie Parker	Savoy MG-12001
The Charlie Parker Story	Savoy MG-12079
The Genius of Charlie Parker, Vol. 8	Verve MGV-8010
Porgy and Bess	Columbia CL-1274 (CS-8085)
Relaxin' with the Miles Davis Quintet	Prestige PR-7129
'Round About Midnight	Columbia CL-949
Sketches of Spain	Columbia CL-1480 (CS-8271)
Somethin' Else	Blue Note BLP-1595 (S-1595)
Workin' with the Miles Davis Quintet	Prestige 7166

CAMPUS CLASSICS

(continued from page 69)

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BY PATRICK CHASE

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On the Pacific side of the world, we'd like to put in a plug for seductive old Singapore, whose U.S. publicity has been so poor that the place is generally underrated by the "professional" travel people. You don't have to stay at the legendary Raffles Hotel (though the service is about as zippy as any on earth). Matter of fact, we like the Sea View, four miles from town on the bay, which is quieter and cooler (but skip the air-conditioned rooms; they're small and viewless). For a change of pace, dig the lovely tropical port of Penang with its private swimming club (getting a card from a member isn't too much of a problem) that's a delight. And don't miss the all-night gambling at Macao.

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